

1861

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THE
SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1, 1861.

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THE COTTON SUPPLY.

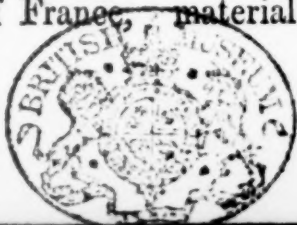
THE great quarrel which has for months been stirring up the worst passions of the population of the vast empire that has unmistakeably expressed an intention to establish dominion over the New World, unfortunately does not affect the contending parties only. It is in vain that the leading European governments have not only refrained from interfering in favour of either, but have unequivocally expressed their want of sympathy in the cause for which they are fighting; it is equally in vain that the nations from which these belligerents have sprung, have stood aloof, regarding the contest with as much regret as reprehension. The colossal republic, split into enormous sections, has been organizing armies greater than the first Napoleon directed against Russia, and preparing for a conflict apparently as destructive to their separate pretensions to nationality as was the war of the Romans and the Carthaginians. Jefferson Davis, it is true, may not be exactly a Hannibal, nor President Lincoln quite a Scipio, but the physical force each is supposed to direct, menaces the opposing power with annihilation as complete as that which was advocated in the memorable desire to destroy Carthage, familiar to the student of Roman history.

Such a contingency, however, is only one, and we are inclined to aver, the least of the evils that that dreadful contest may produce. Indeed, we are willing to allow that there may be found States, more or less remote from the theatre of action, that are likely to look on with placidity, however long and sanguinary may be the conflict. It relieves them from fear of annexation—it makes filibustering impossible. Spain has already shown that she is satisfied—Cuba is safe—by making a bold effort to repossess her once noble colony, Hispaniola (Hayti). The republics of South America appear, too, more at ease; their fate is put off indefinitely, and they are left at full liberty to render valueless the wealth-producing provinces that filled so many rich galleons in the golden age of Spanish dominion.

An evil of incalculable magnitude to the most industrious populations of the Old World is likely to arise out of this disruption of the Northern and Southern divisions of the once United States of America. It so happens that a large proportion of the working classes of France,

Germany, and Russia, with a proportion larger than all these united of England, are more or less dependent on the prosperity of a plant cultivated in the Southern States of North America. The French are interested in it chiefly by the demand for their manufactured articles rising and falling with whatever affects the great staple of one of their most profitable customers. The Germans and Russians are affected in the same manner, but also deal largely in the raw material, and with it are, to a considerable extent, manufacturers of certain fabrics it is made to produce. The English, however, possess an enormously preponderating interest in the produce. The transit across the Atlantic has, for many years past, been one of the chief employments of our mercantile marine; the purchase and sale of raw cotton has for as long a period been the source of profitable speculation to the large and wealthy class of brokers. The first preparation of the filament is an equally productive source of income to the spinners. The manufacture of thread into cloth maintains at least a million of both sexes, when the mills are in full work. The transfer of the manufactured goods to the wholesale dealer, thence to the retail tradesman, and through him to the consumer, and the warehousing and shipment by the merchant, and exportation to almost every portion of the habitable globe, of the various fabrics for which a market can be found, swell the sum total of profitable industry to an extent that seems incredible in figures.

During a sitting of the promoters of Social Science at Manchester, a few months back, at the meeting of the great congress held there, under the presidency of Mr. Fairbairn, there was given a masterly exposition of the prodigious extent of wealth and labour invested in the manufacture of cotton goods in Lancashire alone; but astounding as were the results of those calculations, they disclosed only a moiety of the enormous interests dependent, in the British Empire, on an adequate supply of the raw material. From these data it is plain that we have gone on year after year rapidly increasing our manufacturing resources by investing colossal fortunes in machinery on the grandest scale, content to be almost totally dependent on one source for the material of the fabrics so produced.



This imprudence, however, has something like a justification. The planters in the Southern States of the American Union have wisely increased the advantages they possess in favourable climate and soil, combined with cheap labour, in improving, as much as possible, the cultivation of the cotton plant; the effect has been that the pod is not only fuller and heavier than it is when grown elsewhere, but the filament is longer and finer. With such a superior fibre the manufacturer knows that he can produce an article which will look better, and wear better, than one manufactured from other cotton; and the great principle in competitive trade being to make the best goods at the cheapest price, all the energies of the spinner and cloth manufacturer are bent on supplying goods that shall enjoy a high repute both in the home and foreign market.

Just as this branch of British industry has thus been expanded to dimensions that must seem fabulous to those unacquainted with the elasticity of Anglo-Saxon enterprise and capital, occurs this momentous American struggle, the closing of the Southern ports by blockade, and the consequent stoppage of the usual supply of cotton from the Southern plantations. Each of the parties to this fratricidal strife appears to have secretly nurtured an *arrière pensée* in the shape of an expectation that one or more of the great European Powers would interpose in their behalf. In particular they imagined that the adequate supply of cotton bales was so vitally necessary to the maintenance of England's principal manufacture and export, that the English Government would feel itself obliged to afford them material assistance in putting an end to the difficulty by overpowering their rival. The North put forward many cogent arguments of this kind, not forgetting to dwell emphatically on the moral advantages to be derived from a crusade against "the Domestic Institution" that flourished under their opponents. The South were content with ventilating their claims to support as sole producers of an article they believed to be as essential to British prosperity as air and light. In an indirect way was added a vision of prospective benefits, to arise out of our co-operation to effect their independence from Northern domination, that they, no doubt, expected would immediately direct all our energies in their behalf.

The Federal States, however, were not long in discovering that, though we had sacrificed much and were quite willing to sacrifice more, to put down Slavery, we did not feel justified in interfering in what was purely a domestic quarrel. A similar determination to remain neutral was conveyed to the Confederate States. The former, as soon as it became clear to them that England would not endorse their views respecting the indissolubility of their union, and that she seemed disposed to acknowledge the separate and distinct rights of the several "Rebel" States, were exceedingly wroth, and some of their public journals threatened mischief; but when their powerful friend, the Autocrat of all the Russias, and that more formidable potentate, the Emperor of the French, communicated a like determination, their anger underwent a sensible diminution, and they addressed themselves to the difficult task that had been set before them of bringing the seceding States by force of arms back to their allegiance to, and dependence on, the Federal Government.

Towards the fulfilment of this design the progress of the campaign has not as yet contributed in any marked degree—in truth, it must be allowed that the armies of the Confederates have been more successful in the field than those of the Federals. The latter have, however, prevented the crop of cotton in the Southern plantations from being shipped for export, and are under the impression that this will prevent "the sinews of war" reaching their opponents' military chest; that the "rebel" planters must become ruined in consequence of being deprived of their source of income, and as "Poverty parts good company," that the Confederacy must dissolve and individually and collectively accept the best terms that the clemency of President Lincoln may propose.

While this problem is being worked out in the New World, there is another equally perplexing set before the powers of calculation possessed by the Old World. The alarm of a deficient cotton supply is sounded by the leading journals, and attention is directed towards other sources—to lands where the valuable plant is or can be grown in very considerable quantities. It is remembered that Dr. Livingstone dilated on an inexhaustible source from the neighbourhood of the Zambesi; but on making inquiries after the cargoes landed at Liverpool, we discovered that

not a bale is in the innumerable warehouses of that exceedingly flourishing *entrepôt*, nor have its intelligent merchants and brokers received any advice respecting the said cargoes being afloat. Knowing that there has been sufficient time to grow, as well as to ship, more than one of the prodigious crops that made many a Lancashire mouth water at the description, we could not avoid coming to a foregone conclusion, that there was something wrong somewhere. Be this as it may, there can be little doubt that African cotton is a delusion, if not a snare, and that we may rest assured that M. du Chaillu's quadrumanous friends, the Gorillas, are just as likely to send us a crop as those equally admired bipeds patronized so disinterestedly by the missionary-consul when he made the Zambesi almost as familiar as the Nile.

The name of the latter river reminds us of a cotton-growing country of fair repute, whence it is really within the range of probability that an adequate supply might be obtained. Egypt possesses large areas that might, with comparatively trifling expense, be devoted to the cultivation of the plant—land and labour being cheap. In the year 1848, the finest quality of Egyptian cotton was nearly, if not quite, as high in the Liverpool market as New Orleans. Yet the quantity which Turkey and Egypt conjointly exported to this country has not approached even that forwarded from places much more distant. If the Viceroy understood his own interests, instead of absorbing Fellah labour in forwarding M. de Lesseps' gigantic bubble, he would be devoting it to establishing immense plantations of the much appreciated plant, which would have filled his empty treasury, and relieved him from a complication of embarrassments that will, when the crisis comes, be most disastrous in their effects on the prosperity of the people he has been called upon to govern. Under these circumstances, the necessary supply is not to be expected from Egypt.

The next country in estimation is one of our own colonies—Demerara. Free negroes, however, cannot be made to work like slaves, and the entire cotton produce of the British West India Islands has always fallen far short of that shipped from Egypt and Turkey. A large supply has been furnished by Brazil, and by other South American countries, but its quotations at Liverpool have indicated its inferior quality. A much larger quantity

has been produced in India—in truth, the area of land there that could be thrown into cotton fields, and the amount of Ryot labour available for their cultivation, are so considerable, the English Government felt satisfied that here was the source for an unlimited supply of the pod, and Lord Canning caused a communication to be made to the growers that held out certain encouragement to energy and enterprise in that direction. Unfortunately, this cultivation here is attended with very serious disadvantages. In the first place, the agricultural population labours under social evils as heavy as those which till within late years oppressed the Irish peasant and small farmer—a kind of middleman interposes and takes away a large per-centage of the profits of labour. In the next place, there are expenses incidental to carriage from the plantation to the distant port, and the transit being chiefly by bullocks, is slow. Lastly, the quotations of Indian cotton—*Bengal*, *Madras*, and *Surat*—were at the bottom of the list; the quantity shipped was larger than that from all other sources, but was considered to be of so bad a quality that it rarely realized more than half the value per pound readily given for the produce of Egypt, South America, Demerara, and New Orleans. It could only be employed in inferior fabrics.

Serious as were these disadvantages, they were not considered insurmountable by the Indian planters, who, stimulated by the official promise of support, began earnestly to devote themselves to the carrying out an improved system of cultivation on a large scale. They obtained the best exotic seed in three prized varieties—*New Orleans*, *Sea Island*, and *American*—and their cultivation was commenced in the Ballary district; but from a report recently published, it does not appear that this experiment was either general or profitable. Such seed sprouts in India, in six to eight days after sowing, in good soil with sufficient rain, and the plant blossoms in from twenty-five to thirty days—the flower being succeeded by capsules ready for picking for the first crop in ten or twelve days later, for the second crop after another interval of five days, and for a third after a similar interval. This cotton may generally be gathered four times in the season, sometimes five.

Of the indigenous plant there are two varieties—*Bunsee*, which is exceedingly productive, the pod furnishing a filament

said to be long, fine, and strong; *Bohdee*, held in much less estimation, the staple being close, short, and flaccid, and of a yellow tinge. The seed requires from thirty to forty-five days to flower, the pod may be gathered fifteen days later, and a second and third crop at intervals of five days. There are sometimes as many as five gatherings. In both the seed has to be separated from the cotton, which is now done with improved machinery from England. The crop from exotic seed gives the proportion of ten to six of the two products; that from indigenous seed gives one-third cotton and two-thirds seed, under the same favouring circumstances of soil and season.

The ryots sell the pods to the native dealers at from three to six *seers* per *rupee*—the seed being reserved for subsequent sowing—of the indigenous from five and a half to seven *seers* of cotton are sold for the same sum, and from forty to seventy-five *seers* of seed. One pod has to undergo various processes to prepare it for the spinner, in which it loses a considerable portion of its bulk, leaving seventy-two *tolas* weight of filament out of the *seer* of eighty-four *tolas*. This is spun into yarn, in separate skeins, weighing two *tolas*, producing at from eleven to eight skeins per *rupee*, and from this certain descriptions of native cloth are manufactured—the coarsest yarn being made from unclean cotton, producing the coarsest fabrics, rope, &c. In Berar the calculation is that three *seers* of seed sown on each *beegal* ($2256\frac{1}{2}$ square yards) of superior land, produces 180 *seers* of pod, realizing, when cleaned, 30 *seers* of cotton, 88 of seed; the rest, about a third, refuse. From three skeins of this yarn made from the filament, one piece of cloth is produced of the value of one *rupee*; when of fine quality the price is double.

The American cotton seed sown in the Southern States yields from 1000 to 1200 lbs. of pods per acre, and produces from 250 to 300 lbs. of cleaned cotton, that may there be sold at a profit, at three pence per lb.

The cultivation of this plant for home use in India does not give so large a profit as cereals or other grains, nor has it been found to afford a much better return when produced for exportation to England. It has been averred, that at Mirzapore hundreds of bales are lying rotting at the port, the owners not caring to have the additional risk of export for the low price it is likely to realize when

landed at Liverpool—the fact being, that the market there shows a difference of 75 per cent. in favour of American-grown over Indian cotton. This fact has made the Calcutta press exceedingly indignant, nor has it passed without severe comment from the leading English journals. But let us regard the question practically.

“The Cotton Lords” of Lancashire may be supposed to know their own interests. That they have hitherto understood them in the broadest sense, may be imagined from the enormous gains many of them have secured as manufacturers. It is not to be believed that they have been inattentive to the signs and portents that preceded the stoppage of the supply of cotton from the only source on which they could depend for the material they required. It is quite within the bounds of probability that they anticipated what was going to take place, and to a certain extent made provision. They have been manufacturing with tremendous energy; they have in consequence been able to supply merchants so largely, that all the principal markets in the world have been glutted with cotton goods. They are now selling a reserved stock at a large advance of price, while closing their mills or working them at half-time. They make no demand for the raw material, because it is not their interest to make it, and because they entertain hopes that the flotilla lately despatched by the Federal Government against the sea-board of “the Rebels,” may secure possession of one of the principal Southern ports, and expedite the transport of the last cotton crop to its proper destination, and because they cannot give up the conviction they have all along entertained that, between the contending States of the Union, an arrangement is not so impracticable as it seems to the rest of the world. They are not without apprehensions that were they to avail themselves of the copious supply waiting their acceptance in India, something might “turn up,” which would bring their favourite Sea Island cotton from America to Liverpool, suddenly depreciating their Indian supply, and rendering the fabrics made from it scarcely saleable at a remunerating quotation.

The advance in cotton goods is already considerable, but the spinners are realizing larger profits than the manufacturer. On sheetings, about three-quarters to one pound of cotton to the yard, the rise is from two-pence to two-pence half-penny; on “Domestics,” from three-eighths of a

penny to a halfpenny a yard; lining shirtings from half-penny to three-farthings. Horrock's longcloths have advanced full twenty per cent, and all other fabrics in which the fibre is largely or exclusively used in proportion. The stock of the raw material in Liverpool rises in value as it decreases in bulk; and even with the addition of that known to exist in the Confederate States, would only be able to keep the Lancashire mills at work for a few weeks. The price of the coveted cotton has risen to eight-pence half-penny, or three-halfpence in the pound; while the neglected material offered from the western coast of India is quoted at five-pence three-farthings; showing an advance of from a half-penny to three-farthings.

The rise in the price of the thread, as well as of the cloth, will no doubt be severely felt by the indefatigable sempstress and the thrifty housewife. The former, as we know, has had "hard lines" for many a weary day; ground down by slop-sellers and contractors to find her own thread, and hold soul and body together on a recompence that keeps starvation ever before her throbbing eyes; and the sewing-machine has been bringing the grim skeleton nearer and nearer to her feeble frame. We think it would be a mercy to effect a change here, even if it were to the workhouse or the grave. The housewife driven to economize her domestic expenses, will feel the advance in the prices of those cheap comforts and homely luxuries that make so material a portion of humble respectability. She, however, should bear in mind that she has been in the enjoyment of advantages which were scarcely attainable by persons in her position belonging to the last generation. During the continental war the value of cotton prints and other fabrics in which cotton was largely or exclusively employed, was more than double what she has had to pay for them. The servant girl gets her gown of a far superior pattern and material than she could have secured with double her present wages, had she lived in the days to which we have just referred. In truth, it must be acknowledged that the excessive cheapness of female articles of apparel, has enabled her to dress in a style that would make her honest grandmother stare with speechless astonishment, could she observe the change that fifty years have effected in this direction.

We therefore do not contemplate the

present rise in cotton goods with any very deep concern, for the consumer—excepting in the case of the over-worked and under-paid sempstress. But we look not only with concern, but with alarm on the disastrous effects of the insufficient supply of the raw material on the operatives employed in producing its numerous fabrics. The rich mill-owners we do not care very much about; most of them have realized large fortunes, and can dismiss their "hands," close their works, and live upon their realized property without any inconvenience for months or years; but the men, women, and children employed by them are by their discharge left helpless and destitute; few of them have been able to save, the cost of labour being usually cut down to a *minimum* to create a *maximum* of profit for the manufacturer, and living from hand to mouth, their only means of subsistence being stopped, they have absolutely no resource. *A million of paupers* have thus been thrown upon the rate-payers of Lancashire and of other counties in which mills have hitherto been at work, or are now spreading like a monstrous wave in the vast ocean of poverty that fills the unions of Great Britain with miserable wrecks of manhood and equally ruined womanhood, and the thoroughfares of our multitudinous cities with such waifs and strays of humanity as can find a secure resting-place only in the police-cell or the convict-prison.

The injury done to society by this demoralization of so valuable an element in its prosperity as so large a moiety of its workers, cannot be exaggerated; and before the mischief takes its gravest shape, aggravated by the severities of winter, we earnestly call upon our fellow-countrymen to unite for an effort towards influencing the ministers of the Crown into the adoption of measures suited to the gravity of the crisis. The supply of cotton has failed—this is the evil. The question for consideration is, what is the remedy?

We will suppose the reserve stock of fabrics to be exhausted, as well as the available bales of the favourite material, and that the civil war is being waged with Anglo-Saxon intensity; the combatants oblivious that the customer who has hitherto purchased from them at a good profit somewhere about five-sixths of the entire produce of their cotton plantations, is about to deal at a quieter shop. To that shop Lancashire must go, even if the article offered be not of the excellence of

the one it can no longer hope to obtain. Our impression is that the fibre may be grown to equal, if not surpass, in quality the Sea Island. Facilities both for improved cultivation and for quicker transport to the coast, ought to be afforded by the Indian Government, and an Order in Council would easily dispose of all other obstacles in the way of the Hindoo's remunerative profit.

Here, then, is the source of the required supply, and if it be not the only one, or even the most desirable one, it is the best, as well as the one most easily available. Among other proposed sources much has been said in favour of Queensland, in Australia, which might with as much reason be said of China, or of the moon. For even allowing that the pod could be grown as abundantly, as perfectly, and as cheaply as in the now inaccessible Mississippi Valley, or in the Barchore Doab, and other districts in our Indian Empire, the enormous distance it will have to travel to its market in Liverpool would render it impossible to sell in competition with either. There are many reasons for our advocating a British colony as a substitute for those American States that have enjoyed almost a monopoly of this profitable commerce; but cogent as these are, our first consideration should be directed to the finding immediate employment for the important section of the industrious population of this country that the American war and the prejudice in favour of American-grown cotton have deprived of their daily bread.

Possibly it may be apprehended that when the belligerents have become aware that so material an advantage has slipped out of their hands, a common loss will create a common sympathy, and this bond of union may influence them to a hasty termination of their strife for the purpose of effecting a joint revenge, when the next despatch of "Our Special Correspondent" may report an advance into Canada of some three hundred thousand armed invaders. Such a game may be upon the cards, for all we know; but we do not anticipate it. We have waited for the conclusion of their domestic differences with increasing inconvenience, till delay in attending to our own interests has brought a daily increase of misery to hard-working artisans equalling in number the entire population of New York. This lamentable state of things cannot any longer be endured; the Lancashire mill-owners must make up their minds to

accept the remedy for the grave evil for which they have in a manner made themselves partly responsible, and the British Government are bound to interpose to protect the country from the unendurable load of misery which the threatened pauperizing of so numerous and so deserving a class of operatives, cannot fail to create.

The exact state of the American struggle in December it is not easy to predict in the preceding month—the prolonged inaction may be changed for active operations that may devastate the southern plantations and demolish the defences of the principal southern ports, or there may be a more disastrous Bull's Run, and "the Rebels" may rush into Maryland, or even besiege President Lincoln in New York. In either case the belligerents will be too intent on their dangerous game to heed the measures they have forced upon England for self-preservation. Should they, however, have come to the conviction that they have had enough of the expense and the inconveniences of civil war, and conclude that they could turn their costly martial machinery to a more profitable account by a development of the Munroe theory in the direction of the British North American colonies, we must rely on the military skill of Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars. He is not the man to be taken by surprise, nor is the force under his command, though small for the defence of so large a territory against such a formidable enemy, likely to surrender without a struggle. We hope that under any such circumstances, so unjustifiable a movement would not be contemplated by the leaders of either the southern or northern army; but however near or remote may be such a contingency, the supply of cotton must be procured. A million of people cannot be left to starvation by a great nation like England, either out of respect to the prejudices of its wealthy manufacturers, or from regard for the fears of its timid politicians.

We subjoin the latest state of the market, from the *Manchester Guardian*, Nov. 14:—

"We give below returns, so far as we have been able to obtain them, of the position of the cotton trade, from a number of the most important towns in this district, including Ashton, Stalybridge, Todmorden, Rochdale, Oldham, Stockport, Wigan, Burnley, Bacup, &c. We have thrown them, as before, into a tabular form:—

	30 Hours.		35 Hours.		40 Hours.		45 Hours.		50 Hours.		60 Hours.		Nil.	
	Mills.	Hands.	Mills.	Hands.	Mills.	Hands.	Mills.	Hands.	Mills.	Hands.	Mills.	Hands.	Mills.	Hands.
Ashton.....	3	3010	2	960	8	2953	1	150	1	500	10	2203	7	245
Stalybridge.....	1	76	5	1538	5	3143	1	280	2	430	5	366
Hyde and Dukinfield.....	9	4858	1	315	2	1843	1	50	1	70	5	615	3	263
Droylsden and Gorton.....	1	100	2	1045	2	1350	1	29	2	64
Mossley and Lees.....	2	25	2	280	16	3185	9	1920	5	316
Hollinwood and Failsworth.....	2	438	1	180	4	402	1	285	3	1180
Saddleworth and Sedbergh.....	3	409	4	196	3	85
Todmorden and Littleborough..	1	80	10	195	1	40	14	526	6	118
Rochdale.....	16	2104	5	504	23	3208	1	50	1	200	10	1266	10	363
Heywood and Middleton.....	7	1504	2	160	6	1619	1	390	2	98	11	1328	7	246
Royton.....	1	515	5	717	5	183
Oldham.....	5	620	5	954	44	5340	3	233	9	2495	53	6010	24	775
Stockport.....	11	3686	4	2123	17	1345	1	163	2	89	10	1786	9	592
Wigan.....	5	1580	1	270	2	357	2	910	7	814
Burnley.....	4	620	1	420	1	260	1	125
Bacup and Newchurch.....	9	1353	2	80	9	1234	1	160	2	120	7	214
Rawtenstall.....	2	90	2	190	6	1357	3	432	7	268
	20144		9534		28919		1369		3642		18335		5909	

Ashton, 27 mills; Stalybridge, 16; Hyde and Dukinfield, 18; Droylsden and Gorton, 6; Mossley and Lees, 29; Hollinwood and Failsworth, 11; Saddleworth and Sedbergh, 6; Todmorden and Littleborough, 30; Rochdale, 59; Heywood and Middleton, 33; Royton, 11; Oldham, 122; Stockport, 49; Wigan, 13; Burnley, 7; Bacup and Newchurch, 23; Rawtenstall, 13: total, 473 mills.

Total number of workers in 473 mills, or firms.... $87,852 \times 60 = 5,271,120$

Ditto	full time	18,335	} working = 3,438,475
Ditto	short time	63,608	
Ditto	stopped.....	5,909	

Reduction in working hours..... 1,832,645

Being equal to a reduction of over 32 per cent.

But no doubt the real diminution in production is considerably greater than the figures above actually indicate. The spirit and energy of the hands is probably somewhat injuriously affected by decreased wages; and, in very many cases, *lower qualities* of cotton than usual are now being worked up, so that the machinery cannot be driven to its full speed."

Through the courtesy of one of the most influential firms in Liverpool engaged in this important branch of commerce, we are enabled to add the following valuable data, which allows the reader to see, at a glance, the state of stocks and of prices as nearly as possible to the present date.

31st October.

lbs.

Estimated stocks in the hands of English spinners, being about 250 lb. more than a necessary minimum . . .	250,000
Stocks in Great Britain . .	644,000
At sea, from India, Egypt, Brazils	256,000

Representing our total supply for 3 or 4 months to come 1,150,000
We imagine the largest actual consumption of England to have been 50,000 lb. of all sorts per week.

We believe it to have come down to, and to be now 38,000 lb.;

And expect it to be reduced shortly to 30,000 lb.

At the reduced rate, with probable exports of 8000 lb. per week, the above supply would last 30 weeks, and be entirely exhausted, which is an impossibility.

The consumption was generally $\frac{4}{5}$ American, $\frac{1}{5}$ other sorts; our stocks 31st October were, in 1000 lb., in the ports of Great Britain, 320 American, 324 others; last season's imports (31st October—28th February), 934 American, 151 other sorts; this season's probable imports, *nil* American, 300 other sorts.

The actual probable state of matters has induced, and will continue to induce spinners to change their consumption to East India cotton.

Prices, 15th November, 1860. 1861.

Middling Orleans	7	12
do. Howeds	$6\frac{3}{4}$	$11\frac{5}{8}$
do. Egyptians	8	13
do. Pernambuco	$8\frac{5}{8}$	$12\frac{3}{4}$
Surats, fair Dhollera	5	$8\frac{1}{4}$
„ „ Broach	$5\frac{1}{4}$	9

Our esteemed correspondent, while allowing that the imports of East India cotton have largely increased since last year, when its low quotations appear to have prevented the greater portion of the crop reaching Bombay—that the quality has improved, and that the productiveness of the country in this direction is very great,—considers that there are two obstacles to its full development—the apprehension that American produce may enter the market in competition with it, and the knowledge that the English spinner cannot work the Indian material at the full speed of his machinery. We do not, however, think such obstacles insurmountable. To meet the first, the Indian planter should be stimulated to further improvements in the culture; to meet the last, if the fibre by such improved cultivation is not as readily operated upon as the English manufacturer requires, the machinery must be adapted to the fibre.

But while the grass grows we know

how miserably the steed fares. Already the streets of the great metropolis, and of all the large towns between it and the area of cotton industry, begin to show haggard groups of emaciated tramps, only a short time since industrious operatives. We do not desire to see in England a repetition of the dreadful famine scenes of Ireland, with its distribution of yellow meal and familiar occurrence of death through inanition by scores in every direction. If the Government are merely quietly organizing the usual red-tape machinery *how not to do it*, they will find themselves anywhere rather than in office in the course of two or three months, when the distress of the unemployed will have such awful effects as must arouse the indignation of the entire nation. Let them not lose a moment in directing the flood of pauperism now spreading over the length and breadth of the land, back into its industrious channel. Surely a proper amount of stimulus might be given to the Lancashire mill-owners to produce jabrics from East India cotton; while every effort was being made in India to encourage improvement in the cultivation of the exotic or indigenous plant, and the more perfect cleaning of the pod, to make the filament approximate in quality to that of *Sea Island*, or other favourite material? If their united wisdom cannot meet the difficulty, no time should be lost in laying it before Parliament. If Ministers dally with the question till the ordinary meeting of the Legislature in February, they will be responsible for all the terrible evils under which the country will then be suffering.

Colonel Peyton, who came to England in the Confederate steamer *Nashville*, has stated that there are in the Southern States three-quarters of a million of bales of cotton of the old crop, and upwards of four millions of bales of the new crop, ready for shipment. Whether this be true or not, is of no importance; all that is certain is, that none of this supply is, or is likely to be, available; and that India is really the only resource on which we can rely.

THE CHAPERON AND THE DEBUTANTE.

NEARLY all the by-words we have borrowed from the French language are used in a different sense in their own country. *Débutante*, for instance, is only applied in France to first appearances at the theatre. In the higher classes of Parisian society, unmarried girls are so rarely seen, that an occasion seldom presents itself for the use of the terms *chaperon* and *débutante*.

Among ourselves, on the contrary, where marriage, instead of being "dealt with by attorneyship," and consequently placed within every one's power of attainment, is the result of preference or caprice, young ladies are introduced into society as soon as they are able to distinguish a quadrille from a polka, orgeat from lemonade; and whereas their youthful minds are as yet unskilled to discriminate between the good match and the younger brother, the gentleman with serious intentions and the ball-room flirt, the "wisdom of our ancestors" provides them with a temporary guardian of their person; a full-dress governess, under whose turban should reside as much knowledge as under the wig of the Lord Chancellor; and under whose starched draperies is concentrated the tact of a Mrs. Chapone.

In contemplating the soft, blushing, trembling, smiling *Débutante*, tricked up from head to foot as though she had just stepped out of a *Journal des Modes*, ready to sink into the earth with confusion, under the gaze of the profane, we are tempted to exclaim with the poet:

"Was ever thing so pretty made to stand?"

But a prosaic parody on the line suggests itself, the moment we turn towards her officious, lynx-eyed chaperon, till we can scarcely resist murmuring—

"Was ever thing so fussy made to stand"—still?

One of the peculiar faculties of the Chaperon is ubiquity. She is in all places at once; beside the refreshment-table, in the card-room, watching the dancers; nay, retreat into the furthest and most flirtiferous corner of the ball-room, with the *débutante* leaning on your arm—behind a door, a screen, a curtain, a rose-tree—and on looking up, you will find the piercing grey eyes of the Chaperon fixed inquiringly upon you.

The Chaperon is usually a spinster, having much leisure and little coin; or a

widow without offspring of her own: or a matron, who, having married off her own daughters, is desirous to benefit the rising generation with the results of her experience. The mother, accompanying her children into society, and exercising her maternal solicitude in their behalf, does not come under the denomination of Chaperon. It is usually with interested views that the gratuitous office is undertaken.

The *Débutante* in want of a Chaperon, is often the daughter of a widower, to whom it is good to make apparent that so tender and valuable a protectress would be still more tender and more valuable as a step-mother. In other instances the office is assumed by the prudent spinster having no equipage of her own, with a view of being franked to the fêtes for which she has secured invitations. By a spinster still further removed from the world's favour, the post of Chaperon to an attractive *Débutante* is often sought as a letter of introduction to the pleasures of society.

Miss Clarissa Spyngton, for instance, aware that the rich and lovely Helena Lennox will be invited to the best balls of the season, prevails upon the young lady's guardian, her cousin, Sir Paul Spyngton, the wealthy banker of Portland-place, to institute her as Chaperon to the heiress. To do honour to her office, she even stoops to assume brevet rank, and thenceforward prints herself upon her cards "Mrs. Spyngton;"—a matronly designation that invites confidence and repels raillery.

Sir Paul is so far justified in his election, that the maiden lady, whether as miss or mistress, is admirably qualified for the discharge of her duties. Having simpered away the days of her own debutancy at Bath, so long ago that the memory of her charms has passed away with that of the beauship of Nash, or minuet of 'Tyson, she has since successively paraded the parades of all the watering-places in the kingdom. The pantiles could swear to the tread of her slipper. The Steyne prates of her whereabouts. Cheltenham, Malvern, Leamington, Harrogate, Weymouth, Ramsgate, have tales to tell of the marchings and counter-marchings of the unfair Clarissa.

In the course of these transitions, Mrs. Spyngton has picked up useful know-

ledge "as pigeons peas." She has the Peerage, Baronetage, aye, and even the voluminous records of Burke's Landed Gentry at her fingers' end; with all their family histories, genealogies, arms, and emblazonments. Let not, therefore, the partner aspiring to the hand of the charming Helena Lennox in the waltz, presume to give himself out as one of the "Heathcotes of Rutlandshire." Mrs. Spyington will detect his false pretences; Mrs. Spyington will put him in his place. Before he had been twice in company with the *Débutante*, Mrs. Spyington managed to ascertain that he was only a young barrister, the son of "people in Baker-street;" people without a country seat, whom she remembered in cheap lodgings at Broadstairs; people comprised under the comprehensive designation of "the Lord knows who." It was not for such a man to be seen dancing a second time in the course of the evening with the heiress of the late Sir Hector Lennox, Bart., of Lennox Castle.

But it is not alone with the name and nature of the *Débutante's* partner she is conversant. The Chaperon is familiar with the birth, breeding, and history of everybody in every room she enters. Not a carriage drives along Portland-place but from the arms and livery she can predicate concerning the names and fortunes of its owners, as a gipsy reads them in the lines of a hand that has been duly crossed with silver or gold. Nay, when at fault concerning the features of some consequential dowager, the Chaperon is able to identify her by her very diamonds.

"That must be the Dowager Marchioness of Methuselah. I have a perfect recollection of her in that very aigrette and bouquet, in a yellow crape hoop, looped up with white acacias and Roman pearls. The Marchioness's charming daughters were at that time unmarried. Lady Maria is now the Duchess of Dunderhead; but Lady Harriet made a poor match—Lady Harriet, poor thing, is only Lady Harriet Titmouse. The Titmouses have a fine estate in Essex, but they are no great things. Between ourselves, I have heard it whispered in their neighbourhood that the grandfather of the present Titmouse was a Sheriff of London, citizen and cordwainer, or some dreadful thing of that description. But the Marchioness, of course, knows not a syllable of the matter. The Marchioness, like all those belonging to that venerable court of Queen Charlotte, is exceedingly nice

on such points. Any one may perceive with a glance that the Marchioness is a Conservative. She has not varied so much as the set of her diamonds for the last fifty years. In these fantastical days, it is not so easy to identify a woman by her jewels. Reform, reform, reform in every direction. And pray admire the result! All the beautiful old breastknots and stomachers, which were shamefully transformed into aigrettes, buckles, and brooches a few years ago, are actually being converted into stomachers again; and family diamonds are treated with as little reverence as a close borough or a sinecure.—Ah! things would be *very* differently managed if we had a few more such women in the world as the Marchioness of Methuselah."

At first the *Débutante* is charmed with the loquacity of her Chaperon, which serves as a cover to her timidity. By degrees she learns to prize it on other accounts. While Mrs. Spyington gabbles on about the Marchioness, of whom she knows nothing, Miss Lennox is enabled to give her attention to the Mr. Heathcote of whom her Chaperon wishes *her* to know nothing; and who profits by the monologue of the lady in the turban to place himself in Paradise close at the ear of Eve.

But it is not so easy to deceive the vigilance of the professional dragon. Though the Chaperon, like the "blind mole, hears not a footfall," she has an intuitive sense of the approach of danger; and, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings long before the hovering hawk is perceptible to human eyes, Mrs. Spyington (though the son of the "people in Baker-street" is invisible) crooks her arm like the pinion of a well-trussed fowl, and twitches off the *Débutante* into a less dangerous neighbourhood.

Whenever a tender *Débutante* is seen thus guarded round with turbans and India shawls, let it be understood that she is in limbo—in *durance*, not vile, but illustrious; a sort of honorary ward in Chancery; like the Crown jewels in the Tower of London, seen by candlelight through a grating.

It is a curious branch of ball-room science to examine step by step the mental progress of the *Débutante* of another class—Miss Tibbs. At her first ball her perceptions are vivid, her impulses natural.

The clustered lights of chandeliers and girandoles dazzle her unpractised eyes:

the glitter of jewels, the gleam of satins, the glow of flowers, excite the flutter of her girlish spirits. The very heart within her twitters as she hears her name announced, and sees a hundred admiring eyes directed towards her new dress; with how different a pulsation, alas! from the tender anxieties she is likely to experience in re-entering the same scene six months afterwards!

Unless provided with a chaperon of real merit, that is, of extensive connexions and persevering officiousness, the young lady, at her first *entrée*, trembles for her chance of a partner. What if all the pains bestowed upon her well-starched petticoat, her satin slip, and *aërophane* tunic, her transparent stocking, close-fitting shoe, and still closer-fitting glove; what if the anxious care bestowed for the last ten years on her feet, for the last half-hour on her head, in order that the *bandeaux* of the one may be as exquisitely smooth as the *pas de bourrées* of the other, should end in her being fated to sit still all the evening, and write herself down "a bencher of the inner temple" of Terpsichore!

Agitated by these misgivings, she wonders to see her Chaperon take her place deliberately in the card-room, as though there were no such things in the world as quadrilles and waltzes—as though people came to a ball to shuffle their cards instead of their feet. Thus placed, however, she commands a view of the dancing-room; and, by dint of edging forward her seat, manages to place herself within view of the young gentlemen lounging up and down, to pass in review the belles of the evening. One or other of them, she fancies, cannot fail to be struck by the elegance of her costume. Her great difficulty consists in preserving the downcast air insisted upon by her Chaperon as indispensable to the character of a *Débutante*, while keeping sufficiently on the alert to ascertain whether anything eligible in the way of partnership is approaching.

During the first five minutes she is convinced that every young gentleman in a white cravat, long straight hair, and short curled whiskers, who looks a second time at her, has "intentions." But alas! they pass and make no sign. At length one of those who had gazed most fixedly on her charms (a slim adolescent, in a flashy waistcoat and black cravat, against whom, the moment she caught sight of him, she decided in the negative, as "a

shocking style of man") accosts the lady of the house; and, while directing her observation towards the corner where the hapless *Débutante* is ensconced, is doubtless asking an introduction to "the lovely creature in white crape with pink roses."

The breath of the *Débutante* comes short! She is undecided what to do. The stranger is certainly ill-calculated to make a figure in her journal. She fears he will not do to write about in her next letter to dear Matilda, at Brighton. Ten to one his name is Smith—"JOHN SMITH!" or he may be an ensign in a marching regiment, or a banker's clerk, or a clergyman's younger son. She has half a mind to decline dancing altogether. But it seems ill-natured to refuse a young man who means well, and has done nothing to offend her; and after all, an indifferent partner is better than no partner at all.

On the whole, therefore, she thinks it better to be placable; and, as the lady of the house advances towards her, followed by the agitated youth, kneading in his hands the edges of his new silk hat by way of keeping himself in countenance, she looks the other way and tries to appear unconcerned. Fancying that the eyes of the whole room are upon her, the elated *Débutante* trembles lest her perturbation should be too plainly visible through the folds of her lace tucker.

The lady of the house is now opposite, bending towards her, as well as a corset as rigid as a bench of Middlesex magistrates will admit, till all her feathers are set a nodding by the discomposure of her equilibrium. The *Débutante* meanwhile feels her colour rising with contending emotions. But it rises still higher when she hears one of her turbaned neighbours addressed with, "Will you give me leave, my dear Mrs. Hobbleshaw, to present to you the only son of your old friend, Lady Pinchbeck? Sir Thomas is a stranger in town, and vastly desirous of the honour of your acquaintance." Whereupon the young gentleman bows awkwardly, and taking his station behind the chair of the corpulent gentlewoman, commences an interesting family dialogue wholly unconscious of the vicinity of the *Débutante*.

The poor girl is ready to cry with vexation. She would not have come to the ball had she expected to be so treated! Nor does her irritation diminish when her Chaperon turns towards her, at the close of the third rubber, with the inquiry of

"Miss Tibbs, my love, haven't you been dancing? Dear me, how provoking! Wouldn't you like to take some refreshment?"

Cramped with sitting three hours and a half upon a cane-bottomed chair, the *Débutante* is right glad to hook herself to the Chaperon's arm, and elbow her way into the refreshment-room; and, while waiting half-an-hour for her turn to approach the table, and feeling the roses of her trimming crushed flat as crown-pieces in the throng, she accepts the offer of some vanille ice, which she receives over the head of a squat lady; and, after soiling her gloves with a wet spoon, and getting her elbow jogged at every mouthful, to the imminent risk of her white satin slip, is anxious to crush her way back again to the dancing-room.

The Chaperon, however, is still diligently at work on an overflowing plate of lobster salad, to which tongue and chicken, or a slice of *galantine*, are likely to succeed. She has managed to obtain a snug berth for herself at the supper-table, and is ensconced with a glass of champagne at her right hand, a tumbler of sherry-and-water at her left, without any idea of giving in for twenty minutes to come.

The Chaperon has, constitutionally, an untirable voracity. She is the shark of the female world. Like her prototype, the Dragon of Wantley, she is able to devour houses and steeples (of spun sugar and Savoy cake), and wash them down with an ocean of Roman punch. Throughout her six rubbers per night, she continues to imbibe, every ten minutes, glasses of negus in winter—of iced coffee in summer; solidified with sponge-biscuits and macaroons that disappear as if thrown into a limekiln.

The *Débutante*, on the contrary, "scarcely confesses that her appetite is more to bread than stone." Like other humming-birds, she is nourished upon saccharine suction. It suffices for her to look once a day at a spoonful of minced veal, and like the boa-constrictor, to make a heavy meal once a month on—the wing of a partridge. Unless accidentally detected at her private luncheon, the *Débutante* was never seen to eat!

At the close of the Chaperon's prolonged repast, feeling thoroughly restored, she observes aloud to her charge, "Well, now we have made ourselves quite comfortable again, I am sure, my dear, you

would like to dance." The nineteen-and-sixpence she has netted incline her to return to the card-table; and as the *Débutante*, who is musing over the destruction of her ball-dress in the crowd, remains pensively silent, the Chaperon sidles up to their hostess, and executes a mysterious whisper, to which the weary lady who has been curtsying for the last three hours and three-quarters, with various degrees of condescension, replies by an assenting nod.

The result of this diplomatic conference becomes apparent, when, five minutes afterwards, the lady brings up for judgment a genteel youth in nankeen pantaloons, an inch or two of whose meagre wrists are perceptible between the dress-coat he has outgrown and the overgrown gloves which wrinkle down over his thumbs, and whose straight yellow hair is combed up, tent-wise, on the top of his head, like the brass flame with which the gas manufactories crown the ornamental bronze vases on their gate-posts; a shapeless booby, whose only care is not to giggle during the presentation.

"You *must* dance with him—it is her own nephew," whispers the Chaperon, foreseeing the refusal of her charge; and with indignant soul, accordingly, poor Adeliza Tibbs deposits her fan and bouquet, and stands up, for the first time of her life, in the most insignificant corner of the most insignificant quadrille that has been danced in the course of the evening.

Nevertheless, the display, poor as it is, revives her spirits. She sees a tall, distinguished-looking young man, her *vis-à-vis*, inquire her name; and decides that he intends to invite her for the next dance. Previous, however, to the final *chassé croisé*, the Chaperon glides towards her with intelligence that "the carriage has been waiting for the last hour, and that she faithfully promised Mr. Tibbs not to keep either his coachman or daughter out after two o'clock."

The boa and mantle, pendent upon her skinny arm, attest the direness of her intentions; and the poor *Débutante*, having no engagement to plead in opposition, is muffled up, and carried off in triumph. Not choosing to confide the mortifications of the evening to the attendant by whom she is disrobed, she pretends fatigue as the origin of her fallen countenance when the mangled ball-dress is held up to her commiseration, with an exclamation of

"How you *must* have danced, mem, to have been squeedged to pieces in this way!"

Three months afterwards the Débutante, even when not endowed with the weighty attractions of a Miss Helena Lennox, has, probably, contrived to recommend herself so far to the civilities of the dancing world, as to be sure of partners to her heart's content. The finest optical glass in Dollond's shop would not *now* enable her to discern the hapless youth in nankeens, who crosses her path fifty times at every ball, and obtrudes as her *vis-à-vis* whenever she has a partner not sufficiently adroit to provide one of her own selection.

The Débutante has now become fine, choice, exclusive. She has no further objection to the permanent establishment of her Chaperon in the card-room; having succeeded in persuading that august functionary that the crowd in the doorway often renders it impossible to rejoin her between the dances. She is engaged three deep both for waltz and quadrille; and, lest she should be missed by her *savaliere* at the moment the dance is making up, contrives to be passed from partner to partner, throughout the evening, like an Irish vagabond handed from parish to parish all the way from Dover to Holyhead.

You may see her smiling in succession upon the arm of every beau in the room. Majors, captains, lieutenants, cornets, ensigns; "the three black graces—law, physic, and divinity;" raw baronets, and hobble-de-hoy heirs-apparent claim her successively as their own.

To all and each she utters the same emphasized fractions of common-place, broken up to sweeten polite conversation. The room is shockingly hot or dreadfully crowded.

To fifteen partners an evening does she show her teeth, her wit, and the point of her white satin slipper. The captain who has the misfortune to snap the encrusted sticks of her fan *à la Louis XIV.*, is now a "horrid creature;" the major who procures her tickets for the rehearsal at the opera, a "charming man." When hurried into her father's carriage at the close of four hours' incessant flirtation and salutation, the Débutante is as much elated with her conquests, real or imaginary, as the Chaperon with the solid gains bagged in her card-purse.

Three months after this, another change

has come over the spirit of her dream. The major is *now* a "horrid creature," and she will hear of nothing included in the pages of the army-list under a G.C.B.

Instead of casting down her eyes, as at first exacted by her Chaperon, her enfranchised looks challenge every living soul around her. She has actually refused Sir Thomas Pinchbeck, and is suspected of a design upon the hand of the Honourable Henry Hottentot.

While the Débutante has been thus progressing, the Chaperon has not been inactive. Under her instructions Miss Tibbs has acquired a precocious insight into the mysteries of the peerage, and accurate powers of detecting the "complement extern" of a younger brother. It is the Chaperon who has finessed for invitations for her, and spread advantageous rumour of the amount of her father's fortune.

Having serious intentions of accompanying her to Cheltenham for the autumn, and Brighton for the winter, she suggests that it would be a pitiful thing to accept a Sir Thomas Pinchbeck, a mere country baronet with a wretched two thousand a-year, who would not be able to afford her so much as a box at the opera. Her dear Adeliza's acquaintance is now so much extended, that there is no surmising what might be the result of "another season."

In a higher walk of life the Débutante is a less specific personage. Lady Sophia (whose first appearance at Almack's, after her presentation at Court, places her in a scarcely more public position than she has been occupying evening after evening for four years previous, at the country-seat of her father, the earl) is a very different person from the blushing, fluttering Miss Tibbs. All that the Débutante of the middle classes is left to discover from personal experience, she has learnt from the experience of others. In her cradle *she* was too knowing to mistake a younger for an elder son—a new knight for an old baronet; and as to showy officers, the whole army-list figures, in her imagination as a set of nobodies, not worth a thought till they attain the rank of generals of division; the army being an *omnium gatherum*, into which fathers of families thrust their supernumerary sons, who are good for nothing else.

Lady Sophia does not vary her pretensions, or cast her nature twice a-year,

like the less illustrious Miss Adeliza Tibbs.

"Blushes, God help you! *she* has none to lose, sir!"

She was *born* self-possessed, and never knew what it was to be flurried by a partner or a declaration. No fear concerning *her* settlement in life. The Duke of Bolton and her father have long arranged an alliance between their respective children. Lady Sophia is one of those Débutantes who have no chance of degenerating into Chaperons, unless to daughters of their own.

Of Miss Tibbs, on the other hand, the destinies are less accurately defined. Like all Débutantes who fall into the frailty of flirting, she will probably come in time to be opprobriated as a coquette or shunned as a jilt. The roses will shed their leaves, and the thorns become apparent. The brothers at college will grow up, and, accompanying her into society, supersede all false notions of her consequence, and the services of the superannuated Chaperon. The Mrs. Hobbleshaw, whom she has quizzed, and the Sir Thomas Pinchbeck, whom she rejected, will seize upon this moment for revenge.

As years progress with the mortified damsel, they will preserve a perpetual memorandum of the date of her *début*; thanks to which the world is privileged to discover that her bloom is less variable

than of old; her ringlets less liable to the effect of damp than when they were the native produce of her empty head.

New Débutantes will display their round fair forms in afflicting contrast with her bony rectangularity. She will be set aside like a last year's almanack—an obsolete edition.

The Chaperon, to whom the worthy Mr. Tibbs unites himself in his dotage, in gratitude for her extreme care of his daughter and coach-horses—will now recommend her to try a fresh line of business, and attempt a new *début* as a blue, or serious young lady, or political economist, or something still more novel and original.

But Adeliza has grown weary of her vocation. A second *début*, she knows, is like a second attack of small-pox—invariably fatal; and stranger things have happened than her taking refuge from the ignominy of spinsterhood, under the wing of the quondam young gentleman of the nankeens, now a thriving country banker in drab shorts and mahogany tops; whose yellow crest has given way to a sober baldness highly becoming the position of a man well-to-do in the world.

It would have been a bold attempt, however, to hazard a prediction of such a termination to her career, when the aspiring Débutante first blushed her way into society under the care of her CHAPERON.



THE ANIMAL SOON WRITHED IN HORRIBLE CONVULSIONS.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By EDMOND ABOUT.

CHAPTER VI.

(continued.)

THE side of the mountain glistened slightly with a few cavities in which the water had remained at sundry intervals. I took careful note of these, for they were so many places where I could set my foot. I returned to my tent, took down my box hanging over my bed, and fastened it on my shoulders. As I passed the spot where we had dined, I picked up half a loaf and a piece of meat which the water had not yet saturated, and placed these provisions in the box for my morrow's breakfast. The dyke was famous, the

breeze must have dried my road; it was nearly two o'clock. I should have liked to carry off Vasili's dagger, for fear of accidents, but it was under water, and I had no time to lose in looking for it. I took off my shoes, fastened them together by the strings, and hung them to the straps of my box. At last, after thinking of everything, taking a parting glance at my levelling works, evoking the memories of my paternal abode, and sending a kiss in the direction of Athens and of Mary Anne, I put a leg over the parapet, seized with both hands a shrub that hung over the abyss, and began my journey.

It was a rough job, rougher than I had supposed when looking at it from above. The badly dried rock produced on me a sensation of damp cold, like contact with a serpent. I had judged distances badly, and the resting-places for my feet were much rarer than I had expected. Twice I went out of my way by bearing to the left, and was compelled to return through incredible difficulties. Hope often entirely deserted me, but not my will. My foot slipped. I took a shadow for a projection, and fell some twenty feet, pressing my hands and entire body against the rock, but finding no holdfast. The root of a fig-tree caught me by the cuff of my paletôt. You can see the marks here. A little further on, a bird hidden in a hole flew out between my legs so suddenly, that fright almost made me fall back. I walked on my feet and hands, but chiefly on my hands. My arms seemed dislocated, and I felt the sinews tremble like the strings of a harp. My nails were so injured that I no longer felt them. Perhaps I should have had more strength could I have measured the distance I still had to go; but when I attempted to look down, I was attacked by a dizziness, and felt as if I must lose my hold. To sustain my courage I upbraided myself; I spoke aloud between my clenched teeth, saying, "Another step for my father! another step for Mary Anne! another step for the confusion of the brigands and the rage of Hadji Stavros!"

Although my feet rested on a wider platform, I fancied that the ground had changed its colour. I bent my legs, sat down, and timidly looked round. I was only ten feet from the stream; I had reached the red rocks. A flat surface, on which the water still rested in small holes, allowed me to draw breath and rest myself a little. I drew out my watch; it was only half-past two. For my part I could have believed that my journey had lasted three nights. I felt my legs and arms to see if I was complete in all my limbs; for on such expeditions you know what starts, but you do not know what arrives. I had been lucky, for I had escaped with a few bruises and two or three grazes. The most ill-treated was my paletôt. I raised my eyes aloft, not to thank Heaven, but to assure myself that nothing was stirring in my old domicile. I heard nought but the few drops of water that filtered through my dyke. All was going well; my rear was covered; I knew where to find Athens;

so farewell to the King of the Mountains.

I was about to leap into the ravine, when a white form rose in front of me, and I heard the most furious barking that ever aroused the echoes at such an hour. Alas! sir, I had reckoned without my host's dogs. These enemies of man prowled round the camp at all hours, and one of them had scented me. The fury and hatred I felt at the sight of it is impossible to describe; for no one detests an irrational being to such a point. I would sooner have been face to face with a wolf, a tiger, or a polar bear—noble animals, which would have devoured me without saying a word, but would not have denounced me. Wild beasts go out hunting on their own account; but what could be thought of this horrible dog, which was about to devour me noisily in order to pay court to old Hadji Stavros?

I overwhelmed it with insults; I called it by the most odious names; but whatever I might do, it out-talked me. Then I changed my key, and tried the effect of pleasant words. I addressed it gently in Greek, the language of its fathers, but it had only one answer to all my offers, and that answer shook the mountain. I was silent, and that was a good idea, for the dog was silent too. I lay down in the puddle, and the dog stretched itself out at the foot of the rock, growling between its teeth. I pretended to sleep; it slept. I glided insensibly towards the stream; it leaped up, and I had only just time to return to my pedestal. My hat remained in the hands, or rather the teeth, of the enemy. A moment later, it was but a paste, a marmalade, a hat stew! Poor hat! I pitied you, for I put myself in your place. If I could have got out of the affair with a few bites, I should not have looked into it so closely, but put up with the affront. These monsters, though, are not satisfied with biting people, they devour them! I imagined that the dog was doubtless hungry, and that if it found something to stay its hunger, it might bite me probably still, but not eat me. I had provisions, and sacrificed them; my only regret was, that I had not a hundredweight. I threw it half my meat; it swallowed it at a snap: just imagine a pebble falling into a well. I looked piteously at the little I had to offer, when I saw in a corner of the box a white packet that gave me an idea. It was a little supply

of arsenic, intended for my zoological preparations. I used it to stuff birds, but no law prevented me putting a few grains under the skin of a dog. My cross-questioner, whose appetite was aroused, was only anxious to continue its meal.

"Wait a minute," I said to it; "I will give you a dish of my dressing."

The packet contained about two ounces of a pretty white and glistening powder. I put about a quarter into a little puddle of clear water, and the remainder into my pocket. I waited till the arsenious acid was properly dissolved, then I plunged a piece of bread into the solution, which drunk it all up like a sponge. The dog leaped up and swallowed its death in a mouthful.

But why had I not provided myself with a little strychnine, or any other poison more rapid than arsenic? It was past three o'clock, and the results of my invention were cruelly delayed. At about the half hour, the dog began yelling with all its strength. I did not gain much by this; barking or howling, cries of fury or of agony, all tended to the same point; that is to say, Hadji Stavros's ears. The animal soon writhed in horrible convulsions; it foamed, it became sick, and made violent efforts to get rid of the poison that devoured it. It was a very agreeable sight for me, and I enjoyed fully the pleasure of the gods: but the death of the enemy could alone save me, and that death would not come. I hoped that the animal, overcome by pain, would allow me to pass, but it was furious with me, showed me its blood-stained throat, as if to reproach me with my presents, and tell me that it would not die unavenged. I threw my pocket handkerchief to it, and it tore that up as vigorously as it had done my hat. The sky was beginning to grow lighter, and I soon foresaw that I had committed an useless murder. Within an hour the brigands would be on my heels. I looked up towards that confounded spot which I had left without any expectation of returning, and which the power of a dog would force me to re-enter. At this moment a formidable cataract threw me face downward on the ground.

Lumps of turf, pebbles, and fragments of rock rolled round me with a torrent of icy water. The dyke had burst, and the whole lake was emptied on my head. I began to tremble; each succeeding flood carried off a few degrees of my animal heat, and my blood turned as cold as that of a fish. I turned my eyes on the dog;

it still lay at the foot of my rock, struggling with death, with the torrent, with everything; its mouth open, and its eyes fixed on me. I must put an end to it. I took off my box, seized it by the straps, and struck the hideous head with such fury that the enemy surrendered the battle-field to me. The torrent attacked it on the flank, rolled it over two or times, and carried it I know not whither.

I leaped into the water; it came up to my waist. I clung to the rocks on the bank; I emerged on dry land, shook myself, and shouted,—

"Hurrah for Mary Anne!"

Four brigands sprung from the ground and seized me by the collar, saying,—

"Here you are, then, assassin. Come here, all of you; we have got him! the King will be pleased, and Vasili be avenged!"

It seems that, without knowing it, I had drowned my friend Vasili.

At that time, sir, I had not killed any man. Vasili was my first. Since then I have settled several in my own defence and solely to save my life; but Vasili is the only one who caused me any remorse, though his end was the result of a very innocent act of imprudence. You know what the first step is! No assassin discovered by the police, and handed from station to station till he reaches the scene of his crime, hung his head more humbly than I did. I did not dare look at the worthy people who had arrested me. I had not the strength to endure their reproving glances. I foresaw with horror a terrible trial. I was sure of appearing before my judge, and being placed in presence of my victim. How face the eyebrows of the King of the Mountains after what I had done? How see once more, without dying of shame, the inanimate corpse of the unhappy Vasili? More than once my knees gave way, and I should have remained on the road had it not been for the kicks that followed close in my rear.

I crossed the deserted camp—the King's cabinet—occupied by some wounded, and went, or rather fell, to the bottom of the stairs leading to my room. The water had retired, leaving stains of mud on all the walls and trees. A puddle had collected at the spot where I had cut the turf. The brigands, the King, and the monk were standing in a circle round a greyish and muddy object, the sight of which made my hair stand on end: it was Vasili. May Heaven preserve you, sir,

from ever seeing a corpse of your own manufacturing! The water and mud, on retiring, had left a hideous coating upon him. Have you ever seen a blue-bottle fly which has been caught for three or four days in a spider's web? The net manufacturer, unable to get rid of such a guest, surrounds it with greyish web, and changes it into a shapeless and unrecognisable mass. Such was Vasili a few hours after he had supped with me. I found him about ten yards from the spot where I had left him. I do not know whether the brigands had moved him, or he had transported himself there in the convulsions of agony: still I am inclined to believe that his death was easy. Full of wine as I had left him, he must have doubtless succumbed to some congestion of the brain.

A growl of evil augury saluted my arrival. Hadji Stavros, pale and with frowning brow, walked straight up to me, seized me by the left wrist, and dragged me so violently that he nearly put my arm out. He hurled me into the centre of the circle with such vivacity that I thought I should step on the body of my victim: hence I started back.

"Look!" he shouted to me in a thundering voice—"look at what you have done! Rejoice in your handiwork! Glut your eyes with your crime! Wretch! where will you stop? Who could have told me, on the day I received you here, that I was opening my door to an assassin?"

I stammered a few apologies. I tried to prove to the judge that I was only culpable through imprudence. I honestly accused myself of having intoxicated my keeper for the purpose of escaping his surveillance, and flying from my prison without obstacle; but I defended myself against the crime of assassination. Was it my fault if the collecting waters drowned him an hour after my departure? The proof that I meant no harm would be found in the fact that I had not stabbed him when he was dead drunk, and I had his weapons in my hands. If his body were washed, it would be seen that he had not a single wound.

"Confess, at any rate," the King replied, "that your conduct was hastily selfish and most culpable. When your life was not threatened, when you were only kept here for a sum of money, you fled through avarice; you only thought about saving a few crowns, and paid no attention to that poor wretch whom you

left to die behind you! You did not care for me whom you were about to deprive of an indispensable ally? And what a moment did you select to betray us?—the day on which all misfortunes assailed us at once: when I had experienced a defeat—when I had lost my best soldiers—when Sophocles was wounded—when the Corfiote is dying—when young Spiro, on whom I built hopes, was dead—when all my men were wearied and discouraged! It was at such a moment that you had the heart to rob me of my Vasili! Why, you cannot possess human feelings! Was it not a hundred times better to pay your ransom honourably, than allow it to be said that you had sacrificed a man for 600%?"

"Hang it all!" I exclaimed in my turn, "you have killed plenty, and for less."

He replied, with dignity—

"It is my profession, sir, but not yours. I am a brigand, and you are a doctor. I am a Greek, and you a German."

To that I had no answer. I clearly felt, by the trembling of all the fibres of my heart, that I was neither born nor educated for the profession of slayer of men. The King, encouraged by my silence, raised his voice a note, and went on as follows—

"Do you know, unhappy young man, who the excellent being was whose death you have caused? He was descended from those heroic Suliote brigands, who waged such rude wars in defence of their religion and their country with Ali Teleben, Pasha of Jauinca. For four generations all his ancestors have been hanged or beheaded, not one of them died in his bed. It is not six years since his brother died in Epirus in consequence of a condemnation to death; he had assassinated a Mussulman. Devotion and courage are hereditary in his family. Vasili never failed in his religious duties; he gave to the churches, he gave to the poor. On Easter day he lit a taper larger than all the others. He would have sooner let himself be killed than violate the laws of fasting, or eat meat on a day of abstinence. He was saving in order to retire to a monastery on Mount Athos. Did you know it?"

I humbly confessed that I did.

"Did you know that he was the most resolute of all my comrades? I do not wish to take anything from the personal merit of those who are listening to me,

but Vasili was blindly devoted, wonderfully obedient, and displayed a zeal that withstood any trial. No task was too rude for his courage, no execution was repugnant to his fidelity. He would have cut the throat of the whole kingdom had I ordered him to do it. He would have plucked out the eye of his best friend at a sign from my little finger. And you have killed him. Poor Vasili, when I have a village to burn, a miser to put on the gridiron, a woman to cut in pieces, or a child to flay alive, who will take your place?"

All the brigands, electrified by this fervent oration, shouted unanimously,

"We! we!" Some held out their arms to the King, others drew their daggers, the most zealous aimed at me with their pistols. Hadji Stavros placed a curb on their imagination; he made me a rampart of his person, and continued his address in these words—

"Console yourself, Vasili; you shall not be unavenged. If I only listened to my sorrow, I would offer the head of your murderer to your manes; but it is worth 600*l.*, and that restrains me. Even you, could you speak as formerly at our council, would pray me to spare his life—you would refuse such expensive vengeance. Under the circumstances in



[THE CATARACT.]

which your death has left us, it is not fitting for us to commit acts of folly and throw money out of the window."

He stopped for a moment, and I breathed again.

"But," the King went on, "I shall behave so as to reconcile interest and justice. I will punish the culprit without touching the capital. His chastisement will be the finest ornament of your funeral; and from the abode of the Pallikars to which your soul has fled, you will look down with joy on an expiatory punishment which will not cost us a halfpenny."

This peroration carried the audience away. Everybody was satisfied save myself; I racked my brains to guess what the King reserved for me, and was so little reassured that my teeth chattered fit to break. Certainly, I must esteem myself lucky in having my life

spared, and the preservation of my head seemed to me no slight advantage; but I knew the inventive imagination of the Greeks of the highway. Hadji Stavros, while not inflicting death on me, might dishonour me by such a punishment as would make me detest living. The old villain refused to tell me for what punishment he reserved me; and had so little pity on my anguish that he compelled me to be present at his lieutenant's funeral.

The body was stripped of its clothes, carried to the spring and washed. Vasili's features were hardly altered—his half-opened mouth still had the painful smile of the drunkard, his wide eyes retained a stupid expression. His limbs had lost none of their suppleness; for the rigidity of a corpse does not set in for a long time with those who die by an accident.

The King's cafedji and pipe-bearer pro-

ceeded to dress the dead man—Hadji Stavros paying the expenses in his quality of heir. Vasili had no family, and all his property reverted to the King. The body was clothed in a fine shirt, a petticoat, and a jacket embroidered with silver. His damp hair was placed in a nearly new cap. Red silk gaiters were fastened round the legs which were never to run again, and papooshes of Russian leather were placed on his feet. In his lifetime poor Vasili had never been so clean or smart. Carmine was put on his lips; his face was painted like that of a lover just going on the stage. During the whole operation, the brigand's orchestra performed a lugubrious air, which you must have heard more than once in the streets of Athens. I congratulate myself on not having died in Greece, for it is abominable music, and I could never have consoled myself, had I been buried to that melody.

Four brigands began digging a grave in the middle of the room, on the site of Mrs. Simons' tent, at the very spot where Mary Anne had slept. Two others ran to the storehouse to fetch wax candles, which they distributed to everybody, myself among the number. The monk struck up the funeral service. Hadji Stavros sung the responses in a firm voice, which affected me to the very soul. There was a little wind, and the wax from my candle fell on my hand in a burning shower; but it was, alas! very slight compared with what awaited me. I would gladly have submitted to it, if the ceremony had never ended.

It finished, however. When the last orisons were said, the King walked solemnly up to the litter on which the body was deposited, and kissed its lips. The brigands, one by one, followed his example. I shuddered at the thought that my turn would come, and hid myself behind those who had already gone through the ceremony; but the King detected me, and shouted:

"It's your turn. Go on. Surely you owe him that."

Was this the expiation with which he had threatened me? A just man would have been satisfied with less. I swear to you, sir, that it is no child's play to kiss the lips of a corpse, especially when you reproach yourself with being the cause of death. I walked up to the litter. I looked on this face whose widely-opened eyes seemed laughing at my embarrassment. I bent my head, and grazed the

lips. A facetious bandit gave me a push on the nape of the neck. My lips flattened on the ice-cold mouth; I felt the contact of those icy teeth, and I sprang up, staggering with horror, and taking with me a deadly scent, which contracts my throat at this moment I am speaking to you. Women are very fortunate, for they can have recourse to fainting.

The body was then laid on the ground, and on it were thrown a handful of flowers, a loaf, an apple, and a few drops of Ægina wine—a thing he wanted least. The grave was filled up quickly—more quickly than I liked. A brigand remarked that two sticks were wanting to make a cross; but Hadji Stavros answered him:

"Wait a while, my lads, sticks will be used."

I leave you to guess whether my heart beat at these words. What sticks? What was there in common with myself and sticks?

The King made a sign to his chiboudji, who ran to the office, and returned with two laurel sticks. Hadji Stavros took the funeral bier and laid it on the tomb. He laid it on the freshly stirred soil, raised it at one end, while the other rested on the ground, and said to me with a smile:

"I am working for you. Have the goodness to take your shoes off."

He must have read in my eyes a question full of agony and terror, for he answered the request I did not venture to address to him:

"I am not cruel; and have always detested useless severity. That is why I intend to inflict on you a punishment which will spare us the trouble of watching you in future. For the last few days you have had a mania for escaping. I trust when you have received twenty blows of the stick on the soles of your feet, that you will no longer need a guardian, and your love for travelling will be calmed down for some time. It is a punishment I am acquainted with; the Turks made me undergo it in my youth; and I know by experience that people do not die of it. It causes a good deal of pain, and you will cry out, I warn you. Vasili will hear you from the bottom of his tomb, and he will be pleased with us."

At this announcement my first idea was to use my legs while I still had them at my disposal. But it must be supposed that my will was very sick, as I could not put one foot before the other. Hadji

Stavros raised me from the ground as easily as we pick up an insect on the road. I felt myself bound, and my shoes removed, before a thought emanating from my brain had time to reach the extremity of my limbs. I know not on what my feet were rested, or how they were prevented contracting to my head at the first blow. I saw the two sticks turning before me, one on the right, the other on the left; I closed my eyes and waited. I did not wait, I am convinced, the tenth part of a second; and yet, in so short a space, I had time to send a blessing to my father, a kiss to Mary Anne, and more than a thousand curses, to be shared between Mrs. Simons and John Harris.

I did not faint for a single instant; it is a feeling in which I am deficient, as I told you. Thus I lost nothing. I felt all the blows of the stick, one after the other. The first was so furious that I fancied there was nothing left for the others to do. It caught me in the middle of the sole, under that little elastic arch in front of the heel, and which supports the body. It was not the feet that pained me this time; but I believed that the bones of my poor legs were about to break into pieces. The second caught me lower down, just under the heels; it gave me a profound and violent shock, which disturbed the whole vertebral column, and filled my palpitating brain, which was ready to burst, with a frightful tumult. The third was right across the toes, and produced a sharp, piercing pain, which made the whole of the front of my body quiver, and believe for a second that the end of the stick had struck the tip of my nose. The blood, I believe, started now for the first time. The blows succeeded in the same order, and on the same places, at equal intervals. I had sufficient courage to be silent at the two first; I cried at the third; I yelled at the fourth; I groaned at the fifth and the ensuing ones. At the tenth blow, the flesh itself had no strength left to complain—I was silent. But the annihilation of my physical vigour in no way diminished the clearness of my perceptions. I should have been unable to raise my eyelids, and yet the slightest sound reached my ears. I did not lose a word of what was said around me. This is an observation I shall remember in aftertimes, if ever I practise medicine. The doctors think nothing of condemning a patient when only a yard from the bed, without thinking that the poor devil has probably

sufficient ears to hear them. I heard a young brigand say to the King:—

“He is dead. Why fatigue two men without profiting anybody?”

And Hadji Stavros answer:—

“Fear nothing. I received sixty, and two days later I danced the Romaika.”

“How did you manage it?”

“I employed the pomade of an Italian renegade, called Luigi Bey—where are we? how many has he had?”

“Seventeen.”

“Three more, children; and pray mind the last.”

It was of no consequence. The last blows fell on a bleeding but insensible matter. Pain had almost paralysed me.

I was removed from the bier: the cords were untied, my feet were wrapped up in bandages of cold water, and as I was feverishly thirsty, a large glass of wine was given me to drink. My wrath returned with my strength. I do not know if you are built like myself, but I know nothing so humiliating as physical punishment. I cannot endure the idea that the sovereign of the world should become for a minute the slave of a vile stick. To be born in the 19th century, master of steam and electricity, possess a good half of nature's secrets, thoroughly know all that science has invented for the comfort and security of man, cure fevers, prevent small-pox, and yet not be able to defend oneself against the blow of a cane: it is, indeed, a little too strong! Had I been a soldier and subjected to corporeal punishment, I should have inevitably killed my chiefs.

When I found myself seated on the sticky ground, with my feet enchained by pain and my hands dead—when I saw around me the men who had beaten me, him who had ordered the beating—and those who had seen me beaten—anger, shame, the feeling of outraged dignity, of violated justice and brutalized intelligence, swelled up in my weak body to a feeling of hatred, revolt, and vengeance. I forgot everything—calculation, interest, prudence, and future; I gave free outlet to all the truths that choked me; a torrent of boiling insults rose straight to my lips, while the extravasated bile flowed over in a yellow foam even to the whites of my eyes.

Assuredly I am no orator, and my solitary studies had not exercised me in the use of language; but indignation, which has made poets, lent me for a quarter of an hour the savage eloquence

of those Cantabrian prisoners who rendered up their souls with insults, and hurled their last sigh in the teeth of the victorious Romans. All that can outrage a man in his pride, his tenderness, and his dearest feelings, I said to the King of the Mountains; I placed him in the rank of unclean animals, and denied him even the name of man. I insulted him in his mother, in his wife, in his daughter, and in the whole of his posterity. I wish I could repeat to you textually all I compelled him to listen to; but words fail me to-day when I am cool. I forged all sorts of words to be found in no dictionary, but which were understood for all that, as my audience of jail birds howled beneath my words as a pack of dogs does under the lash of the whipper-in.

But though I watched the face of the old Pallikar, spied all the muscles of his face, and quietly investigated the smallest wrinkles on his forehead, I did not surprise there a trace of emotion. Hadji Stavros did not wince more than a marble bust would have done. He answered all my insults by the motionless insolence of contempt. His attitude exasperated me to madness; I believe I was insane for a moment. A cloud red as blood passed before my eyes. I rose suddenly on my wounded feet, tore a pistol from the girdle of a brigand, cocked it, and fired straight in the king's face. As I fell back, I muttered—

“I am avenged!”

It was himself who picked me up. I regarded him with the same stupefaction as if I had seen him rise from Hades. He did not appear affected, but smiled calmly like an immortal. And yet, sir, I had not missed him. My ball had struck him on the forehead, about a quarter of an inch above the left eyebrow: a bleeding mark testified to the fact. But, whether the pistol was badly loaded, or the powder was bad, or the ball had glided along the bone, my shot had only produced a graze!

The invulnerable monster seated me gently on the ground, stooped over me, and said, as he pulled my ear—

“Why do you attempt impossibilities, young man? I warned you that my head was bullet proof, and you know that I never lie. Did I not tell you the story, too, how Ibrahim had me shot by seven Egyptians, and yet did not get my hide? I hope that you do not pretend to be stronger than seven Egyptians. But do you know that you have a very light hand for a Northern? Hang it, if my mother, of

whom you spoke lightly just now, had not constructed me solidly, I should have been fit to fill a hole in the ground by this time. Any other in my place would have died without saying thank you. As for me, those things make me younger; they remind me of my good times. At your age I exposed my life four times a day, and it only improved my digestion. Come, I am not angry with you, and pardon your impetuosity. But as all my subjects are not bullet proof, and you might give way to some fresh act of imprudence, we will to-morrow apply the same treatment to your hands as we have to your feet. Nothing need prevent us from beginning at once; still, I wait till to-morrow, for the sake of your health. You see that the stick is a courteous weapon which does not kill; you have just proved, yourself, that a bastinadoed man is worth two. The ceremony of to-morrow will occupy you, for prisoners do not know how to spend their time. It is this idleness which gave you such bad advice. Besides, be at your ease; so soon as your ransom is paid, I will cure your bruises. I have some of Luigi Bey's balsam still by me. Nothing will be visible in two days' time, and you will be able to waltz at the palace ball without telling your partners that they are in the arms of a horsewhipped gentleman.”

I am not a Greek, and therefore insults wound me as deeply as blows. I shook my fist at the old villain, and shouted at the top of my voice—

“No, scoundrel; my ransom will never be paid! I have not asked money of anybody! All you will have of me is my head, which will be of no service to you. Take it at once, if you think proper. You would do me a benefit and yourself too. You will spare me two weeks' torture, and the disgust of seeing you, which is the worst of all. You will save my food for a fortnight. Do not miss it, for it is the only profit you will make of me.”

He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and answered:—

“Ta, ta, ta, ta! There are my young fellows! everything with them is by extremes. They throw the handle after the axe. If I listened to you, I should regret it within a week, and so would you. The English women will pay, I feel assured. I know women yet, although I have lived so long in retirement. What would people say if I killed you to-day, and the ransom arrived to-morrow? The report would be spread that I had broken

my word, and my future prisoners would let their throats be cut like sheep, without asking a farthing of their relatives. We must not spoil the trade!"

"Ah, you fancy your English have paid you, you clever fellow! Yes, they paid you as you deserved."

"You are very kind."

"Their ransom will cost you 3600*l.*; do you understand? 3600*l.* out of your pocket."

"Do not say things of that sort. I might fancy the sticks had struck you on the head."

"I speak the truth. Do you remember the name of your prisoners?"

"No; but I have them in writing."

"I will help your memory. The lady's name was Mrs. Simons."

"Well, what of that?"

"Partner in the firm of Barlee & Co., London."

"My bankers?"

"Precisely so."

"How do you know my bankers' name?"

"Why did you dictate your correspondence before me?"

"After all, what matter? They cannot rob me; they are not Greeks, but English. I will serve a writ on them."

"And you will lose. They hold your receipt."

"That is true. But by what fatality did I give them a receipt?"

"Because I advised you, my poor fellow."

"Villain! badly baptized dog! schismatic of hell! you have ruined me! you have betrayed me! you have robbed me! 3600*l.*! I am responsible. If the Barlees were only the company's bankers, I should lose but my share. But they hold my capital. I shall lose it all. Are you quite sure that she is a partner in the firm?"

"As sure as I am of dying to-day."

"No; you shall not die till to-morrow; you have not suffered enough. You shall have 3600*l.* worth of suffering. What punishment shall I invent? 3600*l.*; three thousand six hundred deaths would be too little. What did I do to that traitor who robbed me of 1600*l.*? Pooh! a child's play, a jest. He did not yell for two hours. I will find out something better. But may there not be two firms of the same name?"

"31, Cavendish Square."

"Yes; that is the place. Fool! why did you not warn instead of betraying me? I would have asked them double.

They would have paid; they have the means. I would not have given a receipt; I will never give another—no, no, that is the last time. Received 3600*l.* of Mrs. Simons! What an absurd phrase! Was it really I who dictated it? but I remember, I did not sign it. Yes; but my seal is as good as a signature. They have twenty letters of mine. Why did you ask me for a receipt? What did you expect from those two ladies? 600*l.* for your ransom. Egotism everywhere. You should have opened your mind to me; I would have let you go for nothing; I would even have paid you. If you are poor, as you say you are, you must know what a fine thing money is. Can you form an idea of 3600*l.*? Do you know what space it occupies in a room? how many pieces of gold there are in it? and how much money can be gained in business with such a capital? It is a fortune. Wretch, you have robbed me of a fortune! you have stripped my daughter, the only being I love in the world. It is for her I labour. But, if you knew my affairs, you must be aware that I run about the mountains a whole year to gain 1800*l.* You have deprived me of two years of my life; it is as if I had been asleep for two years!"

I had at length found the sensitive chord! The old Pallikar was touched to the heart. I knew that my account was settled. I hoped for no mercy, and yet I felt a bitter joy in removing this impassive mask and agitating this face of stone. I liked to follow in the furrows of his face the convulsive movement of passion, as the shipwrecked man lost in a furious sea admires the distant wave which is about to swallow him up. I was like the reed, which the brutal universe crushes with its weight, and which consoles itself in dying by the haughty consciousness of its superiority. I said to myself, with pride—

"I shall perish in tortures, but I am the master of my master, the executioner of my executioner."

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN HARRIS.

THE King contemplated his vengeance as a man who has fasted for three days regards a good dinner. He examined the dishes—I mean the punishments—one after the other; he passed his tongue over

his parched lips, but he did not know where to begin or what to choose. It seemed as if the excess of hunger destroyed his appetite. He drove his fist against his head, as if to knock something out; but the ideas emerged so rapidly and hurriedly, that it was difficult to seize one in its flight.

"Speak, then!" he shouted to his subjects. "Advise me. Of what good are you, if you are unable to give me advice? Must I wait till the Corfiote returns or Vasili lifts up his voice from the tomb? Find me, brutes that you are, a punishment worth 3600%."

The young chiboudji said to his master:

"I have an idea. You have an officer dead, another absent, and a third wounded. Put up their appointments to competition. Promise us that those who avenge you best shall succeed Sophocles, the Corfiote, and Vasili."

Hadji Stavros smiled complacently at this invention. He caressed the boy's chin, and said to him:

"You are ambitious, my little fellow. Very good—ambition is the mainspring of courage. Agreed for competition. It is a modern, an European idea, and that pleases me. To recompense you, you shall give your opinion first, and if you discover anything grand, Vasili shall have no other heir than yourself."

"I propose," the lad said, "to pull out some of milord's teeth, put a bit in his mouth, and make him gallop till he falls with fatigue."

"His feet are too bad: he would fall at the second step. Come, you others—Tambouris, Moustakas, Coltzida, Milolis. Speak! I am listening to you."

"I," said Coltzida, "would crush boiling eggs under his arm-pits. I have tried it on a woman of Megara, and it is such fun."

"I," said Tambouris, "would lay him on the ground, with a rock weighing half a ton on his chest. A fellow puts out his tongue, and spits blood; it is very grand."

"I," said Milolis, "would put vinegar in his nostrils, and bury thorns under all his nails. It is grand to see a fellow sneezing, and not knowing where to put his hands."

Moustakas was one of the cooks of the band. He proposed to roast me at a slow fire. The King's face expanded.

The monk was present at the conference, and allowed them to speak without giving his opinion. Still he took pity on me, so

far as his sensitiveness permitted, and helped in accordance with his intellect.

"Moustakas," he said, "is too cruel. It is easy to torture milord without burning him alive. If you feed him on salt meat and allow him no liquor, he will last a long time; he will suffer extremely, and the King will satisfy his vengeance without incurring that of heaven. I give you very disinterested advice, as I shall gain nothing by it; but I should like everybody to be satisfied, since the monastery has received its tithe."

"Stop, then," the cafedji interrupted. "Good old man, I have an idea worth more than yours. I condemn the milord to die of hunger. The others may do him all the harm they please; I do not pretend to prevent them. But I will stand sentry before his mouth, and take care that not a drop of water or a crumb of bread enters it. Fatigue will double his hunger. The wounds will excite his thirst, and all the labours of the others will eventually turn to my profit. What do you say to that, sire? Is my reasoning good, and will you appoint me Vasili's successor?"

"Go to the deuce, all of you!" the King said. "You would argue less at your ease if the scoundrel had robbed you of 3600%. Carry him off to the camp, and amuse yourself with him. But woe to the awkward man who might imprudently kill him! This man must only die by my hand. I insist that he shall repay me in pleasure all that he has taken from me in money. He shall shed his blood drop by drop, like a bad debtor paying penny instalments."

You cannot imagine, sir, how the most wretched man will cling to life. Certainly I was very prepared to die, and the happiest thing that could have befallen me would have been to die at one blow. Still, something caused me pleasure in this threat of Hadji Stavros. I blessed the length of my punishment. An instinct of hope gently tickled my heart. Had a charitable soul offered to blow out my brains I should have thought twice of it.

Four brigands seized me by the head and legs, and carried me, like a howling package through the King's cabinet. My voice awoke Sophocles in his bed. He called his comrades, asked the news, and wished to see me closer. It was a sick man's fancy, and I was thrown on the ground by his side.

"Milord," he said to me, "we are very low, both of us; but I would bet heavy

odds that I get up again sooner than you do. It seems that they are already thinking of giving me a successor. How unjust men are! My commission is put up to competition! Well, I intend to try for it too. You will depose in my favour, and attest by your groans that Sophocles is not dead. Your limbs will be tied, and I undertake to torture you with one hand as pleasantly as the strongest of these gentlemen."

To please the scoundrel, my limbs were tied. He had himself turned to me, and began plucking out my hairs one by one with the patience and regularity of a professional hair-remover. When I saw to what this new punishment was reduced, I fancied that the wounded man, touched by my misery, and rendered tender-hearted by his own sufferings, wished to liberate me from his comrades and grant me an hour's respite. The extraction of a hair is not nearly so painful as the prick of a pin. The first twenty came out one after the other without leaving a regret behind, and I cordially wished them a pleasant journey. But I was soon obliged to change my key. The scarf-skin, irritated by a multitude of small tinglings, became inflamed. An itching, that grew momentarily sharper, and at last intolerable, ran round my head. I tried to raise my hands to it, but then I understood why the villain had me bound. Impatience augmented the evil; all my blood rushed to my head. Each time that Sophocles' hand approached my scalp, a painful shudder spread over my whole body. A thousand inexplicable itchings tortured my arms and legs. The nervous system, exasperated at all points, enveloped me in a net more painful than Dejanira's garment. I rolled on the ground, I screamed, I asked for mercy, I regretted the blows on the soles of my feet. The torturer had no pity on me till his strength was utterly exhausted. When he felt his eyes troubled, his head heavy, and his arm fatigued, he made a final effort, plunged his hand into my hair, seized a handful, and fell back on his bed, tearing from me a cry of despair.

"Come with me," said Moustakas, "you shall decide by the corner of the fire whether I am equal to Sophocles and deserve a lieutenancy."

He picked me up like a feather and carried me to the camp before a pile of pitchy logs and brushwood. He untied me cords, removed my clothes and shirt, and left me no other garment but my trousers.

"You shall be," he remarked, "my assistant; we will light the fire and prepare the King's dinner together."

He lighted the pile and laid me on my back at two feet distance from a mountain of flame. The wood crackled; the red-hot coals fell like hail around me. The heat was insupportable. I dragged myself on my hands some distance, but he returned with a frying-pan, and kicked me back to the spot where he had laid me.

"Look here," he said, "and profit by my lessons. This is the fry of three lambs; there is enough for twenty men. The King will choose the most delicate morsels, and distribute the rest to his friends. You are not one of them for the moment, and if you taste my cookery it will only be with your eyes."

I soon heard the fry bubbling, and this sound reminded me that I had fasted since the previous evening. My stomach joined my torturers and I counted one enemy more. Moustakas placed the pan before my eyes, and made the appetizing hue of the meat flash again. He shook under my nose the titillating perfumes of the fried lamb. All at once he perceived that he had forgotten any seasoning, and ran off to fetch pepper and salt, while confiding the frying-pan to my good offices. My first idea was to steal a lump of meat; but the brigands were only two paces distant; they would have prematurely stopped me.

"I only wish I had my packet of arsenic," I thought to myself.

What could I have done with it? I had not returned it to my box. I felt in my two pockets and drew out a dirty piece of paper and a handful of that beneficent powder which might save me, but at any rate avenge me.

Moustakas returned at the moment when I had my right hand open over the pan. He seized my arm, looked in my eyes, and said in a menacing voice,

"I know what you have been up to."

My arm fell passively by my side. The cook continued—

"Yes, you have thrown something in the King's dinner."

"What have I thrown?"

"A spell. But no matter. My poor milord, Hadji Stavros is a greater conjurer than you are. I will serve him up his dinner. I shall have my share, and you shall not taste a morsel!"

"Much good may it do you!"

He left me in front of the fire, recommending me to the care of a dozen

brigands who were nibbling bread and raw olives. These Spartans kept me company for an hour or two, and maintained my fire with the care of a sick nurse. If I at times tried to drag myself a little distance from my torture, they shouted, "Take care, you will be chilled!" and they thrust me up to the flames with burning sticks. My back was marbled with red spots, my skin rose in agonizing blisters, my eyebrows frizzed in the heat of the fire, my hair exhaled a smell of burnt hair; and yet I rubbed my hands at the idea that the King would eat of my cooking, and that there would be something new on Parnassus before the end of the day.

Hadji Stavros' guests soon reappeared in camp with well-lined stomachs, sparkling eyes, and pleased faces.

"Come," I thought to myself, "your joy and health will fall like a mask, and you will sincerely curse every mouthful of the meal I seasoned for you."

The celebrated Locusta must have spent some happy quarters of an hour during the course of her life. When you have any reason to hate mankind, it is very pleasant to see a vigorous man, coming, going, laughing, and singing, while he bears in his intestinal canal the seeds of death which must spring up and devour him. It is almost the same delight as a good doctor experiences at the sight of a dying man whom he knows he can recal to life. Locusta prescribed exactly in the opposite way, and so did I.

My hateful reflections were interrupted by a singular tumult. The dogs barked in chorus, and a breathless messenger appeared on the plateau with the whole pack at his heels. It was Dimitri, Christodulos' son. A few stones hurled by the brigands freed him from his escort, and he shouted—

"The King! I must speak to the King!"

When he was twenty yards from us, I called to him in a heartrending voice. He was horrified at the state in which he found me, and shouted—

"The imprudent fellow! Poor girl!"

"My good Dimitri," I said to him, "where do you come from? Will my ransom be paid?"

"Don't talk about ransom! but fear nothing. I bring you good news. Good for you, but wretched for me, for him, for her, for everybody. I must see Hadji Stavros; there is not a moment to be lost. Until my return, do not allow anybody to

hurt you; she would die of it. You hear, you fellows! do not touch milord, at the risk of your lives. The King will have you cut in pieces. Lead me to his Majesty!"

The world is made so that every man who speaks like a master is sure to be obeyed. There was so much authority in this domestic's voice, and his feelings were expressed in so imperious a tone, that my amazed and stupid watchmen forgot to keep me near the fire. I crawled a short distance away, and rested my body deliciously on the cold rock until Hadji Stavros' arrival.

He did not appear less affected or agitated than Dimitri. He took me in his arms like a sick child, and carried me straight to that fatal room where Vasili was buried. He deposited me on his own carpet with maternal care; then he fell back two paces and gazed at me with a curious mixture of hatred and pity. He said to Dimitri—

"My child, it is the first time I ever left such a crime unpunished. He killed Vasili; but that is nothing. He tried to assassinate me; but I pardon him. But he robbed me, the villain did! 3600% less for Photini's dowry! I was seeking a punishment equal to his crime! Oh, do not be alarmed, I should have found it! Wretched man that I am, why did I not subdue my wrath? I treated him very harshly, and she will suffer the penalty of it. If she were to receive twenty blows on her little feet, I should never see her again. Men do not die of it, but a woman! a girl of fifteen!"

He ordered the brigands, who were pressing round us, to leave the room. He softly untied the bloodstained linen that covered my wounds. He sent his chiboudji to fetch Luigi Bey's balsam. He sat down before me on the damp grass, took my feet in his hands, and contemplated my wounds. Incredible to tell, he had tears in his eyes!

"Poor child," he said, "you must suffer cruelly. Pardon me. I am an old brute, a mountain wolf, a Pallikar! I have been trained in ferocity since the age of twenty. But you see that my heart is good, since I regret what I have done. I am more wretched than you, for you have dry eyes, and I weep. I will set you at liberty without losing a moment; or rather, no, you cannot depart in such a state. I must cure you first; the balsam is a sovereign remedy. I will nurse you like a son, and your health will soon

return. You must be able to walk to-morrow. *She* must not remain a day longer in the hands of your friend.

"In Heaven's name do not tell anybody of our yesterday's quarrel! you know that I do not hate you; I told you so frequently; I felt a sympathy for you; I gave you my confidence; I told you my most intimate secrets. Remember that we were friends until Vasili's death. An instant of passion must not make you forget twelve days' kind treatment. You would not wish a father's heart to be lacerated. You are a worthy young man; your friend must be as good as yourself."

"But who is he?" I shouted.

"Who? that accursed Harris!—that American demon!—that execrable pirate!—that kidnapper of children!—that assassin of maidens! That scoundrel I should like to hold with you to pound you in my hands, and throw your dust to the winds of my mountains. You Europeans are all alike, a race of traitors who do not dare attack men, and have only courage against children. Read what he has written me, and tell me if any torture is cruel enough to punish a crime like his!"

He brutally threw me a crumpled letter. I recognised the handwriting at first glance, and read:

"On board the *Fairy*, Salamis Roads,
Sunday, May 11.

"HADJI STAVROS—Photini is aboard my vessel, under the safe guard of four American guns. I shall keep her as an hostage so long as Hermann Schultz remains a prisoner. In the same way as you treat my friend, I will treat your daughter. She shall pay hair for hair, tooth for tooth, head for head. Answer me without delay, else I shall come and pay you a visit.

"JOHN HARRIS."

On reading this it was impossible for me to restrain my joy.

"That excellent Harris!" I exclaimed aloud; "and I had been accusing him. But explain to me, Dimitri, why he did not help me sooner."

"He was away, Mr. Hermann,—he was chasing the pirates. He returned yesterday morning, very unfortunately for us. Why was he not shipwrecked?"

"Excellent Harris! he has not lost a single day. But where did he unearth this old scoundrel's daughter?"

"At our house, Mr. Hermann. You

know her very well, Photini; you have dined with her more than once."

"The King's daughter was, then, that flat-nosed boarding-school miss who sighed for John Harris?"

I concluded that the girl had been carried off without any extreme resistance on her part.

The chiboudji returned with a packet of cloth and a bottle filled with a yellowish pomade. The King dressed my feet like an experienced practitioner, and I at once felt a certain amount of relief. Hadji Stavros was at this moment a fine subject for a psychological study. He had as much brutality in his eyes as there was delicacy in his hands. He rolled the bandage so softly round my ankles that I hardly felt it, but his eyes evidently said, "I wish I could put a cord round your neck as easily!" he put in pins as adroitly as a woman, but with what zest would he have planted his handjari in my body!

When the bandages were arranged, he shook his fist in the direction of the sea, and said with a savage howl—

"I am no longer a king, then, since I am not allowed to satisfy my wrath. I who have ever commanded, now obey a threat. The man who makes a million of his fellow beings tremble, is afraid! They will doubtless boast of it, and tell it to all the world. How is it possible to impose silence on these chattering Europeans? they will put it in newspapers, perhaps even in books. It serves me right; why did I marry? Ought a man like myself to have children? I was born to cut down soldiers, not to nurse infants. The thunder has no children, the cannon has no children; if they had, no one would longer fear the lightning, and the bullets would remain on the road. That John Harris must laugh heartily at me! Suppose that I declared war on him, and carried his ship by boarding! I attacked many others, at the time I was a pirate, and did not care a fillip for twenty guns. But my daughter was not on board, little dear. You knew her, then, Mr. Hermann? Why did you not tell me that you lodged with Christodulos? I should have asked nothing of you; I would have set you at liberty on the spot for love of Photini. I am anxious she should learn your language, for she will be a German princess some of these days. Will she not be a lovely princess? But I have an idea, since you know her, you will forbid your friend doing her any

injury. Would you have the heart to see a tear fall from her dear eyes? She has done you no harm, poor innocent. If any one should expiate your sufferings it is myself. Tell Mr. John Harris that you galled your feet when out walking, and you can do me all the harm you think proper."

Dimitri checked his flood of words.

"It is very annoying," he said, "that Hermann should be wounded. Photini is not in safety among those heretics; and I know Mr. Harris, he is capable of anything."

The King frowned. The lover's suspicions went straight to the father's heart.

"Be off with you," he said to me; "I will carry you to the foot of the mountain; you will wait at some village for a horse—a carriage is better. I will supply all that is needed; but let me know this very day that you are free, and swear, on your mother's head, that you will not tell a soul of the injuries inflicted on you."

I did not know exactly how I should endure the fatigue of the transport, but anything seemed to me preferable to the society of my torturers. I feared lest a fresh obstacle might arise betwixt myself and liberty, and I said to the King,

"Let us be off. I swear by all that is most sacred that not a hair of your daughter's head shall be touched."

He lifted me in his arms, threw me over his shoulder, and ascended the stairs. The whole band ran to meet him and barred our way. Moustakas, quite livid, said to him—

"Where are you going? The German has cast a spell on the fry. We are all suffering agonies. We shall die through his fault, and we insist that he should die with us."

I fell from the pinnacle of my hopes. The arrival of Dimitri—the providential intervention of John Harris—the change in Hadji Stavros—the humiliation of that haughty head at his prisoner's feet, all these events, piled up in a quarter of an hour, had troubled my brain; I was forgetting the past, and rushing headlong into the future.

At the sight of Moustakas the poison recurred to my mind; I felt that every minute would precipitate a terrible event. I clung to the King of the Mountains. I knotted my arms round his neck. I adjured him to carry me away without delay.

"Your glory is at stake," I said to

him; "prove to these madmen that you are the King! Do not answer, for words are needless. Pass over their bodies. You do not know yourself what interest you have in serving me. Your daughter loves John Harris; I am sure of it, for she confessed so to me."

"Wait," he answered; "we will pass first and talk afterwards."

He laid me gently on the ground, and ran with clenched fist among the bandits.

"You are mad!" he shouted; "the first who touches milord will have to deal with me. What spell do you suppose he threw? I ate with you; am I ill? Let him be gone; he is an honest man, and my friend."

Suddenly he changed countenance; his legs gave way under the weight of his body. He sat down by my side, leant down to my ear, and said to me with more of sorrow than of anger,

"Imprudent! why did you not warn me that you had poisoned us?"

I seized the King's hand—it was cold, his features were decomposed; his marble face had assumed an earthy hue. At this sight my strength utterly failed me, and I felt myself dying. I had nothing more to hope for in this world, for had I not condemned myself by killing the only man who had an interest in saving me? I let my head sink on my chest, and remained motionless by the side of the livid and cold old man.

Moustakas and some others were already stretching out their hands to seize me, to make me share the pain of their agony. Hadji Stavros had no strength left to defend me. From time to time a formidable hiccup shook his great body, just as the axe of the woodman fells an autumnal oak. The bandits were convinced that he was giving up the ghost, and that the old invincible was at length about to fall, conquered by death. All the bonds that had attached them to their chief,—ties of interest, fear, hope, and gratitude, broke like the threads of a spider's web. The Greeks are the most restive nation on earth; their fickle and intemperant vanity gives way at times, but only like a spring ready for the rebound. They know, when it is necessary, how to lean on a stronger party, or glide modestly after a cleverer man, but they never forgive a master who protects or enriches them. For thirty centuries or more this people has been composed of egotistic and jealous units, whom necessity collects, whom inclination divides, and

whom no human power could melt into a whole.

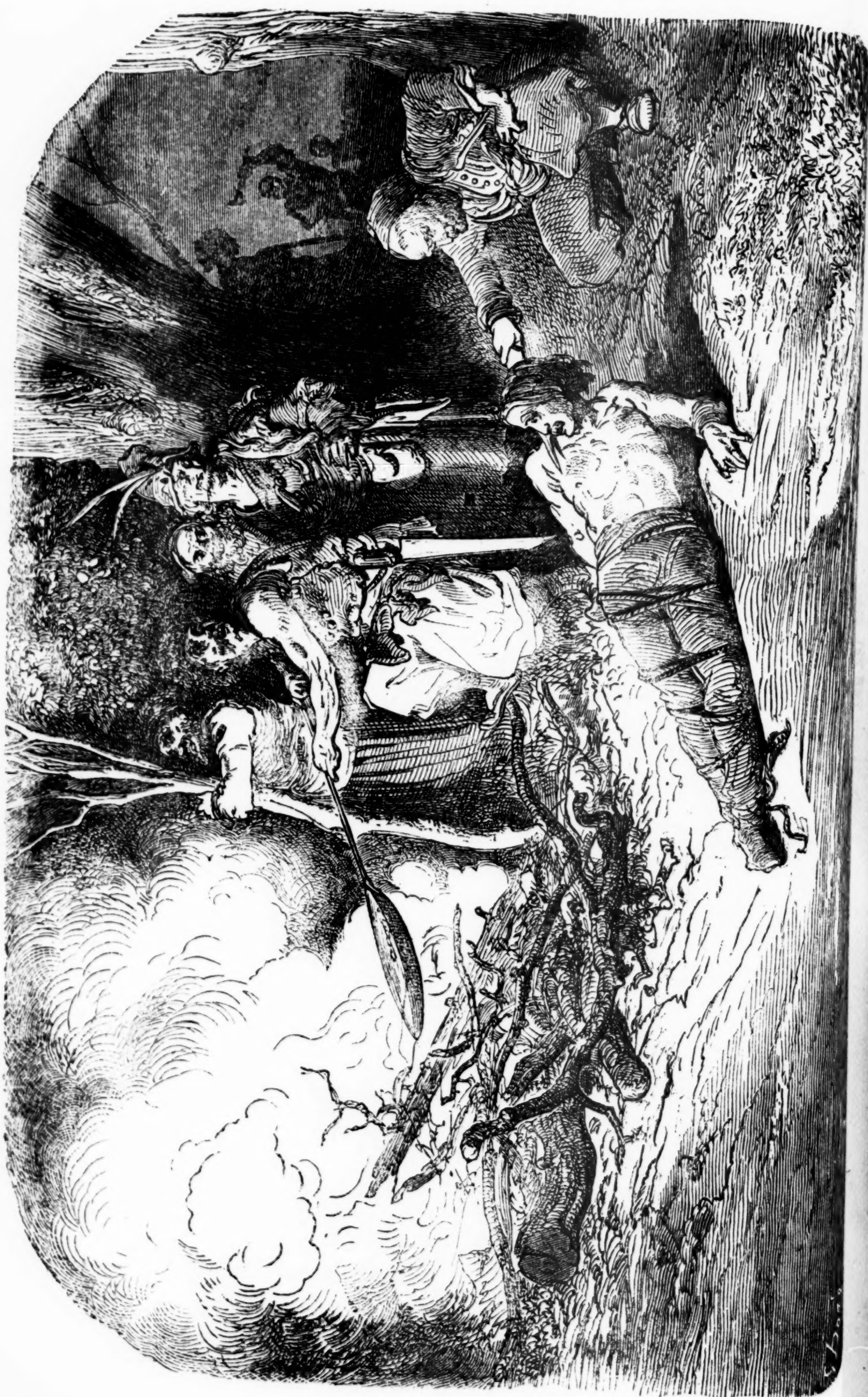
Hadji Stavros learned at his own expense that a man does not command sixty Greeks with impunity. His authority did not survive for a moment by moral vigour or physical strength. Without attending to the poisoned men, who shook their fists at us while reproaching us with their sufferings, the healthy men assembled in front of their legitimate King round a tall brutal peasant of the name of Coltzida. He was the most boastful and daring of the band, an impudent scoundrel, without talent or courage; one of those men who hide themselves during an action, and carry the flag after victory; but in accidents like the present fortune is with the impudent and boasters. Coltzida, proud of his lungs, pelted Hadji Stavros' body with insults, just as the grave-digger throws mould on the coffin of the dead.

"Here you are, then," he said. "You, the clever man, the invincible general, the omnipotent king, the invulnerable mortal! What fools we were to trust in you! What have we gained in your company? in what have you served us? You gave us a paltry two pounds a month, the pay of mercenaries. You fed us on black bread and mouldy cheese which the dogs would not have touched, while you were making your fortune and sending off ship-loads of gold to all the foreign bankers. What have we earned by our victories and the brave blood we have shed on the mountains? Nothing. You kept all for yourself, plunder, spoil, and the ransom of the prisoners. It is true that you left us the bayonet stabs; that was the only profit of which you never took your share. For the two years I have been with you, I have received fourteen wounds in the back, and you have not a single scar to show! It would have been different had you known how to lead us and chosen good opportunities, where there was little risk and plenty of gain! But you allowed us to be thrashed by the line; you were the executioner of your comrades; you placed us in the wolf's throat! You were very anxious to get rid of us and retire! You are so eager to see us all buried by the side of Vasili, that you surrender us to that accursed milord, who has cast a spell over our bravest soldiers. But do not hope to escape our vengeance. I know why you wish him to be gone; he has paid his ransom. But what do you intend doing

with that money? will you carry it with you to the other world? You are very ill, my poor Hadji Stavros. The milord did not spare you. You will die, too, and serve you right. My friends, we are our own masters, we will no longer obey anybody, we will do what we please, we will eat of the best, we will drink up all the Ægina wine, we will burn whole forests to roast whole flocks, we will pillage the kingdom, take Athens, and encamp in the gardens of the palace. You must only let me guide you, for I know all the best spots. Let us begin by throwing the old man into the ravine with his well-beloved milord, and I will tell you what to do next."

Coltzida's eloquence very nearly cost us our lives, for the audience applauded. Hadji Stavros's old comrades, ten or twelve devoted Pallikars, who might have come to his aid, had eaten at his table, and were writhing in a colic. But a popular orator does not rise to power without exciting jealousy. When it seemed demonstrated that Coltzida would become leader of the band, Tambouris and some others equally ambitious turned round and joined our side. Captain for captain, they loved the man who knew how to guide them better than this audacious boaster, whose nothingness was repulsive to them. They foresaw, too, that the King had not long to live, and that he would choose his successor among the faithful who remained around him. This was not a matter of indifference; the odds were heavy in favour of the directors ratifying the choice of Hadji Stavros, rather than a revolutionary election.

Eight or nine voices were raised in our favour. Ours, for we henceforth were only one. I clung to the King of the Mountains, and he had passed an arm round my neck. Tambouris and his friends agreed with very few words; a plan of defence was improvised; three men profited by the uproar to run off with Dimitri to the arsenal of the band, lay in a stock of arms and cartridges, and form a powder train along the path. They directly returned and joined the mob. The two parties were momentarily becoming more clearly indicated; insults flew from one group to the other. Our champions, with their backs leaning against Mary Anne's chamber, guarded the stores, formed us a rampart with their bodies, and drove back the enemy into the King's cabinet. In the height of the disturbance a pistol shot was fired; a ribbon of



fire ran along the dust, and the rocks were thrown up with a fearful crash.

Coltzida and his partisans, surprised by the explosion, hurried to the arsenal. Tambouris did not lose a minute; he carried off Hadji Stavros, went down the steps in two strides, laid him in a sure place, returned for me and hurled me at the King's feet. Our friends intrenched themselves in the chamber, cut down trees, barricaded the steps, and organized their defences, ere Coltzida had returned from his excursion and surprise.

We then counted our force. Our army was composed of the King, his two servants, Tambouris with eight brigands, Dimitri, and myself, in all fourteen men, of whom three were unable to fight. The eafedji had been poisoned with his master, and was beginning to feel the first effects. But we had two muskets a-piece and cartridges at discretion, while the enemy had only the arms and ammunition they carried about their persons. They had, on the other hand, the advantage of number and ground. We did not know exactly how many sound men they counted, but we might expect twenty-five to thirty assailants. I need not describe to you the besieged spot, as you have known it a long time. You may believe, however, that the appearance of the spot had greatly changed since the day when I breakfasted there for the first time, under the eyes of the Corfiote, between Mrs. Simons and Mary Anne. Our pine-trees had their roots in the air, and the nightingale had fled far away. What is important for you to know is that we were defended right and left by rocks inaccessible even to the enemy. He attacked us above by the King's cabinet, and watched us from the bottom of the ravine. One side his fire plunged on us; on the other, we fired down on his sentinels, but at such a distance that it was like putting salt on a sparrow's tail.

If Coltzida and his friends had possessed the least notion of strategy, it was all over with us. They should have carried the barricade, entered by force, and driven us against a wall or down the ravine. But the idiot, who had more than two to one, thought proper to spare his ammunition, and place as sharpshooters twenty clumsy fellows who did not know how to aim. Our men were not much more skilful, but being better commanded and cleverer, they cracked five skulls before nightfall. The combatants all knew each other by name. They ad-

dressed one another from a distance after the fashion of Homer. One tried to convert the other by aiming at him, the other replied with a bullet as an argument. The fight was only an armed discussion, in which gunpowder had every now and then a word to say.

Lying in a corner, protected from the bullets, I was all this while trying to undo my fatal handiwork and recal the poor King of the Mountains to life. He suffered cruelly; he complained of ardent thirst, and a sharp pain in the epigastrium. His very hands and feet were violently contracted. His pulse was slow; his breathing asthmatic. His stomach seemed struggling with an internal torturer whom it could not expel. Still his mind had lost none of its vivacity or presence; his sharp and penetrating glance sought on the horizon Salamis Roads and Photini's floating prison. He said to me, as he convulsively pressed my hand,—

"Cure me, my dear boy! You are a doctor, and bound to cure me. I do not reproach you with what you have done to me; you were justified in doing it; you were in the right to kill me, for I swear to you, that had it not been for your friend Harris, I should not have let you off! Is there nothing to extinguish the fire that is burning me? I do not cling to life; I have lived long enough; but if I die, they will kill you, and my poor Photini will be butchered. I suffer. Feel my hands; they seem as if they no longer belonged to me. But do you believe that American has the heart to carry out his threats? What did you tell me just now? Photini loves him! Unhappy girl! I had brought her up to be the wife of a king, and would sooner see her dead than—No, I am very well satisfied, after all, that she is in love with that young man. He will take pity on her, perhaps. What are you to him? A friend, nothing more, not even a fellow-countryman. A man can have as many friends as he likes, but it is not easy to find two women like Photini. I would willingly strangle all my friends, if I found it worth while, but I could never kill a woman who felt love for me. If he only knew how rich she is! The Americans are practical people; at least they are called so. But the poor innocent does not know the amount of her fortune; I ought to have warned her. Now, how can I let her know that she will have a dowry of 150,000? We are the prisoners of a Coltzida. Cure me,

then, by all the saints in Paradise, in order that I may crush that vermin."

I am not a physician, and only knew so much toxicology as is learned in elementary treatises; still, I remembered that poisoning by arsenic is cured by a method slightly resembling that of Dr. Sangrado. I tickled the sick man's œsophagus in order to deliver his stomach of the burden that tortured it. My fingers served as an emetic, and I soon had reason for hoping that the poison was in a great measure expelled. The phenomena of reaction next displayed themselves; the skin became burning, the pulse accelerated its beating, the face grew coloured, and the eyes were suffused with red shoots. I asked him if one of his men was competent to bleed him. He bound his arm himself, and quietly opened a vein, amid the noise of the firing and the bullet that splashed him. He let a good pound of blood run on the ground, and asked me in an agreeable and calm voice what he had next to do. I ordered him to drink, and keep on drinking, until the last of the arsenic was washed away by the torrent. Fortunately the skin of white wine which caused Vasili's death, was still in the room. This wine, mingled with water, served to restore life to the King. He obeyed me like a child. I even fancy that the first time I offered him the cup, his poor old suffering majesty took my hand to kiss it.

About ten at night he was better, but his cafedji was dead. The poor devil could neither get rid of the poison, nor warm himself. He was hurled into the ravine over the cascade. All our defenders seemed in good condition, without a single wound, but hungry as wolves in December. As for myself, I had fasted for twenty-four hours, and my stomach was beginning to cry cupboard. The enemy, in bravado, passed the night in eating and drinking over our heads. They threw us down mutton bones and empty skins, to which our fellows responded with a few shots fired at hazard. We distinctly heard the cries of joy and cries of death. Coltzida was drunk; the wounded and the sick howled together; Moustakas did not yell for long. The tumult kept me awake the whole night through by the old King's side. Ah, sir, how long the night seems to the man who is not sure of the morrow!

Tuesday morning was gloomy and rainy. The sky was overclouded at daybreak, and a drizzling rain fell impartially on

our friends and enemies. But if we were wide awake enough to protect our arms and cartridges, General Coltzida's army had not taken the same precautions. The first engagement was entirely to our honour; the enemy kept themselves badly concealed, and fired with a shaky hand. The game seemed to me so fine, that I took up a musket with the rest. What occurred, I will write and let you know in a few years, if I set up as a medical man. I have already confessed murders enough for a man who does not commit them professionally. Hadji Stavros tried to follow my example, but his hands refused him their service; his extremities were swollen and painful, and I told him, with my ordinary frankness, that this incapacity for work would probably last as long as himself.

At about nine o'clock the enemy, who seemed very attentive to answer our fire, suddenly turned their backs on us. I heard a wild fusilade, which was not addressed to us, and concluded from it that Master Coltzida had allowed his rear to be surprised. Who was this unknown ally that served us so well? Was it prudent to effect a junction and demolish our barricades? I asked for nothing better; but the King was dreaming of the Royal infantry, and Tambouris was biting his moustache. All our doubts were soon removed: a voice which was not strange to me, shouted, "All right!" Three young men, armed to the teeth, bounded in like tigers, leaped the barricades, and fell in a heap among us. Harris and Bobster each held in his hand a six-chambered revolver. Giacomo brandished a musket, with the butt in the air, like a club; that is his way of employing fire-arms.

If a thunderbolt had fallen into the room, it would have produced a less magical effect than the entrance of these three men, who distributed bullets by handfuls, and seemed to have death at their fingers' ends. My three fellow-lodgers, intoxicated with the noise, merriment, and victory, noticed neither Hadji Stavros nor myself; they only saw men to kill, and Heaven knows whether they set to work rapidly. Our poor champions, astounded and stunned, were put out of fighting condition before they had time to defend themselves or look round. I, who was anxious to save their lives, shouted in vain from my corner; my voice was drowned by the noise of the gun-powder and the exclamations of the vic-

tors. Dimitri, hidden behind Hadji Stavros and myself, in vain wedded his voice to mine. Harris, Bobster, and Giacomo fired and struck, each counting the blows in his own tongue:—

“One!” said Bobster.

“Two!” Harris answered.

“*Tre, quattro, cinque!*” Giacomo yelled.

The fifth was Tambouris. His head cracked under the musket-butt like a fresh nut under a stone. The brains flew around, and the body sunk into the spring, like a packet of dirty linen a washer-woman throws down by the river-side. My friends were glorious to look on in this fearful labour. They killed with intoxication, they took a pleasure in the justice they dealt out. The wind and the ride had carried off their hats, their hair floated behind them, their eyes sparkled with so deadly a flash, that it was difficult to discern whether death came from their glances or their hands. When all were levelled around them, and they saw no other enemies than the three or four wounded men lying on the ground, they stopped to breathe. Harris was the first to remember me. Giacomo had only one anxiety; he did not know if among the number he had cleft the skull of Hadji Stavros. Harris shouted at the top of his voice—

“Hermann, where are you?”

“Here!” I replied; and the three destroyers rose up at the sound of my voice.

The King of the Mountains, weak though he was, rested a hand on my shoulder, leant against the rock, regarded fixedly these men who had killed so many people, only to reach him, and said, in a firm voice:—

“I am Hadji Stavros.”

You know that my friends had long been anxious for the opportunity to punish the old Pallikar. They had promised themselves his death as a festival. They had to avenge the two girls of Mistra, a thousand other victims, myself, and themselves. And yet I had no necessity to hold their arms. There were such remains of grandeur in this hero in ruins, that their wrath fell of itself, and gave way to astonishment. They were all three young, and at that age you cannot find weapons to attack an unarmed enemy. I told them in a few words how the King had defended me against the whole band, dying as he was, and on the very day when I had poisoned him. I explained to them the battle they had interrupted, the

barricades they had cleared, and the strange combat in which they had interfered to kill our defenders.

“All the worse for them,” said John Harris. “Like Justice, we wore a bandage over our eyes. If those villains had a good impulse before dying, they will be given credit for it in another world; I shall not oppose it.”

“As for the help you were unable to afford us,” Bobster said, “do not trouble yourself about that. With two revolvers in our hands, and two others in our pockets, we were worth twenty-four men each of us: we have killed three, and the others need only come on. What do you say, Giacomo?”

“I,” said the Maltese, “could floor an army of bulls; I feel in the humour! And then to think that two such hands are employed in holding a stick of sealing-wax!”

In the meanwhile the enemy, recovered from their stupefaction, had recommenced the siege. Three or four brigands had thrust their noses over our ramparts and perceived the carnage. Coltzida knew not what to think of these three scourges, whom he had seen blindly attack both his friends and foes, but he conjectured that iron or poison had freed him from the King of the Mountains. He ordered our defensive works to be prudently demolished. We were out of sight, sheltered behind a wall, about ten paces from the steps. The noise of the materials being removed warned my friends to reload their weapons. Hadji Stavros allowed them to do so, and then said to Harris:—

“Where is Photini?”

“Aboard my vessel.”

“You have done her no injury?”

“Have I taken lessons from you in the art of torturing girls?”

“You are right; I am a wretched old man; pardon me. Promise me you will pardon her!”

“What the deuce would you have me do with her? Now that I have recovered Hermann, I will restore her to you.”

“Without ransom?”

“You old ass?”

“You shall see,” the King said, “whether I am an old ass.”

He passed his left arm round Dimitri's neck, stretched out his quivering hand to the hilt of his sabre, slowly drew the blade from the scabbard, and proceeded toward the steps, toward which Coltzida's bandits were coming with considerable hesitation. They recoiled at the sight of him, as if

the earth had opened to allow the Great Judge of Hades to emerge. They were fifteen or twenty, all armed to the teeth; but not one of them dared to defend himself, excuse himself, or fly. They trembled before the terrible face of the resuscitated King. Hadji Stavros walked straight up to Coltzida, who was hiding himself, paler and more trembling than all the rest. He threw back his arm with an effort impossible to describe, and with one blow cut off the fellow's ignoble head. The trembling attacked him again; he let the sabre fall by the side of the corpse, and did not deign to pick it up.

"Let us go," he said. "I take my empty scabbard with me; the blade is no longer fit for anything, or I either. I have finished."

His old comrades approached him to ask forgiveness. Some implored him not to abandon them; for they knew not what would become of them without him. He did not honour them with a single word in reply. He begged us to lead him to Castia, to take horses, and thence to Salamis to find Photini.

The brigands allowed us to depart without resistance. After going a few steps, my friends perceived that I dragged myself along with difficulty, Giacomo supporting me. Harris asked if I were wounded. The King gave me an imploring look—poor man! I told my friends that I had attempted a dangerous escape, and that my feet had come off second best. We slowly descended the side of the mountain. The cries of the wounded and the voices of the bandits pursued us for a quarter of a mile. As we drew nearer the village, the weather cleared up, and the roads dried under our feet. The first sunbeam appeared to me very beautiful. Hadji Stavros paid slight attention to the external world; he was looking into himself. It is something to break with the habits of fifty years.

On reaching the first houses of Castia, we met the monk, who was carrying a swarm of bees in a sack. He was very polite, and apologized for not having come to see his sons the previous day; but the musket shots had terrified him. The King waved his hand to him and passed on.

My friends' horses were awaiting them, with the guide, near the well. I asked them how they came to have four horses, and they told me that Mr. Mérimay formed part of the expedition, but had

got down to inspect a curious stone, and had not reappeared.

Giacomo Fondi lifted me into the saddle at arm's length, as usual. The King, aided by Dimitri, painfully got into his. Harris and his nephew leaped into theirs; and Dimitri, the Maltese, and the guide preceded us on foot.

On the road, I drew up to Harris, and he told me how the King's daughter had fallen into his power.

"Just imagine," he said, "that I had returned from my cruise, tolerably satisfied with myself, and quite proud of having sunk half a dozen pirates. I anchored off the Piræus at six o'clock on Sunday, went ashore, and as I had been boxed up with my officers for a week, I promised myself a slight conversational debauch. When I reached Christodulos' house, I found a general consternation prevailing. I could not have believed it possible that so much discomfort could be found at a pastrycook's. All the party were assembled at supper, not forgetting the usual Sunday guest, more dressed in Sunday clothes than ever. William told me of your affair, and it is unnecessary to describe how I raved. I was furious with myself for not having been there. The little one assured me that he did all he could. He beat up the whole city for 600*l.*, but his parents have opened a very limited credit for him, and in a word, he could not get the amount. In his despair he applied to Mr. Mérimay; but that gentle gentleman assured him that all his money was lent to intimate friends, far, far away, farther than the end of the world.

"'Hang it all!' I said to Bobster, "'we must pay the old villain in leaden coin. What is the use of your being more skilful than Nimrod, if your talent is only employed on the walls of Socrates' prison? We must organize a Pallikar chase. I once refused to join in a trip to Central Africa, and have regretted it ever since. There is a double pleasure in firing at game that defends itself. Lay in a stock of powder and bullets, and to-morrow morning we will take the field.'

"William rose at the bait, and Giacomo gave a heavy blow on the table with his fist—you know Giacomo's blow. He swore he would accompany us, provided that we got him a single-barrelled gun. But the most furious of all was Mr. Mérimay. He wanted to wash his hands in the blood of the villains. His services were accepted; but I offered to buy the game

he brought back. He swelled his little voice in the most comical way, and said, as he held up his young-lady's fist, that Hadji Stavros should have to settle with him.

"I laughed heartily, the more so because a fellow is always gay on the eve of a battle. Bobster became quite excited at the thought of showing the brigands the progress he had made. Giacomo could not contain himself for joy; the corners of his mouth went up to his ears: he cracked his nuts with the force of a Nuremberg nutcracker. Mr. Mérinay had a halo round his head; he was no longer a man, but a firework.

"With the exception of ourselves, all the guests had faces an ell long. The fat pastrycook's wife was busy crossing herself; Dimitri raised his eyes to heaven; and the Lieutenant of the Phalanx recommended us to think twice before coming into collision with the King of the Mountains; but the flat-nosed girl, whom you christened *Crinolina invariabilis*, was plunged into a state of grief most comical to witness. She gave vent to sighs that would have split wood; she only pretended to eat, and I could have put in my left eye all the supper she placed in her mouth."

"She is a good girl, Harris."

"Good as you like; but I consider that your indulgence toward her goes beyond all bounds. I have never been able to forgive her her dress that got under the legs of my chair, the smell of patchouli she spreads around her, and the love-sick glances she shoots round the table. You might say, on my word, that she is incapable of looking at a water-bottle without making eyes at it; but if you like her as she is, there is nothing to be said. She went away at nine o'clock to her school. I wished her a pleasant walk. Ten minutes later I shook hands with my friends, after making an appointment for the next morning; I went out, woke my coachman, and whom do you think I found in the coach? *Crinolina invariabilis*, with the pastrycook's maid-servant!

"She laid her fingers on her lips. I got in without saying a word, and we started.

"'Mr. Harris,' she said to me, in rather decent English, on my honour. 'Mr. Harris, promise me to give up all your projects against the King of the Mountains.'

"I began to laugh; she began to cry; she declared I should be killed; I replied

that I should kill the others; she opposed any killing of Hadji Stavros; I wished to know why; and at length, her eloquence being exhausted, she exclaimed, just as in the fifth act of a drama:

"'He is my father!'

"Upon this, I began reflecting seriously—once in a way does not constitute a habit. I thought that it might be possible to recover a lost friend without risking two or three others. So I said to the she-bandit:

"'Does your father love you?'

"'More than his life.'

"'Has he ever refused you anything?'

"'Nothing I want.'

"'And if you were to write to him that you wanted Mr. Hermann Schultz, would he send him to you by return of post?'

"'No.'

"'You are sure of that?'

"'Quite.'

"'In that case, madam, there is only one thing to be done. I shall carry you aboard the *Fairy*, and hold you as a hostage until Hermann's release.'

"'I was going to propose it to you,' she said. 'For that price, papa will restore you your friend.'

I here interrupted John Harris's narrative:—

"Well," I said to him, "do you not admire the poor girl who loves you sufficiently to put herself in your power?"

"A very fine affair," he replied. "She wanted to save her honest man of a father, and knew perfectly well that once war was declared, we should not miss him. I promised to treat her with all the respect a gentleman owes to a woman. She cried till she reached the Piræus, and I consoled her as well as I could. She muttered between her teeth, 'I am a lost girl!' I proved to her by A plus B that she would find herself again. I made her get out of the carriage, and put her in my boat along with the servant—the same boat that is waiting for us down there. I sat down and wrote the old brigand a categorical letter, and sent the good woman to town with the little message for Dimitri.

"Since that time the fair mourner has held undivided possession of my cabin. I gave orders for her to be treated like the daughter of a king. I awaited her father's answer till Monday evening; then patience failed me; I returned to my first idea; I took my pistols, made a sign to my friends, and you know the rest.

Now it is your turn; you must have a whole volume to tell me."

"I am at your service," I said; "but let me first say a word to Hadji Stavros."

I went to the King and whispered in his ear—

"I do not know how it was I told you Photini loved John Harris. The fight must have turned my head. I have just been speaking with him, and I swear to you on my father's head that she is as indifferent to him as if he had never spoken to her."

The King thanked me, and I proceeded to tell John my adventures with Mary Anne.

"Bravo!" he said. "I fancied that the romance was not complete for want of a little love. There is plenty of it now, but that is no harm."

"Excuse me," I said to him. "There is no love in all this, but an honest friendship on one side, and a little gratitude on the other. But no more is required, I think, to produce a reasonably-assorted marriage."

"Marry, my friend, and take me as witness of your happiness."

"You have well earned it, John."

"When shall you see her again? I would give something to be present at the interview."

"I should like to offer her a surprise, and meet her as if by accident."

"That is a good idea. The day after to-morrow, at the Court Ball. You are invited, and so am I; the letter is lying on your table at Christodulos'. Till that time, my boy, you must remain aboard my ship to get yourself round a little. Your head is rusty and your feet sore; but we have time to remedy all that."

It was six in the evening when the boat put us all aboard the *Fairy*. The King was raised to the deck in a chair, for he could no longer stand. Photini rushed into his arms crying. It was a good deal to see that all she loved had survived the battle, but she found her father twenty years older. Perhaps, too, she had to suffer from Harris' indifference. He handed her over to the King with a thoroughly American want of ceremony, saying—

"We are quits. You have restored my friend, and I give you back Miss. Short reckonings make long friends; and now, august old man, beneath what blessed climate will you go and seek your hangman? for you are not the man to retire from business."

"Excuse me," he answered, with some haughtiness; "I have said good-bye to brigandage, and for ever. What should I do on the mountain? All my men are dead, wounded, or dispersed. I could enlist others, but these hands which have bowed so many heads refuse me their service. Younger men must take my place, but I defy them to equal my fortune or renown. What shall I do with this remnant of old age you have left me? I do not know yet, but be assured that my latter days will be well occupied. I have my daughter to establish, my memoirs to dictate. Perhaps, too, if the shocks of this week have not too greatly agitated my brain, I shall devote my talents and experience to the service of the State. If Heaven but grant me a sound mind, I shall be President of the Council within six months."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURT BALL.

ON Thursday, May 15, at six in the evening, John Harris, in full-dress uniform, led me back to Christodulos'. The pastrycook and his wife gave me an honourable reception, not without some sighs, intended for the King of the Mountains. For my part, I heartily embraced them. I was delighted at the thought of being alive, and only saw friends around me. My feet were cured, my hair cut, my stomach satisfied. Dimitri assured me that Mrs. Simons, her daughter, and brother, were invited to the Court Ball, and that the washerwoman had just carried a dress home to the Strangers' Hotel. I enjoyed beforehand Mary Anne's surprise and joy. Christodulos offered me a glass of Santorino wine. In that adorable beverage I fancied myself drinking liberty, wealth, and happiness. I mounted the stairs leading to my room, but before going in I thought it my duty to rap at M. Mérinay's door. He received me in the midst of books and papers.

"My dear sir," he said to me, "you see a man overwhelmed with work. I found above the village of Castia an antique inscription which deprived me of the pleasure of fighting for you, and which for the last two days has been torturing me. It is absolutely unpublished, as I have assured myself. No one ever saw it before me. I shall have the honour of the discovery, and expect to

attach my name to it. The stone is a small monument of limestone, about thirty-five inches by twenty-two, and accidentally planted by the wayside. The characters belong to a good period, and are sculptured in the perfection of the art. Here is the inscription as I copied it in my pocket-book:—

S. T. X. X. I. I.
M. D. C. C. C. L. I.

If I succeed in deciphering it, my fortune will be made. I shall be elected a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Literature at Pont Audemir; but the task is long and difficult. Antiquity retains its secrets with jealous care. I greatly fear I have stumbled across a monument referring to the Eleusinian Mysteries. In that case, two interpretations will, in all probability, have to be found; the one the vulgar or Demotic, the other sacred or hieratic. You must give me your opinion."

"My opinion," I answered him, "is that of an ignoramus. I fancy you have discovered a milestone, and that the inscription which has given you so much trouble may, without inconvenience, be translated thus:—'Stadia 22, 1851.' Good-bye, my dear Mr. Mérinay, I am going to write to my father and put on my handsome red coat."

My letter to my parents was an ode, a hymn, a song of joy. The intoxication of my heart flowed on the paper between the nibs of my pen. I invited the family to my marriage, not forgetting good Aunt Rosenthaler. I urged my father to sell his inn as soon as possible, even at a sacrifice. I demanded that Franz and John Nicholas should leave the service; and I adjured my other brothers to change their trades. I took everything on myself; I undertook to provide for all our family in future. Without the loss of a moment, I sealed the despatch and had it carried by express messenger to the Piræus on board an Austrian Lloyds', which would sail at six o'clock on Friday morning.

"In that way," I said to myself, "they will enjoy my happiness almost as soon as I do so myself."

At a quarter to nine, military time, I entered the palace with John Harris. Neither Giacomo, Bobster, nor Mr. Mérinay was invited. My three-cornered hat had a rather rusty tinge; but by the blaze of the candles, this slight defect was not noticeable. My sword was seven or eight inches too short; but what matter?

courage is not measured by the length of the blade, and I had, without vanity, the right of passing for a hero. The red coat was tight and cut me under the arms, and the embroidery of the cuff was a long way from my wrists; but then the gold lace looked very grand, as papa had prophesied.

The ball-room, decorated with a certain taste and brilliantly lighted, was divided into two camps. On one side were the chairs reserved for the ladies, behind the king and queen's throne; on the other were those intended for the uglier sex. I eagerly surveyed the space allotted to the ladies, but Mary Anne was not there.

At nine o'clock, I saw the king and queen enter, preceded by the mistress of the robes, the marshal of the palace, the aides-de-camp, ladies in waiting, and orderly officers. The king was magnificently dressed as a Pallikar, and the queen wore an admirable toilet, whose exquisite elegance could only come from Paris. The luxury of the toilets and the brilliancy of the national costumes did not dazzle me so as to make me forget Mary Anne. I had my eyes fixed, on the door and I waited.

The members of the diplomatic corps and the principal guests ranged themselves in a circle round the king and queen, who conversed affably with them for about half an hour. I was in the last row with John Harris. An officer standing before us fell back so awkwardly that he stepped on my foot and drew a cry of pain from me. He turned his head and I recognised Captain Pericles freshly decorated with the order of the Saviour. He apologized, and inquired how I was. I could not refrain from answering that my health did not concern him; and Harris, who knew my history from one end to the other, politely said to the captain—

"Have I not the honour of addressing Mr. Pericles?"

"You have."

"I am delighted at meeting you. Would you be kind enough to accompany me for a moment into the card room? it is still empty, and we shall be alone."

"At your orders, sir."

Captain Pericles, paler than a soldier coming out of hospital, followed us with a smile. On reaching the room he faced John Harris, and said to him,

"I am awaiting your good pleasure, sir."

In reply, Harris tore from him his

cross with the new ribbon, and put them in his pocket, with the remark—

"That is all I had to say to you."

"Sir!" the Captain exclaimed, as he fell back a step.

"No disturbance, sir, I beg. If you have a liking for this plaything, have the goodness to send two of your friends to demand it of Mr. Harris, commanding the *Fairy*."

"Sir," Pericles continued, "I do not know by what right you take from me a cross, whose value is fifteen shillings, and which I must replace at my own expense."

"Do not let that disturb you, sir. Here is a sovereign bearing the effigy of the Queen of England,—fifteen shillings for the cross, five shillings for the ribbon. If anything is left over, you can drink my health."

"I have only to thank you, sir," the officer said, as he pocketed the coin.

He bowed to us without adding a word, but his eyes promised us nothing good.

"My dear Hermann," Harris said to me, "you will act prudently by leaving this country as soon as possible with your wife. That gendarme appears to me a finished brigand. For my part, I shall remain here a week to give him time to send me the change out of my sovereign, after which I shall obey the despatches ordering me to Japan."

"I am very vexed," I answered him, "that your vivacity carried you so far. I did not wish to leave Greece without a specimen or two of the *Boryana invariabilis*. I had an imperfect one minus the roots, and that I forgot up there with my tin box."

"Leave a drawing of your plant with Bobster and Giacomo, they will make a pilgrimage on your account to the mountains. But for Heaven's sake make haste to secure your happiness."

In the meanwhile my happiness did not arrive at the ball, and I almost burst my eyeballs in looking at all the dancers. About midnight I lost hope; I left the large room, and planted myself sadly in front of a whist-table, where four skilful players were making the cards fly about with admirable dexterity. I was beginning to feel interested in the game, when a burst of silvery laughter made my heart leap. Mary Anne was there behind me. I did not see her, and did not dare turn toward her, but I felt her presence, and joy contracted my throat almost to choke

me. What caused her hilarity I never learned. Perhaps some absurd costume, for you see them in all countries at official balls. The idea occurred to me that I had a mirror in front of me. I raised my eyes and saw her without being myself seen, between her mother and uncle, more lovely and radiant than the day on which she appeared to me for the first time. A triple collar of pearls undulated softly round her neck, and followed the delicious outline of her divine shoulders. Her splendid eyes sparkled in the light of the tapers, her teeth laughed with inexpressible grace, the light played like a will-o'-the-wisp through the tangled thicket of her hair.

Her toilet was that of all young girls; she did not wear, like Mrs. Simons, a bird of paradise in her head, but she was only the more lovely through its absence; her skirt was held up by a few bouquets of natural flowers; she had flowers, too, in her waistbelt and hair—and what flowers, sir? you may guess a hundred times, and not hit on the right one. I thought I must die of delight on recognising the *Boryana invariabilis*. All fell upon me from the sky at the same moment. Can anything be more sweet than to botanize in the hair of the woman one loves! I was the happiest of men and of naturalists. The excess of happiness carried me beyond all the bounds of politeness. I turned suddenly to her, held out my hands, and exclaimed,

"Mary Anne, it is I!"

Could you believe it, sir; she fell back as if frightened, instead of falling in my arms. Mrs. Simons tossed her head so high that I fancied I saw the bird of paradise flying toward the ceiling. The old gentleman took me by the hand, led me on one side, examined me like a curious animal, and said to me,

"Have you been introduced to these ladies, sir?"

"That is not worth talking about, my worthy Mr. Sharper, my dear uncle. I am Hermann—Hermann Schultz, their companion in captivity—their saviour. Ah! I have gone through strange scenes since their departure. I will tell you all that at our house."

"Yes, yes," he answered; "but English habits, sir, absolutely demand that you should be introduced to ladies before you can tell them stories."

"But they know me, my good excellent Mr. Sharper; we dined together more than ten times. I rendered them a

service worth 4000*l.*; of course you know it, at the King of the Mountains'."

"Yes, yes; but you have not been introduced."

"But you cannot know that I exposed myself to a thousand deaths for my dear Mary Anne."

"Very good; but you have not been introduced."

"Lastly, sir, I am going to marry her: her mother has sanctioned it. Has she not told you that I am going to marry her?"

"Not before being introduced."

"Introduce me yourself, then."

"Yes, yes; but you must first be introduced to me."

"Wait a minute."

I ran like a maniac through the ball-room; I upset more than six parties of waltzers. My sword got between my legs, I slipped along the floor, and fell scandalously my whole length. It was John Harris who picked me up.

"What are you looking for?" he said.

"They are here; I have seen her. I am going to marry Mary Anne; but I must be first introduced to them. It is the English fashion. Help me; where are they? Have you not seen a tall woman wearing a bird of paradise?"

"Yes; she has just left the room with a very pretty girl."

"Left the room! why, my friend, it is Mary Anne's mother."

"Calm yourself; we shall find her again. I will have you introduced by the American minister."

"That will do. I will point out to you my Uncle Sharper. I left him here. Where the deuce can he be got to? He cannot be far away."

Uncle Edward had disappeared. I dragged poor Harris to the palace square, in front of the Strangers' Hotel. Mrs. Simons' apartments were lighted up. After a few minutes all the lights were extinguished, everybody was a-bed.

"Let us do as they do," Harris said; "sleep will calm you. To-morrow, between one and two, I will settle your affair."

I passed a night worse than the worst nights of my captivity. Harris slept with me—that is to say, he did not sleep at all. He heard the carriages from the ball rolling along Hermes-street, with their cargoes of uniforms and toilets. At about four o'clock, fatigue closed my eyes. Three hours after, Dimitri entered my room, shouting:

"Great news!"

"What?"

"Your English are off!"

"Where to?"

"For Trieste."

"Wretch! are you sure of it?"

"Quite; for I conducted them to the vessel."

"My poor friend," Harris said, as he squeezed my hand, "gratitude is a burden, but love cannot be dictated."

"Alas!" said Dimitri. There was an echo in the lad's heart.

From that day, sir, I have lived like the beasts, eating, drinking, and swallowing the air. I sent my collections to Hamburg without a single specimen of the *Boryana invariabilis*. My friends conveyed me to the French steamer on the day after the ball. They found it prudent to travel during the night, through fear of meeting Captain Pericles' soldiers. We arrived without opposition at the Piræus; but when twenty-five yards from the shore, half a dozen invisible muskets sung round our ears. It was the farewell of the pretty captain and his lovely country.

I visited the mountains of Malta, Sicily, and Italy, and my herbal is richer than I am. My father, who had the good sense to stick to his inn, let me know at Messina that my specimens are highly appreciated. Perhaps I shall find a situation on arriving; but I have laid it down as a rule never to count on anything in future.

Harris is on the way to Japan. In a year or two I hope to hear from him. Little Bobster wrote me at Rome that he still practises pistol-shooting. Giacomo continues to seal letters by day and crack nuts at night. Mr. Mérinay has found a new interpretation for his stone, far more ingenious than mine. His great work on Demosthenes may appear from the press any day.

The King of the Mountains has made his peace with the authorities. He is building a large house in the Pentelican-road, with a lodge where twenty-four devoted Pallikars can reside. In the meanwhile he has hired a small mansion in the modern city, on the banks of the great stream. He receives a great number of visitors, and is actively trying to obtain the appointment of Minister of Justice; but it will require time. Photini is his housekeeper; and Dimitri frequently goes there to sigh and sup in the kitchen.

I never heard anything more of Mrs.

Simons, Mary Anne, or Mr. Sharper. If this silence continues, I shall soon leave off thinking about them at all. At times, in the middle of the night, I dream that I am standing before her, and my long, thin face is reflected in her eyes. Then, I wake up, weep bitter tears, and bite my pillow furiously. What I regret, believe me, is not the lady, but the fortune and position that have slipped from my grasp. I had hard work not to surrender my heart, and I daily thank the stars for my natural coldness. What an object of pity I should be, my dear sir, had I by any misfortune fallen in love!

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER FROM ATHENS.

ON the very day when I was sending Mr. Hermann Schultz's narrative to press, my honourable correspondent in Athens sent me back the manuscript with the following letter:—

"SIR,—The history of the King of the Mountains is an invention of an enemy of truth and the gendarmes. None of the persons mentioned in it ever set foot on the soil of Greece. The police never countersigned any passport in the name of Mrs. Simons. The harbour-master at the Piræus never heard of the *Fairy*, or of Mr. John Harris. Philip Brothers do not remember having had a clerk of the name of Mr. W. Bobster. No diplomatic agent ever had in his office a Maltese of the name of Giacomo Fondi. The National Bank of Greece may be reproached for many things, but it never received in trust funds resulting from brigandage. If it had received them it would have considered it a duty to confiscate them to its own profit.

"I send you herewith a list of our officers of gendarmes. You will not find

in it any trace of a M. Pericles. I only know two men of that name; one is an innkeeper in Athens, the other a grocer at Tripolitza. As for the famous Hadji Stavros, whose name I hear to-day for the first time, he is a fabulous being, who must be referred to the mythological era. I confess, with the utmost sincerity, that there were formerly a few brigands in the kingdom. The principal of them, however, were destroyed by Hercules and Theseus, who may be regarded as the founders of the Greek gendarmerie. Those who escaped the blows of these two heroes, fell beneath the attacks of our invincible army.

"The author of the romance you have done me the honour to send me has displayed as much ignorance as good faith in affecting to consider brigandage a contemporary fact. I would give a good deal to see his story published, either in France or England, with the name and portrait of Mr. Schultz. The world would at length know what clumsy artifices are employed to render us objects of suspicion to all the civilized nations.

"As for you, sir, who have always done us justice, I beg you to accept the assurance of all the good feeling with which I have the honour to be,

"Your very grateful servant,

"PATRIOTIS PSEFTIS,

"Author of a volume of dithyrambs on the regeneration of Greece, Editor of the *Hope Journal*, Member of the Archæological Society of Athens, Corresponding Member of the Academy of the Ionian Isles, and shareholder in the National Society of Pavlos the Spartan."

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR RESUMES.

My worthy Athenian friend, the truest stories are not those which have really happened.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL REMARKS ON FISH—ORGANS OF MOTION: TAIL, FINS, NATATORY BLADDER—SCALES—BEAUTY OF TROPICAL FISH—THE GILLS—THE JOURNEYS OF CERTAIN FISH ON LAND—WEAPONS OF FISHES—THE SEA WOLF—THE WHITE SHARK—THE SAW FISH—THE SWORD-FISH—THE TORPEDO—THE STARGAZER—THE ANGLER—REMARKABLE CAPTURE OF FLIES—THE CHÆTODON ROSTRATUS—THE REMORA EMPLOYED TO CATCH FISH—STRANGE WEAPONS OF DEFENCE OF SOME FISH—THE TRACHINUS—THE STICKLE-BACK—THE DOREE—THE FLYING FISH—NUMEROUS ENEMIES OF THE FISH—HOW MANY FISH MAY THERE BE?—THE HERRING—IMPORTANCE AND HISTORY OF THE HERRING FISHERY—THE PILCHARD—THE SPRAT—THE COD-FISH—THE STURGEON—THE STERLET—THE SALMON—THE TUNNY—LOUIS XIII. AND THE MADRAGUE—THE MACKEREL—THE BONITA—THE MURENA—THE LAMPREY—FLAT-FISH, OR PLEURONNETE—THE HALIBUT—THE TURBOT—THE SOLE—THE PLAICE—THE SKATE—ENORMOUS INCREASE OF FISH—THEIR DISEASES—MODES OF TELLING THEIR AGE.

THE lap of ocean is full of mysteries; it contains an entire world, which the naturalist only knows superficially, and perhaps never will thoroughly investigate. It is comparatively an easy task to observe the habits of land animals, and accurately determine their specific varieties; but the element in which fish live removes them from human sight, and, in many cases, presents insurmountable difficulties to their accurate and continued investigation. Since the time of Pliny, who only catalogued seventy-four varieties, the number of species known to us has considerably increased. The ancients, who were only acquainted with the Mediterranean, and a small portion of the ocean, had no idea of the countless finny races which inhabit the tropical and arctic waters; but although later inquirers have already described and drawn eight thousand different sorts of fish, there cannot be the least doubt that, in the fathomless depths of ocean, as well as in the immense seas rarely visited by the European navigator, many an unnamed fish swims about. How little, too, do we know of the special habits of the sea-fish already known to us; of the relations existing between them and the other marine creatures; of the laws which regulate their peculiar existence? There is a grand mystery even attaching to the herring, a fish we all know so well; for the question whence it comes, and whither it goes, still remains unanswered.

If the entire economy of the piscine world was laid open before us, the magnificent picture would certainly give us fresh cause to admire the omniscience of the Creator; but that which is already revealed to us, suffices to convince us that the same harmony which presides

over the structure and external relations of the birds and mammalia, also prevails among the fish; and that these creatures are admirably formed for the peculiar element in which they move and have their being.

If we, in the first place, regard their external appearance, we find the majority of them formed on one fundamental plan: tapering towards the extremities, and swelling in the centre—a form which gives them the power of cutting through the waters rapidly. This peculiar shape, which nature has given fishes, man seeks to imitate in the construction of his ships; but in spite of all his skill, and the aid of sails and steam-power, their motion is extremely slow and clumsy, when compared with the velocity of fish. The arrow starting from the bow does not traverse the air at greater speed than the Salmon or Tunny shoots through the water. It has been calculated that the former, in one hour, covers a span of 86,000 feet; a speed which would enable it to make a circuit of the globe in a few weeks, if it thought fit to rival a Cook or a Magelhaens.

Whales and Dolphins beat the water downwards; fish, on the other hand, move by side-twists, and by extensions of the vertebræ. In some varieties (*Eel*, *murena*, &c.), the whole body is flexible; but the majority of fish strike the water with the tail, on the right and left in turn, and the resistance of the fluid impels them onwards. Hence we find the chief strength of the fish concentrated in the muscles that bend the backbone; and these are generally so developed, that they constitute the greater portion of the body.

The fins, affixed perpendicularly on the

central line of the fish, serve to increase the extension of the paddling upper-surface, and the rapidity of the movement; while the side, pectoral, and ventral fins, though helping but slightly in the forward movement, exercise a far greater influence on the direction of the movement, while keeping the body in equilibrium. By the aid of these organs, the fish can turn and twist in the water as it pleases; and it is remarkable to watch how, by extending or drawing in one or the other fin, it traverses the water in every direction.

Not less wonderful is it, to notice how perfectly the size and nature of the fins correspond to the wants of the different varieties of fish. Those which traverse large tracts of water have broad strong fins, with which they can contend against powerful waves and currents: on the other hand, these organs are weaker and smaller in the inhabitants of rivers and shallow water; and they are soft in those fish which rarely expose themselves to the fury of the wind, or remain in deep water, where the fiercest blast does not affect them.

By the aid of the natatory bladder, situated in the stomach, fishes can increase or lessen the specific gravity of their body at will, and thus rise or sink in the fluid element. When they compress this remarkable gasometer, and expel the air contained by means of the ventral muscles, the circumference of the body is reduced; they sink, and can swim with ease on the bottom of the sea. When they wish to rise again, they need only suspend the muscular contraction, and the bladder swells again; the body, increasing in circuit, becomes lighter, and rises without any exertion to higher regions. Thus, we see the same physical law employed by the fish which is the basis of our aerostation. The same natural force enables the inhabitants of the ocean to rise and sink in their denser element, which raises the aeronaut in the air, and brings him to earth again. In those fish which are designed to live on the bed of the sea, or conceal themselves in slime—such as rays, flat-fish, eels, etc.—the natatory bladder is entirely absent, or is reduced to a very small size; for nature, in her wise economy, gives no animal any useless organ. Lastly, the slimy matter, which the skin of nearly all fish secretes, facilitates their motion: so admirably is everything calculated in them for increased speed.

Before we pass to a consideration of the internal structure of fish, we must bestow a moment on their external covering. In some few varieties, the skin is nearly naked, or merely covered by a simple scarf-skin; but, in the majority, it is protected by scales, which, in some cases, are rough and uneven, or form thick tubercles; but are usually thin plates, which lie on each other like the tiles on our roofs, and are bedded in the furrows of the skin like our nails. Above this scaly garb nature has expanded the lustre of beauty in many European varieties; but she displays her utmost splendour in the torrid zone. If, among the equatorial birds, some portions of the plumage sparkle like the most splendid jewels, the tropical fish display every colour of the rainbow; and no pencil can reproduce the beauty of the shading, and the magnificent gold and silver reflections of certain families, whose every movement in the crystalline waters offers fresh charms to the delighted eye.

The most beautiful fish appear to dwell among the coral-reefs. Where the zoophytes (which also glisten with every colour of the prism) build their submarine palaces, live the brilliant *Chetodons*, the glistening *Balistæ*, and the azure *Glyphisodontes*.

The atmospheric oxygen is as necessary for the existence of fish as for that of the land-animals; but as they do not inhale it directly, but have to draw it from a denser element, which contains, at the most, only one thirty-fifth part of atmospheric air, their respiratory organs are necessarily formed differently from those of the mammals, birds, and reptiles.

Hence, gills take the place of lungs, which, in all bony fish, and the sturgeon among the cartilaginous fish, are constructed in the following way.

At the back part of the mouth are generally five fissured openings, separated from each other by four bone-arches, and opening into what is called the gill-cavity, which forms a space between the side of the mouth and the gill-flaps, which shut in the entire apparatus on the outside.

In this cavity are the gills, tender, cross-folded membranes, intersected by countless blood-vessels, one end being attached to the bone-arches, and the other free.

In breathing, the fresh air-impregnated water received into the mouth and swallowed, passes through the orifices into the gill-cavity, and flows out again

through the flap, which opens and shuts alternately with the mouth.

While, then, in our respiration, the air must follow the same course in and out, the water always passes through the gill-apparatus in the same direction, from front to rear; which, for many reasons, must be allowed to be an admirable arrangement.

If, for instance, the inhaled or swallowed water had to be expelled through the mouth again, it is evident that every respiration would impart to the fish a retrograde movement, and thus oppose the swimming motion which carries the fish onwards. But, as the water in the respiratory process always flows in a direction from front to rear, the fish is not only spared an unnecessary outlay of strength, but is even assisted in its progress.

We can see, too, how easily the tender gills could be thrown into disorder, if the water had to perform a retrograde movement through the mouth.

In one variety of the cartilaginous fish, the Selacians (Sharks, Rays), and

the Cyclostomes (Lampreys), the formation of the gills differs from that we have described.

The crevices do not open into a gill-cavity covered by an external flap, but directly into the water. The gills are not free, but attached to the external edge; though, in this variety, the water flows equally from front to back.

Although the gills are enclosed in a confined space, if laid out, they would cover a space of many square feet. Hence we see, how countless are the folds and ramifications with which the small respiratory apparatus touches the stream of water that flows through it, and abstracts the oxygen, and how wondrously nature has effected her purpose with the greatest economy of space. Breathing is a process of combustion; and this must necessarily proceed very slowly in an element which contains so small a quantity of oxygen. The scanty respiration, therefore, required an equally slow circulation of the blood. The heart consists of two chambers, thus corresponding with the right half of our heart; as it serves ex-



THE WHITE SHARK.

clusively to drive the venous blood into the gills, where the fluid is converted into arterial blood, and whence, without requiring to be accelerated, as in us, by the influence of a powerful pulsation, it flows direct into the arteries, which are designed to spread it over the whole body. We see that, under such circumstances, very cold blood would be produced; just as it is impossible to keep up a lively fire in a stove which has only a slight draught.

It may appear curious, that when fish are taken out of the water, they do not die of an excessive dose of oxygen, but of want of breath. Their tender gills contract in the atmosphere; the blood can no longer flow through their countless fine veins; and, by being rapidly desiccated in the air, they soon entirely lose the power of breathing. Hence it is, that those fish whose gill-flap has a large opening, die most speedily in the air,

while those whose gills are connected with a labyrinth of cells, in which a small stock of water is stored, which keeps the gills damp in the air, live much longer in the unwonted element.

By the help of such a damping apparatus, which they possess in the most perfect form, the climbing fish (*Anabas*) can live for days out of the water, and even clamber up the stems of trees some distance from the shore to capture insects. The chief varieties of the *Anabas* inhabit East India, China, and the Moluccas.

The Hassar (*Doras costata*), a South American fish, makes rather long journeys on land; and will go on the whole night through in search of fresh water, when the pond in which it has hitherto lived dries up. The shelly plates which cover the body, and the hard ventral fins, enable it to perform such a tour. It can even live for several hours in the hottest sunshine. The Indians, who often fill baskets

with these emigrants (for the flesh is very dainty), assert quite correctly that the Hassar takes a stock of water with it for the journey.

If it finds all the ponds dried up, it beds itself in the soft slimy soil, and subsides into a state of asphyxia, until the rainy season arouses it again.

But even more than through its migrations, is this remarkable fish distinguished by its maternal affection, only found in this instance among fish. Sir Richard Schomburgk, in his "Travels in British Guiana," tells us, that not only does the Hassar form a perfect nest for its spawn of all sorts of fibres among the aquatic plants, but it watches with the most active maternal care till the young brood slip out. The nest is a real work of art, like that of the magpie. In April, the Hassar begins forming the nest, until it resembles a hollow globe flattened at the poles, the upper one of which reaches the surface of the water. An orifice, fitted to the size of the mother, opens into the interior. The maternal anxiety of the Hassar is, however, shamefully perverted to its destruction. A small basket is held before the hole, which may be easily found. The nest is then gently tapped, and the Hassar rushes furiously into the basket with bristling spines, which inflict a tolerably severe wound.

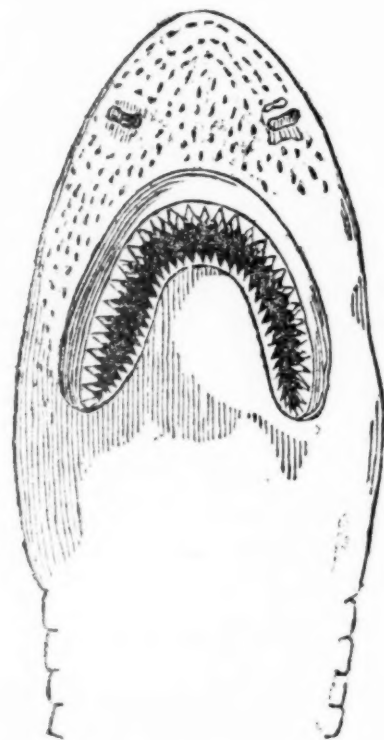
The Black Goby (*Gobius niger*) also prepares a nest for its spawn. It inhabits the slimy bottom of the Venetian lagunes, digs passages in the clayey soil, and spends the greatest part of the year in them, secure from cold, storms, and foes. In the spring it goes to the weed-grown edges of the lagunes, and digs a dwelling, not so deep, but more spacious, which is matted with the rough roots of the *Zostera*, on which the female can lay her eggs. The architect watches the entrance of his house, holding its sharp-toothed mouth towards the enemy. The females soon arrive, and deposit their spawn.

We find similar care in the Stickleback, which the celebrated ichthyologist, M. Coste, frequently observed when building its nest. After the little fish has collected the materials, it heaps sand upon them, fastens the walls together with mud, and then prepares an opening. Afterwards it becomes the brave and indefatigable defender of the eggs, driving away all other Sticklebacks that approach its nest with snout and spines. If the enemy be too powerful, it has recourse to stratagem: it

shoots hurriedly forward, pretending to be busily engaged in pursuit of something, and often succeeds in diverting the attention of its pursuers from the nest.

The existence of the finny race is an eternal warfare, a constant killing and being killed. Darting through the water, they menace with destruction every weaker being that meets them, or hurry to escape a similar fate. Many of them, in addition to their speed and strength, are provided with the most fearful offensive weapons. Thus, the Sea Wolf (*Anarchicas lupas*) has no less than six rows of teeth in each jaw, with which it crushes crabs and mussels, swallowing them, shell and all. If the monster is captured, it snaps at all around with blind fury. Schönfeld asserts, that it leaves the marks of its teeth on a ship's anchor; and Steller was present when a Sea Wolf, captured on the coast of Kamtschatka, seized a sword raised to kill it, and snapped it as if it had been of glass. The fishermen, who fear its bite, knock out its front teeth as soon as possible. It is often from four to seven feet in length. It usually keeps in deep water, but it draws nearer the coasts in spring, to deposit its spawn among the marine plants.

Even more terrible, through its size



MOUTH OF WHITE SHARK.

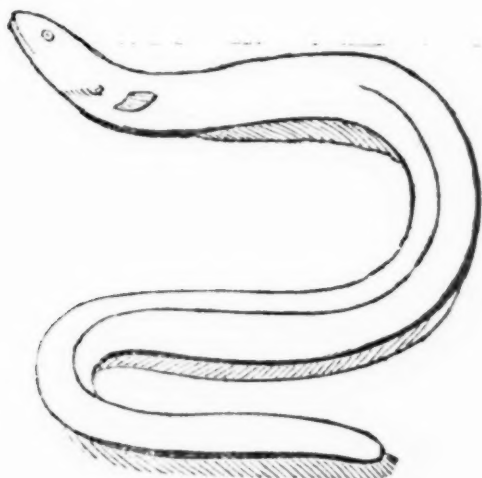
and strength, is the White Shark (*Squalus carcharias*, *Carcharias vulgaris*, Cuvier), whose jaws are also supplied with six rows of sharp-pointed teeth, which it can raise or lower at pleasure. This tyrant of the sea grows to a length of thirty feet. The strength of its tail is so great,

that even a young shark, only six feet long, can break a man's leg with a single blow.

No animal is more odious to sailors than the White Shark, which has swallowed so many an unhappy wretch in the tropical waters. If the yellow fever be raging on board a ship, the sight of the accompanying sharks augments the general despondency. They warn the observer, that the moment may not be far off when his body, sunk in the sea, will find a living grave in the stomach of these voracious monsters.

Fortunately for the lovers of a reviving bath on the European coasts, a *Squalus carcharias* very rarely enters our temperate zone. The north has, it is true, its sharks, too; but they are generally of a gentle disposition, like the Great Shark (*Squalus maximus*, *Selache maximus*, Cuvier), which feeds on sea-weed and *Medusæ*: while, on the other hand, the Spotted Shark, or Sea Cat (*Scyllium catulus*, Cuvier), in spite of its voracity, is too small to injure men.

The Saw-fish (*Squalus pristis*, *Pristis antiquorum*, Latham), and the Sword-fish (*Xiphias gladius*), which are fifteen feet long, are provided with specially fearful weapons. The snout of the former is elongated into a broad flat blade, armed with large teeth on the edges: in the latter, an equally powerful sword grows out of the upper jaw. The keel of an East Indiaman was once bored by a twenty-foot *Xyphias* so violently, that the sword went in up to the root, and the fish was killed by the force of the blow. The beam, with the weapon in it, is preserved in the British Museum, and affords an idea of the enormous strength of the leviathan of the ocean.



THE ELECTRIC EEL.

While the majority of fish depend on their physical strength or speed for attack and defence, some of them are endowed with more mysterious weapons, and stun

their victims or enemies by electric shocks. The stroke of the torpedo (*Raja torpedo*, *Torpedo vulgaris*, Dumeril), is not so powerful as that of the *Gymnotus electricus*, which, as Humboldt has so charmingly described in his "Views of Nature," kills horses; still, it can paralyse a man's arm. The Torpedos are principally met with in the Mediterranean, where they swim in forty fathoms of water. Other varieties are the Electric Shad of the Nile and Senegal, called by the Arabs "Raasch," or "The Lightning," and the Electric Tetradon of the tropical seas.

Other fishes, to which nature has denied all means of offence, try to capture their prey by stratagem. Hidden in the slime, the Stargazer (*Uranoscopus scaber*) only allows its head to emerge, in which the eyes are very close together, and moves the long tentacles on its upper lip backwards and forwards in the water. In this manner it deceives the small fish or crustaceans, which regard these organs as worms, and soon teaches them the difference.

The Angler, or Sea Devil (*Lophius piscatorius*), also called Fishing-frog, a slow swimmer—and would fare badly if it depended on the satisfaction of its hunger through its velocity—lies in ambush in a similar way, beneath the weeds or in the mud, and attracts numerous victims by allowing its feelers to play in the water.

Even the large European Shad (*Silurus glanis*), a fish which attains a length of ten to fifteen feet, and weighs three hundred pounds, does not despise feeding itself by similar snares. Like a true Lazzarone, it lies in the mud with its mouth half open, fishing with its long beard-hairs.

No fish, however, catches its prey in a more remarkable manner than the Archer (*Toxotes jaculator*). This small fish, only six to eight inches long, whose mouth is elongated into a cylindrical snout, inhabits the East Indian rivers, and lives principally on flies and other small winged insects. On seeing one of these on any branch overhanging the water, it approaches with the utmost caution, till it comes exactly under it. It then shoots out a drop of water with such accuracy and force, that it rarely misses the insect, even if it should be five or six feet above it. In Batavia, Europeans and Chinese keep this fish in vessels of salt-water, over which they place insects on twigs, to enjoy the fun. But what do the poor

flies say to it? The Javanese Squirt-fish (*Chaetodon rostratus*) catches its prey in a similar fashion.

If all the other fish go hunting on their own account, the Indian Remora (*Echineis Remora*) has to thank its remarkable head for the rare distinction of being employed by man to catch fish.

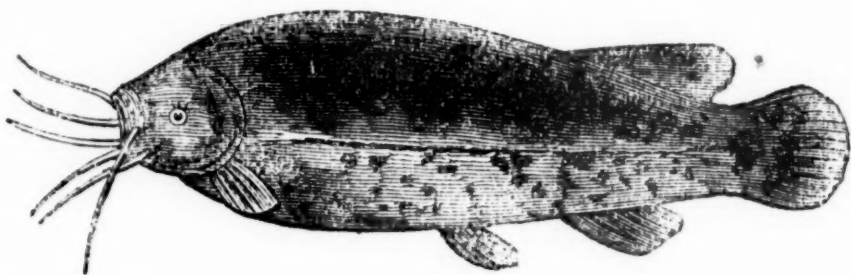
In Columbus' time, the coast population of Cuba and Jamaica employed this fish, which is from two to three feet long, for the purpose of catching turtle, by fastening a long cord of cocoa-fibre round its tail, and then pulling it up again with its prey. By the aid of the Remora, they were enabled to raise turtle weighing several hundred weight from the depths; for "it would sooner be cut to pieces," Columbus tells us, "than give up its prey."

We learn from Dampier and Commer-son, that this stratagem is much employed on the eastern coast of Africa, at Cape Natal and Mozambique, as well as on the

island of Madagascar. "Among nations which have no connexion with each other, knowledge of the habits of animals, and the same necessity, produce similar devices" (Humboldt, "Views of Nature").

We remark, parenthetically, that many fabulous stories have been told of the small "Ship-holder," a sucking-fish often met with in the Mediterranean. It derives its name from the supposed possession of the power to stop a ship's course; and as this extraordinary physical power was assumed to have an equally powerful moral influence, it was asserted that, by eating this fish, the most ardent love could be suppressed and subdued. If a culprit, or a man who had a cause for trial, desired to gain time for any purpose, and could succeed in giving the judge a piece of sucking-fish, he might be sure that the verdict would be long delayed.

The majority of fish save themselves by their rapid flight; but nature has specially favoured some varieties, and given



THE STARGAZER.

them very peculiar means of defence. Thus, the dorsal fin of the Peter's-thumb, or Dragon Weever, (*Trachinus draco*), a small silvery fish, which is found in large numbers both in the Mediterranean and the Baltic, is provided with sharp spines, which effectually guard it against being swallowed. The stabs it gives are very painful, though it does not appear that the thorns contain any poisonous matter, as the fishermen assert.

At any rate, it is not by any means so dangerous as the round-headed Thorn-back, or Clip Bayre of the Brazilian rivers, which, with its long thorns, stabs an incautious person so terribly, that he is often deprived of his senses; and the inflammation lasts three weeks. The Blood-letter and Doctor (*Acanthurus chirurgus* and *cæruleus*) are nearly related. In both, the tail is provided with a moveable, sharp, and lancet-like spine. We might imagine the Doctor, thus equipped, to be secure against any attack; but Catesby saw a Barracouta snap off its tail and swallow it, and then dispose of the rest of the body.

We might quote a long list of thorn-backed fishes, but will content ourselves with mentioning the poor little Stickle-back (*Gasterosteus aculeatus*), which, though avoided by the larger fish, leads a life much embittered by worms. "Nil est ab omni parte beatum!" as Horace tells us.

The Cropper (*Tetraodon*) and the Hedgehog-fish (*Diadon*) possess the faculty of blowing out their bodies at pleasure; in which operation the small thorns with which they are covered stand out in such a way that they frighten back the enemy.

The Flying-fish, as is well known, are provided with such long pectoral fins, that, when they leap out of the water to escape their foes, they can fly a good hundred yards. They often rise fifteen to twenty feet above the surface of the water, and now and then fall on the deck of a passing ship. According to some observers, they can alter their course in the air; according to others, they follow the direction in which they started. The advantage they obtain from their winged

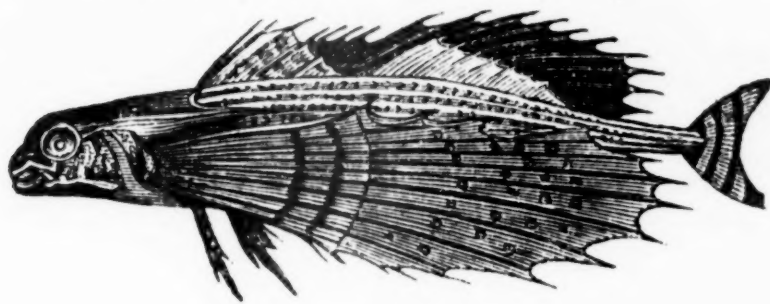
fin is, however, only apparent; for while with them they escape the Bonitas, Dorados, and Dolphins, they fall a prey to the Gulls and Frigate-birds, which pounce on them ere they can return to the protection of the water. They are frequently seen by thousands, springing up in every direction, and thus afford some amusement to the voyager in tropical seas.

The Flying-fish (*Exocetus volitans*) of the West Indian waters is frequently led by the warm temperature of the Gulf Stream into higher latitudes; and Pennant quotes instances of its having been seen even on the British coast.

The Flying Gurnard (*Trigla volitans*; *Dactylopetrus volitans*, Lacep.) of the Mediterranean and Atlantic also rises above the water by the aid of its pectoral fins, which almost equal the body in length. It does not fly high, but a considerable distance; and thus frequently escapes from the pursuing Dolphin.

Neither quadrupeds nor birds are subject to such persecution as the fish, which have their irreconcilable enemies in every

class of the animal kingdom. Countless molluscs and zoöphytes feed on their eggs, or devour their young fry; myriads of sea-birds wait for them on the coasts, or snap them up out at sea; seals and ice-bears chase them; man spreads desolation among them, with line, net, and harpoon. It would be a difficult task to approximate even to the number of fish spread over the entire globe; but when we reflect that, in the British Isles alone, according to a moderate estimate, more than a million men live by catching fish, and then cast a glance at the enormous extent of the coasts that skirt the ocean, we may assert, without any exaggeration, that at least the thirteenth part of the human race supports itself by the capture of the finny population of the sea. When we reflect, too, that fish is not only the staple food of the majority of the dwellers on the coast, but also in what quantities it is sent far and wide, either fresh, dried, salted, smoked, or pickled, we can convince ourselves that the enormous expanse of ocean only apparently limits the



THE FLYING GURNARD.

habiteness of the coast; for how many thousand square miles of the most fertile soil would be needed to produce so much food as the waters supply. Nor must we forget that the treasures of ocean are still most imperfectly worked; that the more the earth is covered with railways, a larger market for the produce of the fisheries will be opened up; that this trade, according to the opinion of the best judges, is carried on in a very rude and imperfect way; that, in a word, the sea, without being in the slightest degree exhausted, could give us twentyfold as much as it now does. "*Alma Parens*," the ancients christened the firm corn-and-grass-producing, cattle-nourishing earth; but with how much greater right does the sea deserve this appellation, which, without being ploughed and sown, offers its gifts in such abundance! Countless, indeed, are the varieties of fish which man

employs for his nourishment; for nearly all supply a food as healthy as it is dainty: but the family of Clupeæ, or Herrings, is before all in its value to man.

What other product of the ocean can be compared in social value with the common Herring (*Clupea harengus*), which pours its treasures so lavishly on every coast of North-western Europe. This most valuable of all fish appears in shoals extending for miles, often pressed so close together that a spear stands upright in the living ground when thrown among them, and sends its countless legions into all the fiords, lochs, gulfs, coves, and bays, from Norway to Ireland, and from the Orkneys to Normandy. Countless marine birds thin their ranks during the summer; enormous armies of dolphins, seals, codfish, haddocks, and sharks devour them by millions, and yet their capture supports entire peoples.

(To be continued.)

THE ROUND OF WRONG.

CHAPTER X.

THE CRISIS.

THE most happy period in the life of a maiden is the year preceding her marriage. Any woman who takes the trouble to invoke her recollections, will see once more with a feeling of regret, that winter, blessed before all others, when her choice was made, but not known by the world. A crowd of timid and hesitating suitors pressed around her, disputed her bouquet and her fan, and spread around her an atmosphere of love which she inhaled with delight. She had distinguished among the crowd the man to whom she wished to give her hand; she had promised him nothing; she experienced a sort of joy in treating him like the rest, and hiding from him her preference. She felt a pleasure in making him doubt his happiness, or causing him to alternate between hope and fear, and in trying him a little every evening. But in her heart, she immolated all her rivals to him, and laid at his feet all the homage she feigned to accept. She promised to herself to repay richly so much perseverance and resignation; and, above all, she enjoyed that eminently feminine pleasure of commanding all and obeying one man.

This triumphant period had been missing in Germaine's life; the year preceding her marriage had been the most sorrowful and miserable of her poor youth. But the year that followed brought some compensation: she lived at Corfu, in a circle of passionate admirers. All who approached her, both young and old, felt for her a sentiment akin to love. She bore on her fair brow that sign of melancholy that tells the whole world that a woman is not happy, and that is an attraction which men cannot resist. The most daring fear to offer themselves to a woman who appears to want for nothing, but sorrow emboldens the most timid, and every one strives to console the mourner. Physicians were not wanting to minister to this mind diseased; young Dandolo, one of the most brilliant men in the seven islands, was constantly at her side, dazzled her by his talent, and imposed on her his haughty friendship with the authority of a man who is always successful. Gaston de Vitre displayed a restless solicitude for her; the boy felt himself awak-

ing to a new life. He had made no change in his habits; his toil and his pleasures went on as before; but, when he rode by his mother's side, he saw suns shining in the pages of the book; he stopped, as if dazzled, in the midst of his reading, and he would dream about verses which had never struck him before. The kiss he gave his mother at night burnt her forehead, and when he prayed, with his head resting on the side of the bed, he saw strange images pass between his eyes and his eyelids.

He could not sleep soundly as he used to do, he was agitated and tortured by dreams. He rose long before daybreak, and hurried into the country with feverish impatience. His gun was lighter on his shoulder, and his feet passed more rapidly over the dried herbage. He ventured further out to sea, and his arms, grown more robust, took delight in rowing; but whatever might be the object of his life, an invisible charm brought him every day into the vicinity of Germaine. He turned towards her like the needle to the polar star, unconscious of the power that attracted him. She greeted him as a friend, and did not conceal the pleasure she felt in seeing him; but he was ever in a hurry to depart, or only entered as he passed, for his mother was expecting him, and he would hardly sit down. But the setting sun still found him near the dear convalescent, and he was astonished to see that the days were so short in the months of Autumn.

M. Stevens, that stout and worthy gentleman, marked the time behind Germaine's chair, like a regiment of infantry; he showed her those thoughtful and measured attentions which are the strong point of men of fifty. He brought her bouquets, and told her stories, and he lavished on her those little attentions to which a woman is never insensible. Germaine did not despise this kind, coarse friendship, paternal in form, but not so paternal as that of Dr. Delviniotis. She also rewarded with a glance of kindness Captain Brétignières, that excellent man, who only wanted a feather bed to walk on; she delighted to see him moving around her with all the noise of a charge of horse. She felt a very tender friendship for Dr. le Bris, and the little man, accustomed to pay innocent court to all his female

patients, did not exactly know how he felt towards the Countess Villanera. She changed before his face, and this new-born beauty might carry in a moment the fragile barrier separating friendship from love.

All these feelings, badly described, and more difficult to name than to describe, caused the joy of the house and the happiness of Germaine. She found a great difference between her last winter in Paris and her first summer in Corfu; the garden and the villa exhaled gaiety, hope, and love. All the guests rivalled each other in wit and good humour, and Germaine felt herself regenerated by the gentle warmth of all these devoted hearts that beat for her. If she took care to fan the flame by a little innocent coquetry, it was only because she wished to insure the conquest of her husband.

The painful reminiscences of her marriage had become gradually effaced from her memory. She had forgotten the gloomy midnight marriage, and regarded herself as a bride whose presence is awaited in order to proceed to church. She no longer thought of Madame Chermidy; she no longer felt that internal shudder produced by the fear of a rival. Her husband appeared to her like a new man; she believed herself a new woman, born yesterday: for was it not being born a second time to escape from certain death? She dated her birth back to the spring, and would say with a smile, "I am an infant four months old." The old Countess confirmed her in this idea, by lifting her in her arms like a little child.

The presence of the Marquis should have reminded her of the reality, for it was difficult to forget that this child had a mother, who might come some day or other to reclaim the happiness of which she had been robbed. But Germaine was accustomed to regard the little Gomez as her son; for maternal love is so innate in woman that it is developed long before marriage. Little children of two years of age may be seen offering a doll the breast. The Marquis was Germaine's doll; she neglected herself to take care of her boy, and she had even grown to consider him a beauty, which proves that she had a real mother's heart. Don Diego regarded her with pleasure when she pressed to her heart this little tawny Gomez, for he was glad to see that the hereditary grimace of the Villaneras no longer terrified his wife.

Every evening at nine, the family and the servants assembled in the sitting-room to prayers, for the old Countess was much attached to this religious and aristocratic custom. She read the orisons herself in Latin. The Greek domestics readily joined in the Common Office, in spite of the schism which keeps them apart from the Latin Christians, and Mathieu Mantoux knelt in a dark corner, where he could see everything without being seen, and strove to trace the ravages of the arsenic in Germaine's face.

He had not once omitted to poison the glass of water he gave her every night, and he hoped that the arsenic taken in small doses would accelerate the progress of the illness, without leaving any visible traces. This is a prejudice very common among the lower classes; they believe in the action of slow poisons. Master Mantoux, rightly surnamed *Little Luck*, could not know that poison kills people at once or not at all. He believed that particles of arsenic taken into the body would join together and form grains, but he forgot the indefatigable toil of nature, which constantly repairs all internal disorders. Had he taken a better lesson in toxicology, or remembered the example of Mithridates, he would have known that microscopic poisonings produce a very different effect from what he expected. But Mathieu Mantoux had not studied history.

He would have been even more astonished at hearing that arsenic, absorbed in small doses, is a remedy against consumption, and though it does not always cure, it produces great alleviation to the patient. The particles of poison burn in the lungs through coming in contact with the external air, and produce a factitious respiration. It is something to breathe freely, and Germaine was fully aware of the fact. Arsenic removes the fever, improves the appetite, facilitates sleep, and puts flesh on the bones; it does not injure the effect of other remedies and sometimes aids them.

M. le Bris had often thought of treating Germaine by this method, but a very natural scruple had bidden him pause—he was not certain of saving the patient, and the confounded arsenic reminded him of Madame Chermidy. Mantoux, a doctor of less timidity, accelerated the effect of iodine and Germaine's recovery.

Germaine had been inhaling iodine from the 1st of August to the 1st of September.

The Doctor was present at each inhalation, and M. Delvinotis was often by his side. This mode of treatment is not infallible, but it is gentle and easy: a current of heated air slowly dissolves a small quantity of iodine, and bears it without effort or pain into the lungs. Pure iodine does not intoxicate sick persons like the tincture, nor does it parch the mouth like iodhydric ether, or produce coughing. Its only defect is leaving in the mouth a slight taste of rust, to which you soon grow accustomed.

The doctors gradually paved the way for this new application: in her impatience, Germaine would have risked anything, so that she might get well; but they only allowed her an inhalation once a day of about five minutes. With time they increased the dose, and in proportion as the cure progressed, so did the quantity of iodine inhaled.

The cure went on with incredible rapidity, thanks to the discreet assistance of Mantoux, and a stranger presented at the Villa Dandolo would not have guessed there was an invalid in the house. At the end of August, Germaine was as fresh as a flower, plump as a peach. In this glorious garden where Nature had accumulated all her marvels, the sun surveyed nothing more brilliant than this young woman, who came forth from her illness all fresh, like a jewel from its case. Not only did the colours of youth beam on her face, but health daily metamorphosed her limbs. The gentle flow of a generous life-fluid slowly puffed out her rosy and transparent skin, and all the springs of life, relaxed by three years' suffering, regained their elasticity with visible joy.

The witnesses of this miraculous transfiguration blessed science, but the happiest of all was probably Dr. le Bris. The recovery of Germaine appeared to the others a hope, to him alone a certainty. He daily verified with a stethoscope the decrease of the malady; he saw the cure in its causes and effects; he measured as with a compass the ground he had regained from death.

On the 31st of August, the Doctor, happy as a conqueror, went down into the town; for though he liked the country, he did not disdain a walk on the Esplanade to the sound of the military fifes and bagpipes. On seeing the smoke of the steamers, he fancied he was drawing nearer to Paris. He willingly dined with the English officers, and with equal willingness lounged about the streets. He

admired the soldiers, all attired in white, with straw hats, yellow gloves, and varnished slippers, at the hour when these worthy fellows went to market with their little families. He refreshed his eye with the splendid display of green fruit, which the tradespeople keep in a state of truly English cleanliness; one rubs the plums on his sleeve to make them glisten, while another dusts the rosy velvet of the peaches with a hat-brush. It is an admirable medley of melons large as pumpkins, lemons large as melons, plums large as lemons, and grapes large as plums. Perhaps, too, the young doctor regarded with some degree of satisfaction the pretty Greek girls leaning out of their windows from a framework of flowering cactus. In this primitive country, the maidens do not hesitate to throw kisses to a passing stranger, as the flower-girls of Florence fling bouquets into his carriage. If their father see them, he boxes their ears sharply in the name of morality, and that imparts a little variety to the scene.

While the Doctor was thus innocently amusing himself, Count Dandolo, Captain Brétignières, and the Vitrés were dining with the Villaneras. Gaston had no appetite, but Germaine enjoyed her dinner—he, poor fellow, dined with his eyes.

The conversation grew very interesting over the dessert. Count Dandolo described English policy in the East, and showed the Great Nation established at Hong Kong, Macao, Canton, and everywhere.

"You will see," he said, "or, at any rate, our children will see, the English masters of China and Japan."

"Stop there!" Captain Brétignières interrupted; "what shall we give to France?"

"All she will ask—that is to say, nothing. France is a disinterested country, passing her life in conquering the world, but scrupulously avoiding keeping anything for herself."

"Let us understand each other, Count. France has ever been free from egotism, she has done more for civilization than any other country in Europe, and has never asked for her reward. The Universe is our debtor, we have supplied it with ideas for the last three or four hundred years, and we have received nothing in exchange. When I think that we have not even the Ionian Islands!"

"You had them, Captain, and did not wish to keep them."

"Ah! if I only had my two legs."

"What would you do, Captain?" the Dowager asked.

"What would I do, Madame! My country has no ambition, so I would have it for her. I would give her the Ionian Isles, Malta, India, China, and Japan, and not suffer an universal monarchy."

"The Captain," Germaine said, "reminds me of that preceptor whose pupil had stolen a fig. He scolded him for his gluttony, and ate the fig as the peroration."

The Captain checked himself; he was red up to the ears: "I believe," he said, "that I went further than my thoughts. Where were we?"

"We were everywhere," Count Dandolo replied.

"Quite correct, as we were talking of England. Do you suppose that if the affair of Ky-Tcheou had happened to an English vessel, they would have been satisfied with bombarding the town? Not such fools! England would have gained from it a good commercial treaty, five millions in cash, and fifty leagues of territory."

"Do you think so?" M. Dandolo asked.

"I am certain."

"Well! what is the argument? We seem of the same opinion."

"What is the story about Ky-Tcheou?" Germaine asked.

"Have you not read it, Madam?"

"The only newspaper we read is yourself, Count."

"Well! Ky-Tcheou is a grand affair. The Chinese killed two French missionaries and a French officer; and the French razed the town—people are asking what will come of it all; and I think just nothing at all."

Count Villanera mixed in the conversation for the first time. "Is the affair you are talking about at all recent?" he asked Count Dandolo.

"Quite fresh; it arrived by the last mail. Have you heard nothing about the *Naiad* and the death of Captain Chermidy?"

The Count de Villanera turned pale. Germaine watched him closely to detect a symptom of joy; the old Countess rose from the table, and Count Dandolo went into the drawing-room, without telling the story of Ky-Tcheou.

Germaine took advantage of the moment when coffee was being served to her guests to take her husband off into the garden. The sun had set some two hours,

and the night was warm as a summer day. They sat down on a rustic bench overlooking the sea; the moon had not yet appeared on the horizon, but shooting stars traversed the sky in every direction, and the sea illumined the beach with its phosphorescent glare.

Don Diego was still perfectly stunned by the news he had heard: he had received a violent shock, but the impression had been so sudden that he could not explain it to himself, and did not yet know whether it were pleasure or pain. He resembled a man who has fallen from a roof and feels himself all over to see if he be dead or alive. A thousand hurried reflections confusedly crossed his mind, like torches which pass through the night without dissipating the darkness. Germaine was not a whit calmer or more reassured: she felt that the question of her living or dying would be decided within an hour, and that her physician was not M. le Bris but the Count de Villanera. Still, these two young beings, shaken to the bottom of their hearts by a violent emotion, remained for some instants side by side in a profound silence. A fisherman, who was coasting the shore, must certainly have taken them for two happy lovers absorbed in the contemplation of their bliss.

Germaine was the first to speak; she turned to her husband, took his hands in hers, and said in a choking voice—

"Don Diego, did you know it?"

He replied, "No, Germaine. Had I known it, I should have told you, for I have no secrets from you."

"And what do you say to the news—has it relieved you or oppressed you?"

"I know not how to answer, and you throw me into a state of cruel embarrassment. Grant me time to recover and reckon with myself. This event can cause me no pleasure, as you know; but if I were to say it oppressed me, you would conclude from it that I had formed engagements dependent on this fatal event—is not that your thought?"

"I am not quite sure what I think, Don Diego. My heart beats so fiercely, that it would be difficult for me to hear anything else. The only thing I see clearly is, that that woman is free. If she promised you to become a widow soon, she has kept her word before you. She is the first to arrive at the rendezvous you gave her, and I fear——"

"You fear?"

"I fear that I am in the way, as my

living keeps you from your happiness, and my health robs you even of hope."

"Your life and your health are presents from God, Germaine; a miracle of Heaven has saved you; and now that I know what a woman you are, I bless the decrees of Providence from the bottom of my heart."

"I thank you, Don Diego; I recognise you in this gentle and religious language. You are too good a Christian to revolt against a miracle. But do you regret nothing? Speak to me candidly, for I am well enough to hear everything."

"I only regret one thing—that I did not give you my first love."

"How truly kind you are! that woman was never worthy of you. Though I never saw her, I detest her instinctively and despise her."

"You must not despise her, Germaine. I no longer love her, because my heart is filled with you, and there is no room for the image of another woman; but I assure you, you do wrong to despise her."

"Why should I have more indulgence for her than the world has? She failed in all her duties and deceived the honest man who gave her his name. How can a woman betray her husband?"

"She is culpable in the sight of the world; but I dare not blame her, for she loved me."

"Ah! who would not love you, my friend? You are so good, so noble, so great, so handsome! Nay, do not shake your head; my taste is not worse than another woman's, and I know what I am saying. You are not like either Dr. le Bris, or Gaston de Vitré, or Spiro Dandolo, or any of those men who meet with success among women, and yet it was on seeing you for the first time that I understood how man is the noblest work of creation."

"You like me, then, a little, Germaine?"

"A long time—since the first day you came to Sanglié House. And yet what you came to us for was very wrong. When the Doctor proposed the bargain to my parents, I fancied I was about to marry a wicked man. I promised to myself that I would endure you patiently and leave you without regret. But when I saw you in the salon, I felt ashamed for you, and regretted that so worthless a calculation had crossed a mind so noble and so intelligent. Then I made up my mind to treat you ill—do you know why? I should have died of vexation if you had guessed I loved you. That was not in

our bargain. During the whole of our tour in Italy, I strove to cause you pain, and can you believe I should have behaved with so much ingratitude if you had been indifferent to me? But I was furious at seeing that you merely treated me so kindly as a salve to your conscience, and then, in spite of myself, I thought of the other who was awaiting you at Paris. And then, too, I was afraid of growing into a pleasant state of love and happiness which death might come to interrupt. Besides, I was very ill and suffered cruelly!

"The day when you wept out of the carriage window, I saw it, and felt inclined to ask your pardon and leap on your neck, but my pride restrained me. I am the first of my blood, recollect, who was ever sold for money. Yes, I nearly betrayed myself that evening at Pompeii—do you remember it? I have forgotten nothing, neither your kind words nor my harshness; your tender and patient care, nor the cruel way in which I treated you. I offered you a very bitter cup, and you have drunk it to the dregs. I will allow that I have not been very happy either; I was not sure of you—feared I might be mistaken as to the sense of your kindness, and take marks of pity for testimony of love. What reassured me slightly was the pleasure you found in remaining near me. When you walked in the garden round my chair, I followed you with the corner of my eye, and frequently feigned sleep to draw you closer. I needed not to open my eyes to know you were near me, for I could see you through my eyelids. When you are near me, my heart dilates and swells till it fills my whole bosom; when you speak, your voice tingles in my ears, and I feel intoxicated by listening to you. Whenever my hand touches yours, I feel a throb through my whole body, and a gentle quivering at the roots of my hair. When you retire for a moment, and I can neither see nor hear you, there is a great vacuum around me, and I feel a want which overwhelms me. And now, Don Diego, tell me if I love you, for you have more experience than I, and cannot make a mistake in such a matter. I am only a little ignorant girl; but you must remember whether this were the way in which you were loved at Paris."

This simple confession fell on Don Diego's heart like a dew; he was so deliriously refreshed by it that he not only forgot his present cares, but also his past

pleasures. A new light shone in upon his mind: he compared at a glance his old amours, agitated and turbid like a storm-swelled stream, to the gentle limpidness of legitimate happiness. It is the history of all young husbands: the day on which a man rests his head on the conjugal pillow, he perceives with agreeable surprise that he never slept well before.

The Count tenderly kissed Germaine's hand, and said:—

"Yes, you love me; and no one ever loved me as you do. You bear me into a new world, full of honourable delights and remorseless pleasures. I know not if I have saved your life; but you have amply paid your debt by opening my blind eyes to the holy light of love. Let us love, Germaine, and give free rein to our hearts. Let us forget the whole world to belong to each other. Let us close our ears to all the rumours of the world, whether they come from China or Paris. This is our earthly Paradise, so let us live in it for ourselves, and bless the Hand that placed us in it."

"Yes, let us live for ourselves," she said, "and for those who love us. I should not be so happy if I had not our mother and our child with us? Ah, I loved them openly from the first day. How like you they are! When little Gomez comes to play in the garden, I fancy I see your smile moving in the grass. I am very happy that I adopted him. That woman will never take him from me? The law has given him to me for ever; he is my heir, my only son!"

"No, Germaine," he replied; "he is your eldest son!"

Germaine stretched out her arms to her husband, clung round his neck, drew him to her, and gently pressed her lips upon his forehead. But the emotion of this first kiss was stronger than the poor convalescent: her eyes grew dim, and her whole body gave way. When she had recovered from this shock, she returned to the house on her husband's arm; she hung upon it with her whole weight, like a child learning to walk.

"You see," she said, "I am still very weak, in spite of appearances. I fancied myself strong, and yet, you see, a mere nothing of happiness overpowers me. Do not speak to me too kindly and render me too happy: wait for that till I am perfectly restored. It would be too dreadful to die just when life is beginning so well. Now I will hurry on my recovery, and take the greatest possible care of myself.

Do you go back to the drawing-room; I am going to my bed-room. To-morrow we shall meet again."

She went to her room, and threw herself on the bed, all panting and all confused. A luminous spot glistening in a corner attracted her attention; the flame of the lamp was reflected from the small globe of the iodometer. She blessed this beneficent apparatus, which had restored her to life, and would give her back her strength in a few days. Suddenly the idea struck her that she would hasten her recovery by taking a large dose of iodine without the doctor's knowledge. She arranged the apparatus, drew it to her bed, and eagerly drank in the violet vapour. She inhaled it with delight; she felt neither disgust nor fatigue; she swallowed long draughts of health and vigour. She was delighted to prove to the doctor that he had been too prudent. She committed an act of heroic madness, and risked her life through love for Don Diego.

No one ever knew what quantity of iodine she inhaled, or how long she prolonged this fatal imprudence. When the old Countess slipped out of the drawing-room to look after her, she found the apparatus broken on the ground, and the invalid a prey to a violent fever. They did what they could for her till the Doctor came back about midnight; and all the guests slept at the Villa to hear how she went on. The Doctor was terrified by Germaine's agitation, and did not know whether to attribute it to the immoderate use of iodine, or to some dangerous emotion. Madame de Villanera secretly accused Count Dandolo; Don Diego accused himself.

The next day Dr. le Bris recognised an inflammation in the lungs, which might cause death; he called in Dr. Delvinotis and two of his colleagues. The physicians differed as to the cause of her illness; but not one ventured to predict her recovery. M. le Bris had lost his head, like the captain of a vessel who finds breakers at the very entrance of the harbour. Dr. Delvinotis, a little calmer, though he could not refrain from weeping, timidly held out a gleam of hope:—

"Perhaps," he said, "we have to deal with an adhesive inflammation which will reform the cavities, and repair all the disorders caused by the illness."

The poor little Doctor shook his head mournfully as he listened to this opinion: it would be just as much use saying to

an architect: "Your house is out of the perpendicular; but an earthquake may happen which will set it to rights." Everybody agreed that the invalid was entering on a crisis; but not even Dr. Delviniotis ventured to affirm that it would not terminate fatally.

Germaine was in a state of delirium, and recognised nobody. In all the men who approached her she fancied she saw Don Diego; in all the women, Madame Chermidy. Her distraught sentences were a singular mixture of tenderness and menaces. She asked every moment for her son; but when the little Marquis was brought to her, she angrily repulsed him.

"That is not he," she said; "bring me my eldest son; the woman's son. I am sure she has taken him back."

The child vaguely comprehended his little mother's danger, though he had no notion of death; but as he saw everybody weeping, he cried his little heart out almost.

At that time could be seen how dear the young wife was to all who surrounded her. For eight days the friends of the family encamped around her, sleeping where they could, eating what came to hand, occupied solely with the patient, and not at all with themselves. Captain Brétignières could not keep quiet for an instant; he stumped about the house and the garden, and the sound of his wooden leg was incessantly heard. Mr. Stevens gave up his business, his pleasures, and his habits. Madame de Vitré became nurse under the orders of the Countess. The two Dandolos ran to the town morning and night to seek physicians who could offer no advice, and remedies which could not be used. The people in the neighbourhood were in the deepest anxiety; news of Germaine's state was carried to all the surrounding houses every morning and night. From all sides flocked in family remedies, and those secret panaceas handed down from father to son.

Don Diego and Gaston de Vitré bore a singular resemblance to each other in their grief; you might have taken them for the two brothers of the dying girl. Both lived apart, seated beneath a tree, or on the sand, plunged into a dry and tearless stupor. If the Count had had leisure to be jealous, he would have been so of the despair of this boy; but everybody was too much occupied with Germaine's danger to watch his neighbour's face.

Madame de Vitré alone, now and then, directed an anxious glance upon her son, and then ran back again to Germaine's bed, as if a secret instinct told her that she would in this way benefit Gaston most.

The Dowager Countess was a terrible object. This tall black woman, dirty and unkempt, allowed her hair to hang in masses from under her cap. She wept no more than her son, but a poem of grief could be read in her haggard eyes. She spoke to no one, she saw no one, she allowed the guests to attend to themselves. Her whole thoughts were concentrated on Germaine; her whole soul struggled against the present danger with a will of iron. Never did the Genius of Good borrow a face more stern and terrible, and on it might be traced a furious devotion, an exasperated tenderness. She was no longer a woman or a nurse, but a female demon wrestling with death.

Mathieu Mantoux's face, however, gently expanded in the sun; and all his masters having taken on themselves the duties of servants, this faithful domestic indulged in the leisure of a master. He inquired every morning as to Germaine's health, solely to know if he would not soon come into his pension. He attributed his mistress's death to the glass of sugared water he had prepared so patiently for her every evening, and thought, as he rubbed his hands, that every man who knew how to wait gains his point. At midday he took his second breakfast, and to digest it at his ease, he walked for an hour or two round the little farm on which he had fixed his desires. He noticed that the fences were in very bad order, and promised he would put them in thorough repair in order to keep thieves out.

On the 6th Sept. Dr. Delviniotis himself lost all hope. Mantoux was aware of it, and wrote a note to a certain stout lady in Paris, while on the same day Dr. le Bris wrote to the Duke de la Tour:—

MY LORD,—I dare not call you to me. By the time you receive this all will be over. Break the news to the Duchess."

CHAPTER XI.

THE WIDOW CHERMIDY.

MANTOUX's letter and the formal promise of Germaine's death arrived at Madame Chermidy's on Sept. 12.

The fair Honorine had lost all hope and patience; she received no letters from Corfu; she was without news of her lover and her son; and the Doctor, occupied with more important cares, had not even written to congratulate her on her widowhood. She began to suspect M. de Villanera; she compared herself to Calypso, Medea, and the fair Ariadne; indeed, to all the deserted beauties of mythology. She felt amazed sometimes at finding that her spite was turning into love, and surprised herself at times sighing though no one was present, and in all good faith. The remembrance of the three years she had passed with the Count strangely tickled the memory of her heart. Among other acts of folly she regretted having curbed him in too tight, and hung the prize too high, for not having given him happiness to repletion, and killed him with tenderness. "It is my fault," she said; "I accustomed him to do without me. If I had minded, I should have become the necessity of his life. I should have merely wanted to give the signal, and he would quit mother, wife, everything."

She asked herself frequently whether absence did not injure her in Don Diego's favour, and studied the vulgar proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind." She thought of embarking for the Ionian Islands, falling like a bombshell on her lover's house, and carrying him off by sheer strength. A quarter of an hour would be sufficient to rekindle the badly-extinguished fires, and renew an association which was as yet only interrupted. She fancied herself engaged with Germaine and the old Countess; she overwhelmed them by her eloquence, beauty, and strength of will. She took her son in her arms, fled with him, and the child's irresistible smile carried off the father. "Who knows," she said, "whether a well-acted scene might not kill the invalid? Women in good health will faint at the theatre, so a well-acted drama of my invention might send her into an eternal fainting fit."

A feeling which was more human, and yet less probable, caused her to regret the absence of her son. She had given birth to him; she was his mother after all, and regretted that she had surrendered him for the benefit of another woman. Maternal love finds a lodging everywhere; it is a guest without any fastidiousness, and allows the vicinity of the worst passions: it lives quite at its ease in the most de-

praved heart and most ruined soul. Madame Chermidy wept a few tears of good alloy on thinking that she had alienated the fortunes of her son and abdicated the name of mother.

She was seriously unhappy—it is only on the stage that real unhappiness is the sole privilege of virtue. She had no want of distractions and had only to choose; but she knew by experience that pleasure affords no consolation. For more than ten years her life had been noisy and excited as a *fête*; but her peace of mind had paid all the expenses. There is nothing so empty, restless, and miserable as the existence of a woman who makes pleasure the one object of life. The ambition which had supported her since her marriage, henceforth was but a slight resource to her; it was a broken reed, as she found too late. She was rich enough to disdain any increase of fortune; there is, after all, but slight difference between twenty thousand and ten thousand a year; a few more horses in the stable, a few more servants in the hall, add scarcely anything to the happiness of the master. A good name to show off in the world would have amused her for some time, and she thought more than once of procuring one legitimately, and she had fifty to choose from, for there are always names for sale in Paris. But she had a right to be difficult in her selection, for had she not been almost Countess de Villanera? She could not make up her mind.

In the meanwhile she had a fancy to give a public successor to Don Diego, for perhaps he would come to reclaim his property, when he found another man enjoying the usufruct. But she feared she would thus be supplying the enemy with arms. Germaine was not yet cured, and she must not close the door of marriage. Besides, though she sought carefully around her, she did not find a single man worthy a caprice or fit to succeed M. de Villanera, even for a day. The supernumeraries who visited her salon never knew how near they had been to happiness.

Hence, she found nothing better to occupy her leisure time than to complete the moral ruin of the old Duke. She accomplished the task she had laid down for herself with the minute attention, patient care, and indefatigable perseverance of that idle sultana who, in her master's absence, plucked out, one by one, the feathers of an old paroquet.

She would certainly have preferred avenging herself directly on Germaine;

but Germaine was far away. If the Duchess had been within her reach, she would have bestowed her preference on the Duchess. But the Duchess never left her house except to go to church, and Madame Chermidy could not meet her there. She might starve the ducal household, but the operation would require time; for, in finding money again, the La Tours had regained their credit. The fair enemy of the family had only the Duke in her power. She swore to make him lose his head, and succeeded.

In the Russian baths, when the patient quits the red-hot bath-room, after his body has been gradually accustomed to a high temperature, when the heat has dilated all the pores of the skin, and the blood courses furiously through his veins—he is quietly placed beneath a *douche* of cold water; it falls on his head and chills him to the very marrow. Madame Chermidy treated the Duke by the same method; and though we are told it succeeds with the Russians, the poor old man was not improved by it. He was the victim of the most odious coquetry that ever tortured the heart of man. Madame Chermidy persuaded him that she loved him. Lump affirmed it on oath, and, had he consented to take words as payment, he would have been the happiest sexagenarian in Paris. He passed his life at Madame Chermidy's, and suffered martyrdom; he daily expended there as much eloquence and passion, reasoning and entreaty, true and false logic, as there are in the whole of the "New Heloise," and every evening he was dismissed with fair words. He swore he would never return; he spent a long, sleepless night in cursing the cause of his suffering, and the next day he ran to his executioner with senile impotence. All his intellect, will, and vices were absorbed and confounded in this exclusive passion; he was no longer husband, father, man, or gentleman—he was simply the *patito* of Madame Chermidy.

After a summer of daily suffering, his intellectual faculties had sensibly given way. He had nearly entirely lost his memory; at least, he forgot everything which did not bear reference to his love. He took no interest in what went on around him; private and public affairs, his house, his wife, his daughter, all were indifferent and strange to him. The Duchess nursed him like a child, when he by chance remained with her; but, un-

fortunately, he was not yet childish enough to be locked up.

When he received Dr. le Bris's letter, he read it twice or thrice without understanding it, and, had the Duchess been near him, he would have begged her to read and explain it to him. But he broke the seal at his own door, as he was hastening to Madame Chermidy's, and was in too great haste to turn back. By repeatedly perusing it, he guessed that it referred to his daughter, but he only shrugged his shoulders and said, as he hurried on, "that Le Bris is always the same. I do not know what cause of dislike he has against my daughter. The proof that she will not die is, that she is quite well." Still he reflected that the Doctor might speak the truth, and this idea terrified him. "It is a great misfortune for us," he said, as he hurried on still faster. "I am an inconsolable father. There is no time to lose. I will go and tell it to Honorine; she will pity me, for she has a good heart. She will wipe away my tears, and, who knows——?" He smiled stupidly to himself as he entered the drawing-room.

Never had Madame Chermidy been so radiant or so lovely. Her face was a sun; triumph sparkled in her eyes; her chair seemed like a throne, and her voice resounded like a clarion. She rose as the Duke entered; her feet hardly touched the ground, and her head, superb in its joy, seemed to rise to the chandelier. The old man stopped, panting and paralysed, on seeing her thus transfigured. He muttered a few unintelligible words, and fell heavily into an easy chair.

Madame Chermidy seated herself by his side.

"Good day, your Grace!" she said to him; "good day, and good-bye!"

He turned pale, and repeated stupidly, "Good-bye?"

"Yes, good-bye. You do not ask me where I am going."

"Yes!"

"Well! I will satisfy you; I am going to Corfu."

"By the way," he said, "I believe my daughter is dead; the Doctor wrote to me so this morning. I am very miserable, Honorine, and you must take pity on me."

"Oh yes; you are unhappy! and the Duchess, too, is unhappy! and the old Villanera will weep black tears down her swarthy cheek. But I laugh, I triumph, I bury, I marry, I reign! She is dead!"

she has paid her debt at last! she restores me all she took from me! I return into possession of my lover and my son! Why do you look at me with such astonished eyes? Do you fancy I shall put any constraint on myself? It is quite enough to have swallowed my rage for eight months. All the worse for those whom my happiness offends: they need only shut their eyes; I am bursting!"

This impudent joy restored the old man a gleam of reason. He rose firmly on his feet, and said to the widow:

"Do you really know what you are doing? You are rejoicing in my presence at the death of my daughter!"

"And you," she replied impudently, "used to rejoice in her life. Who was it that so carefully brought me tidings of her? Who was it that came to tell me, 'She is better?' Who compelled me to read her letters and Dr. le Bris's? For eight months you have been assassinating me with her health, and the least you can do is to grant me a quarter of an hour to rejoice over her death."

"Honorine, you are a horrible woman!"

"I am as I am. If your daughter had lived, as I was threatened with, she would not have been hidden from me. She would have driven out every day in the park with Don Diego and my son, and I should have seen that from my carriage. She would have put on her visiting cards the name of Villanera, which is mine, for I gained it fairly. And yet you would prevent me taking my revenge?"

"Then you still love the Count?"

"Poor Duke! do you fancy a man like Don Diego can be forgotten between to-day and to-morrow? Do you think a woman brings into the world a child like mine to make it a present to a sickly girl? Do you suppose that I prayed for the death of my husband during three years—I who never pray—not to enjoy my liberty? Do you imagine that Chermidy went to be killed by the Chinese that I might remain a widow for ever?"

"You are going to marry Count Villanera?"

"I flatter myself so."

"Then, what will become of me?"

"You, my good fellow? go and console your wife; you ought to have begun with that."

"What am I to say to her, Honorine?"

"Whatever you please. Good-bye, I have my boxes to pack. Do you want any money?"

The Duke displayed his disgust by shrugging his shoulders. Madame Chermidy noticed it.

"Our money is repugnant to you, I suppose?" she said. "As you please! you shall have no more."

The old man went off, he knew not whither, just like a drunkard, and wandered about the streets of Paris till night. About ten o'clock he began to feel hungry, so he hired a cab, and went to the club. He was so changed that Baron de Sanglié alone recognised him.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" he asked the Duke. "Why, you cannot stand firm. Sit down here, and let us talk."

"Very willingly," the Duke said.

"How is the Duchess? I have only just come from the country, and have not paid a single visit yet."

"How the Duchess is?"

"Yes, how she is?"

"She is going to cry."

"Oh! he is mad!" the Baron thought.

The Duke added, without changing his tone, "I believe that Germaine is dead, and Honorine is glad of it. I consider that shocking, and I told her so myself."

"Germaine! Come, my poor friend, think of what you say. Germaine—the Countess of Villanera—dead!"

"Honorine is the Countess de Villanera: she is going to marry the Count. Stay, I have the letter in my pocket; but what do you think of Honorine's conduct?"

The Baron read the Doctor's letter at a glance: "How long have you learned this?" he asked the Duke.

"This morning, on going to Honorine's."

"And does the Duchess know anything of it?"

"No! I do not know how to tell it her. I was going to ask Honorine——"

"Oh! deuce take Honorine!"

"That's what I say."

The Baron was called to cut in at whist, but he replied that he was busy, and asked some one to take his place. He wished to finish the conference; but the Duke interrupted by saying, in a hollow voice, "I am hungry, I have not eaten to-day."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; order me some dinner; and you must lend me some money, too, for I have none left."

"How?"

“Oh, I know; I had a large fortune, but I have given it to Honorine.”

The Duke devoured with the voracious appetite of a madman, and after dinner his ideas grew clearer. His mind was more worn than ill. He told the Baron of the insensate passion that had possessed him for the last six months, and explained to him how he had stripped himself of everything on behalf of Madame Chermidy.

The Baron, who was a worthy man, was much shocked at hearing that the family which he had seen raised again a few months back, had fallen lower than ever. Above all, he pitied the Duchess, who must inevitably succumb beneath so many blows. He took on himself to break to her gradually the illness and death of Germaine, and applied himself to restore the Duke's weakened intellect. He reassured him as to the consequences of his mad generosity; it was evident that the Count would not leave his father-in-law in want. At the same time he studied, from the Duke's confessions and reticences, the singular character of Madame Chermidy.

The authority of a healthy mind is omnipotent over a weak brain, and thus, after two hours' conversation, the Duke unravelled the chaos of his ideas, lamented the death of his daughter, feared for the health of his wife, regretted the follies he had committed, and esteemed the widow Chermidy at her true value. The Baron took him to his door, well doctored, if not thoroughly cured.

At an early hour the next morning the Baron paid the Duchess a visit. He stopped the old Duke on the threshold as he was going out and compelled him to turn back with him. He did not leave him out of sight for three days; he took him about, amused him, and succeeded in diverting him from the sole thought that agitated him. He took him eventually to the house of the pitiless Honorine, and proved to him by a conversation with the porter that she had set out with Lump for the Ionian Islands.

The Duke was less affected by this intelligence than might have been expected, he lived quietly at home; paid great attention to his wife, and proved to her with extreme delicacy that Germaine was not yet thoroughly cured, and evil news might yet arrive. He took an interest in the minutest details of the household, granted the necessity of making

certain purchases, borrowed a hundred pounds from his friend Sanglié, and started for Corfu on the morning of the 20th September, without saying a word to anybody.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LADIES' BATTLE.

ON the 8th September, Germaine, who was condemned without appeal, deluded the fears of her physicians and her friends—she began to grow better. The fever that had devoured her subsided in a few hours, like those great tropical storms which uproot trees, overthrow houses, and shake mountains to their foundations, but which a sunbeam arrests in the fury of their progress.

This happy revolution was effected so suddenly that Don Diego and the Countess Dowager could not believe in it. Though man accustoms himself more quickly to happiness than to suffering, their hearts remained for some days in a state of suspense. They feared to be the dupes of a false joy; they dared not congratulate themselves on a miracle so little expected, and they asked each other whether this apparent recovery were not the supreme effort of a being clutching at life—the last flare of an expiring lamp.

But Dr. le Bris and M. Delvinotis recognised by sure signs that the sufferings of this poor little body were really ended. The inflammation had repaired in a week all the ravages of a long illness—the crisis had saved Germaine—the earthquake had restored the building to the perpendicular.

The girl found it quite natural to live and be cured. Thanks to the delirium of fever, she had gone through the valley of the shadow without perceiving it, and the violence of the illness had removed the feeling of danger. She woke up like a child on the brink of a well, without measuring the depth of the abyss. When told that she had been all but dead, and that her friends had despaired of her, she was much astonished; but when promised a long life and no more suffering, she tenderly gazed on a crucifix hanging near a bed, and said, with gentle and confiding gaiety,—“I deserve it, for I have passed through my purgatory.”

She regained her strength in a short time, and health soon tinged her cheeks

again. It seemed as if nature were hastening to bedeck her for happiness. She entered once more on possession of life with the impetuous joy of a claimant who leaps at one bound on the throne of his fathers. She would have liked to be everywhere at once, to enjoy all the pleasures offered her, movement and repose, solitude and society, the dazzling brightness of day and the serene lustre of night. Her little hands clung joyously to everything that surrounded her; she lavished her endearments on her husband, her mother-in-law, her child, and her friends. At times she wept without any motive, but they were sweet tears; little Gomez kissed them away from the corners of her eyes, as a bird drinks the dew in the cup of a flower.

Everything affords pleasure to the convalescent; the most indifferent functions of life are a source of ineffable delight to a man who has all but died. All the senses vibrate deliciously on the least contact with the external world. The heat of the sun appears to him more pleasant than a cloak of ermine; the light rejoices his sight like a caress; the perfumes of the flowers intoxicate him; the sounds of nature reach his ear like a pleasant melody; and bread seems to him a dainty regale.

Those who had shared Germaine's sufferings felt themselves regenerated with her, and her convalescence soon restored the health of all the sharers in her agony. She saw none but cloudless brows around her, and joy caused all hearts to beat in unison. All the fatigue and pain so lately endured were forgotten; gaiety was mistress of the house. The first fine day removed from every face any trace of anxiety and tears. The guests did not think about returning to their houses, for they believed they belonged to the family. United by happiness as they had been by uneasiness, they surrounded Germaine like a happy family, an adored child. On the day that a letter was written the Duchess, to announce the recovery of her daughter, each wished to add a word for the happy mother, and the pen passed from hand to hand. This letter reached Paris on September 22nd, two days after the old Duke's eclipse.

Madame Chermidy and her inseparable Lump landed at Corfu on the evening of the 24th. The widow had packed up in all haste and had scarce spared the time to get in 5000*l.* to pay Mantoux and any

unforeseen expenses. Lump advised her to await more positive intelligence at Paris; but people believe so gladly what they desire, that Madame Chermidy regarded Germaine as buried. From Trieste to Corfu she lived on deck, glass in hand, for she wished to be the first to sight land. She was inclined to stop all the vessels that passed to ask them if they had no letters addressed to her. She inquired whether they would arrive in the morning, for she did not fancy she could endure waiting a night, and intended to drive straight to the Villa Dandolo. Her impatience was so evident that the cabin passengers christened her the "heiress," and it was whispered that she was proceeding to Corfu to take possession of a large fortune.

The sea was very rough for a couple of days, and everybody was ill except Germaine's heiress, for she had not time to feel the rolling. Perhaps her feet did not even feel the deck, for she was so light that she hovered instead of walking. When she fell asleep by any accident, she dreamt that she was floating in the air.

The boat cast anchor at nightfall, and it was past nine o'clock before the passengers and their baggage were landed. The sight of the scattered lights burning about the town produced a disagreeable effect on Madame Chermidy; for when we reach the end of a journey, hope, which had till then buoyed us up, fails us of a sudden, and we fall suddenly on the reality. What seemed to us most certain now appears dubious; we no longer calculate on anything, and begin to feel prepared for everything. A chill falls upon us, whatever may be the ardour of the passions that animate us; we are tempted to put everything in the worst light; we regret we have come, and would like to turn back. This impression is the more painful if the country we are going to is quite strange to us; when no one is awaiting us at the landing-place, and we are left a prey to those polyglottic porters who buzz around passengers. Our first feeling is a blending of vexation, disgust, and discouragement. Madame Chermidy reached the Trafalgar Hotel in a very uncomfortable state.

She hoped to hear there of Germaine's death; but she learned before all that the French language is not very widely spread in the hotels of Corfu. Madame Chermidy and Lump, between them, only knew one foreign language, Provençal,

which was not of much service to them in this country. Hence they were compelled to send for an interpreter, and sup in the meanwhile. The interpreter arrived when the landlord had gone to bed; he got up growling, and found it hard to be awake for business that did not concern him. He knew neither the Count nor the Countess Villanera; and they could not have come to the island, for all travellers of distinction lodged at the Trafalgar Hotel. It was not possible that the Count and Countess, if persons of quality, could have stayed elsewhere. The English, the Albion, the Victoria, were establishments of the lowest order, unworthy to receive the Count and Countess de Villanera.

The landlord went back to bed, and the interpreter offered to run and obtain some information. He remained away the best part of the night, and Lump went to sleep while waiting for him. Madame Chermidy gnawed at the bit, and was amazed that a person with 5000*l.* in her pocket-book could not obtain a simple piece of information. She roused poor Lump, who was entirely worn out. Lump advised her to go to bed, instead of tormenting herself.

"You may be quite sure," she said, "that if the little one has removed to another world, the whole town has not gone into mourning for her. We shall only hear about her in the country. Everybody must know the Villa Dandolo; so go to bed quietly; it will be day tomorrow. What risk do you run? If she is dead, I am quite sure she will not come to life again in the night."

Madame Chermidy was about to follow her cousin's advice, when the *valet de place* came with much importance to tell her that the Count and Countess de Villanera had landed in the island in the month of April last, with their physician and entire household; they were very ill; they had been taken to the Villa Dandolo, and they must all be dead a long time ago, unless they were better. The impatient widow turned the lacquey out, threw herself on her bed, and slept but badly.

The next day she hired a carriage, and drove out to the Villa Dandolo. The coachman was unable to tell her what interested her most; and the peasants she met listened to her questions without understanding them. She took every house she saw for the Villa Dandolo, for all the houses are like each other on this island.

When her driver pointed out to her a slate roof embowered in trees, she pressed her heart with both hands. She attentively consulted the physiognomy of the landscape to read the great news she burned to hear; but, unfortunately, gardens, woods, and high roads are impassive witnesses of our joy and grief. If they pay any interest to our fate, they hide the fact very closely from us, for the trees in a park do not assume mourning on the death of their master.

Madame Chermidy was angry at the slowness of the horses, and would have liked to gallop up the zigzag leading to the villa. She could hardly remain in the carriage; she flew from one window to the other, interrogating the houses and the fields, and seeking a human face. At length she jumped to the ground, ran to the villa, found every door open, and did not meet a soul. She returned and traversed the north garden—it was deserted. A little doorway, and a flight of steps led to the southern garden. She rushed down them and wandered through the grounds.

She perceived beneath the shade of an old orange tree near the seashore, a lady dressed in white, walking backwards and forwards, with a book in her hand. She was too far off to recognise the face, but the colour of the dress caused her anxious thought—people do not wear white in a house of mourning. All the observations she had made during the last few minutes contradicted each other; the almost utter abandonment of the villa seemed to evidence Germaine's death. The doors were open, the domestics absent, the family gone away—where to? Perhaps to Paris! But how was it that nothing was known about it in the town? Could Germaine have recovered? Impossible, in so short a time. Was she still ill? But in that case she would be nursed, and the doors not left open. She hesitated to advance to the white lady, when a child crossed the walk and rushed under the trees like a startled rabbit crossing a woodland glade. She recognised her son, and regained her boldness. "What have I to fear, after all?" she thought; "no one has the right to turn me out here. Whether she is alive or dead, I am a mother, and have come to see my son."

She walked straight up to the child. Little Gomez was frightened on seeing this lady in black, and ran crying to his

mamma. Madame Chermidy went after him and stopped short in the presence of Germaine.

Germaine was alone in the garden with the Marquis. All the visitors had taken leave of her: the Countess and her son were escorting Madame de Vitré home; the Doctor had gone into town with the Dandolos and Dr. Delviniotis. The house was left to the servants, and they were indulging in their siestas, according to their habit, wherever the sun had surprised them.

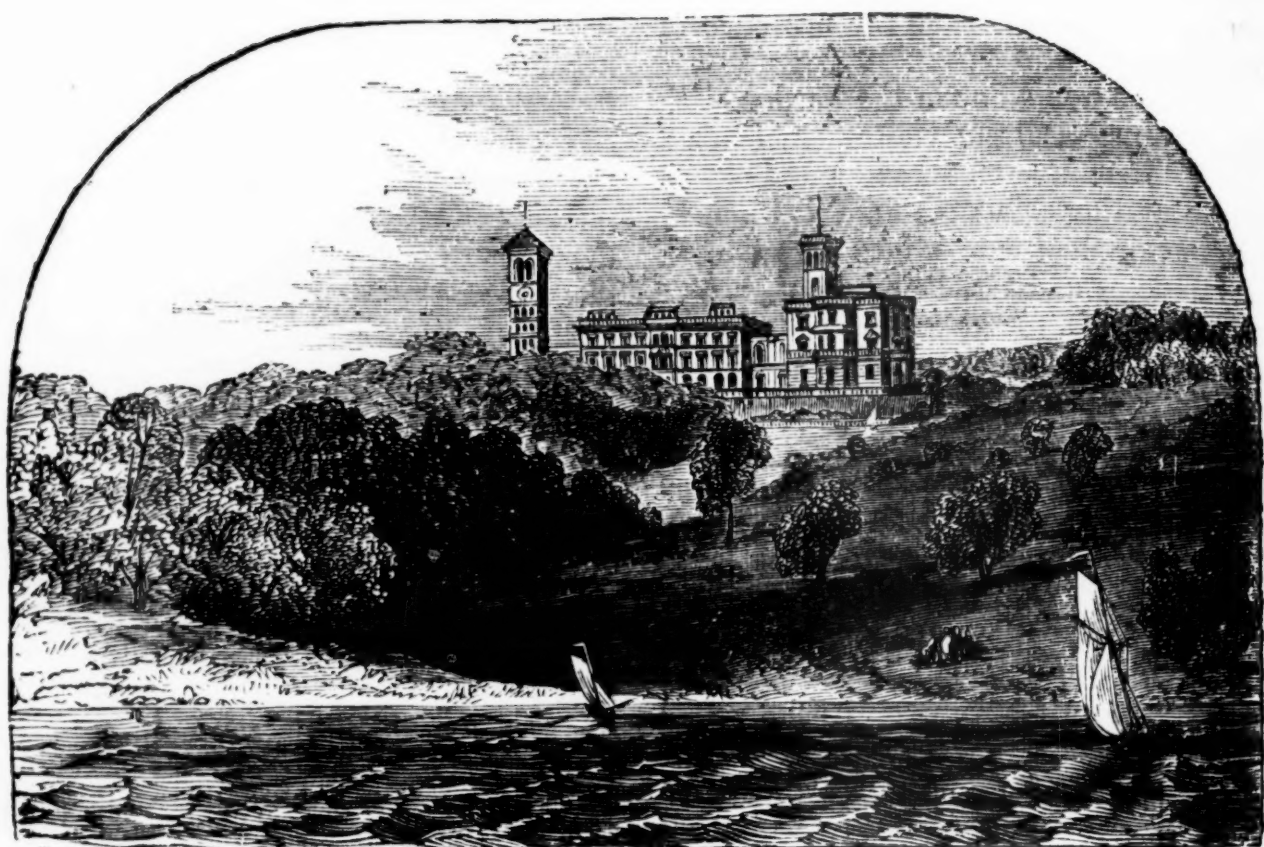
Madame Chermidy recognised at the first glance the girl she had only seen once, and whom she never expected to see again in this world. Though she was so resolute, and nature had endowed her with such a vigorous mind, she fell back a good pace, like a soldier in whose face the bridge he is just going to cross is exploded. She was not the woman to nurse herself with chimeras: she judged her position, and leaped at one bound to the last consequences. She saw her rival thoroughly cured, her lover confiscated, her son in the hands of another woman, and her own fortune ruined. The fall was the more rude because the ambitious fair one fell from such a height. After piling mountains on mountains up to the gates of heaven, the Titans in the fall did not feel the less severely the levin-brand that routed them.

The hatred she nourished towards the young countess since the day she had begun to fear her, suddenly assumed colossal proportions, like those theatrical trees which the machinist produces from the stage and forces up to the drops. The first idea that crossed her mind was that of a crime. She felt a strength centupled by rage quivering in her muscles. She asked herself why she did not tear

down this fragile obstacle that separated her from happiness. For a second she became the sister of those Thyades who tore in fragments living tigers and lions. She repented she had left behind, at the Trafalgar Hotel, a Corsican poniard, a terrible plaything, which she displayed everywhere on her mantelpiece. The blade was blue like a watchspring, long and pliant like the busk of a pair of stays; the hilt was of ebony incrustated with silver, and the sheath of oxidized platina. She ran in thought to this familiar weapon; she mentally seized it, and caressed it in imagination. Then she thought of the sea that so gently bathed the edge of the garden; nothing was more easy and tempting than to carry off Germaine, as an eagle bears a lamb to its nest, lay her in three feet of water, stifle her cries beneath the waves, and compress her struggles till a final convulsion made another Countess of Villanera.

Fortunately, the distance is further between thought and action than from the arm to the head. Besides, little Gomez was there, and his presence probably saved Germaine's life. More than once the limpid glance of a child has sufficed to paralyse a criminal hand. The most profligate beings have an involuntary respect for this sacred age, which is even more august than old age. The latter is like calm water which has allowed all the impurities of life to sink to the bottom; but infancy is a stream that has burst from the mountain-side; which may be agitated without troubling it, because it is thoroughly pure. Old men have a knowledge of good and evil; while the ignorance of childhood is like the spotless snow of the Jungfrau, which no footprint has polluted, not even the claw-mark of a bird.

(To be continued.)



OSBORNE HOUSE, FROM THE SEA.

TRIPS AFTER HEALTH, AND HOW TO PROFIT BY THEM.

(Known as "*Health Resorts of Britain.*")

BY SPENCER THOMSON, M.D.

CHAPTER IX.

ISLE OF WIGHT—BOURNEMOUTH—WEYMOUTH—JERSEY—GUERNSEY—SARK—
ALDERNEY.

A GLANCE at the map of England will show any reader who does not quite remember its position and form, that the Isle of Wight is what may be called lozenge-shaped, that two sides of the lozenge face the opposite coasts of Hampshire, that one, the longest side, looks to the south-west, and that the fourth, on which is situated the Undercliff, looks to the south-east. Sir James Clark, our great climate authority, thus describes the Undercliff:—

"This singular district consists of a series of terraces, formed by the upper strata, composed of chalk and green sand, which have slipped down from the cliffs and hills above, and been deposited in irregular masses upon a substratum of blue marl. The whole of the Undercliff, which presents in many places scenery of the greatest beauty, is dry and free from moist or impure exhalations, and is protected from the north, north-

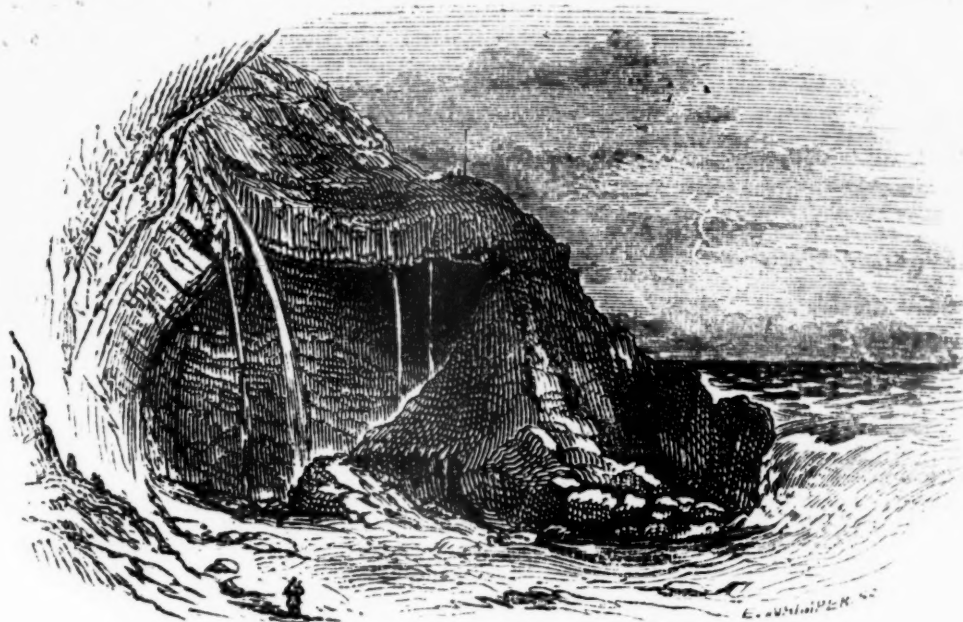
east, north-west, and west winds by a range of lofty downs, or hills of chalk and sandstone, which rise boldly from the upper termination of these terraces, in elevations varying from four hundred to six and seven hundred feet; leaving the Undercliff open only in a direct line to the south and south-east, and obliquely to the south and south-west winds.

"But not alone does this district of the Undercliff recommend itself as a snugly-sheltered nook of the world, for it has natural advantages of beautiful scenery, no slight recommendation to invalids, which are scarcely to be surpassed. Beginning at the east end, first have we Bonchurch, presenting a combination of cliffs and knolls, wooded or bare, or ivied over, intermingled with the luxuriant foliage of the Isle of Wight, and guarding the numerous pretty villas and elegant residences which spread over its terraced elevations."

The luxuriance of the ivy is especially noted as tending much to take away the appearance of winter bareness.

"Bonchurch is country, and Ventnor, which lies close to it, is town in comparison, and the regular lines of houses—private and with accommodation for visitors—hotels, shops, and all the etce-teras, give it a more matter-of-fact and less romantic appearance than the other portions of the Undercliff; but yet Ventnor, with its lofty cliff background, its bold coast, its sea-view, and its proxi-

mity to Bonchurch, has much to delight, to amuse, and to cheer. Nor must we omit to mention, amidst its other attractions, the search after the 'Isle of Wight diamonds,' which will often while away an idle hour, either with the transient summer visitor, or the more settled invalid. This may seem a small matter to enumerate among the capabilities of any invalid residence, were it not that every little attraction and excitement becomes of value to those whose wearisome hours of ill-health are unrelieved



UNDERCLIFF.

by the stirring incidents of the bustle, the business, and even the anxieties of everyday active life.

"From and including Bonchurch, to the village of St. Lawrence beyond Ventnor, we have the most favoured and best protected portion of the Undercliff district, and the best adapted for the winter residence of the delicate. As we advance more to the west, the protection is less as a whole, though undoubtedly equal to that of the eastern Undercliff in many of the sheltered little nooks. Moreover, owing to its elevation above the level of the sea, the Undercliff differs from most situations on our coast, in being less exposed to the direct and immediate influence of the sea-air; a circumstance which in a medical point of view deserves attention."

But delightful as this district of the Undercliff is, even in December, one must not forget that all our readers are not looking for invalid information, but that some who may contemplate a summer trip may wish to know what they are to expect to see on our island. Few trips will offer more genuine sources of pleasure. Suppose we cross from Portsmouth to Ryde—which lies on the north-eastern

side of the lozenge—we find a fashionable watering-place, with clean, open streets, many of them facing the sea, or rather the "Solent Channel," as the expanse of water which separates us from the mainland is called, and very busy is the scene which this strip of water, now narrowing and again widening, gives occasion to. Steamers and wherries sweep its surface, ruffled with their constant movement to and fro; while westward, towards the Motherbank, the merchant craft, and eastward, beyond Spithead, the war vessels of Britain, swing to the changing tide. Overlooking all this, and scattered along the coasts, the mansions of wealth and rank add greatly to the beauty of the scene; nor is the interest lessened by the sight of the towers of Osborne, which indicate the whereabouts of the palace of the Queen. But let us go with our tourist, northward to Cowes. Who does not know the rendezvous of the Royal Yacht Squadron?—and here are the stir and bustle of a frequented harbour; moreover, excellent bathing and bathing accommodation. Make your visit in August or September, and perhaps the Regatta will add its excitements to the tourist's visit.

Should we make up our minds to leave the sea for a time, a boat will take us up the Medina to Newport, and we shall visit as desirable a little town as can be found, cheerful in itself and environed by a pleasing contrast of hill and dale; open down and wood-girt field. We bend our steps westward to the long end of the lozenge-shaped island to Freshwater Bay, with its lofty chalk cliffs, to Scratchells' Bay, and lofty vaulted arch worn in the rock by the never-tiring waves. Here, too, we get our view of the "Needles," or needle rocks, so well known to all, and so dreaded by the sailor who approaches this coast in a storm. A journey of twelve miles along the south-west border of the lozenge, and we reach the most southern, and, at the same time, the highest land in the island, St. Catherine's Point, which rises within a little of nine hundred feet above the sea, and here looks down upon the district of the Undercliff. But, ere we reach the land of sheltered nooks and luxuriant foliage, we must pass the chasm of the "Black Gang Chine;"* dark, rocky, and unclothed by tree or shrub, this sterile place may yet

possess greater charms for some minds than even the gentler and more cultivated beauties of other scenes. Leaving, however, the Chine behind us, we may well wend our way through the beauties of the Undercliff, or, if we will, traverse the high downs which border its sheltering cliffs. Passing Niton, St. Lawrence, Ventnor, Bonchurch, we come to another of these island Chines, that of Shanklin; but how different from the Black Gang! Here, the rivulet, which has in the lapse of time excavated the chasm or little glen, is overhung by the most luxuriant wood and vegetation, till it ends in its little waterfall, and takes its serpentine course to the sea. Near the Chine, the elevated, but finely sheltered village of Shanklin offers a fine sea-view, a magnificent beach at the foot of a hill, and all that a tourist may require. A little farther eastward, and the white, very white chalk cliffs of Bembridge meet the view, best seen from the sea, as they tower in loftiness sufficient for the eyrie of the eagle, which has ere-while made them its home. A little farther, and we are once more in Ryde, where thronging visitors, steam-boats, and lug-



ENTRANCE TO BONCHURCH.

gage-porters, and all the etceteras of bustling seaside life, tell us how favourite a resort is "The Island."

* Chine is a provincial term applied to the crannies, or, as they would be called in Scotland, little glens, which occur along the Isle of Wight coast.

It has already been stated, that for the winter residence of the invalid, the district of the Undercliff, to which may be added the sheltered portions of Shanklin, is the most suitable for the delicate-chested, or, indeed, for those in ailing health generally. Sir James Clark states,

from the end of October to the middle of May as the proper season for the residence of those who seek the mild climate on the score of health, and even up to the middle of August it is allowable; but from that time to the middle of October it is far from a desirable resort. "The air is then relaxing, and has a depressing effect upon the animal economy." The same authority classes Niton, Cowes, Sandown, Shanklin, as good summer resi-

dences, but gives the preference over them all to Ryde, not only from its position, but because, "from the open manner in which part of it is built, many of the houses having gardens attached to them, it possesses most of the advantages of a country residence, together with those of a sea-bathing place. The neighbourhood is also very beautiful and favourable for exercise."

Returning to the mainland, and just



ENTRANCE TO VENTNOR.

ere we leave Hampshire for Dorset, situated about the central shore of its bay, we find

BOURNEMOUTH,

a winter and summer seaside resort of more recent date than most others upon the south coast. We have remarked that places like Folkstone, which but a few years ago were mere collections of huts, have, partly owing to their own capabilities, and partly under the fostering care of railway companies, sprung up into well-frequented and well-appointed watering places; but Bournemouth has sprung from nothing as it were, for, so late as the commencement of the present century, its site was not simply unfrequented, but, to all intents and purposes, uninhabited, except by the wild fowl. Rather less than fifty years ago, by a happy thought, the extensive and flourishing fir plantations,

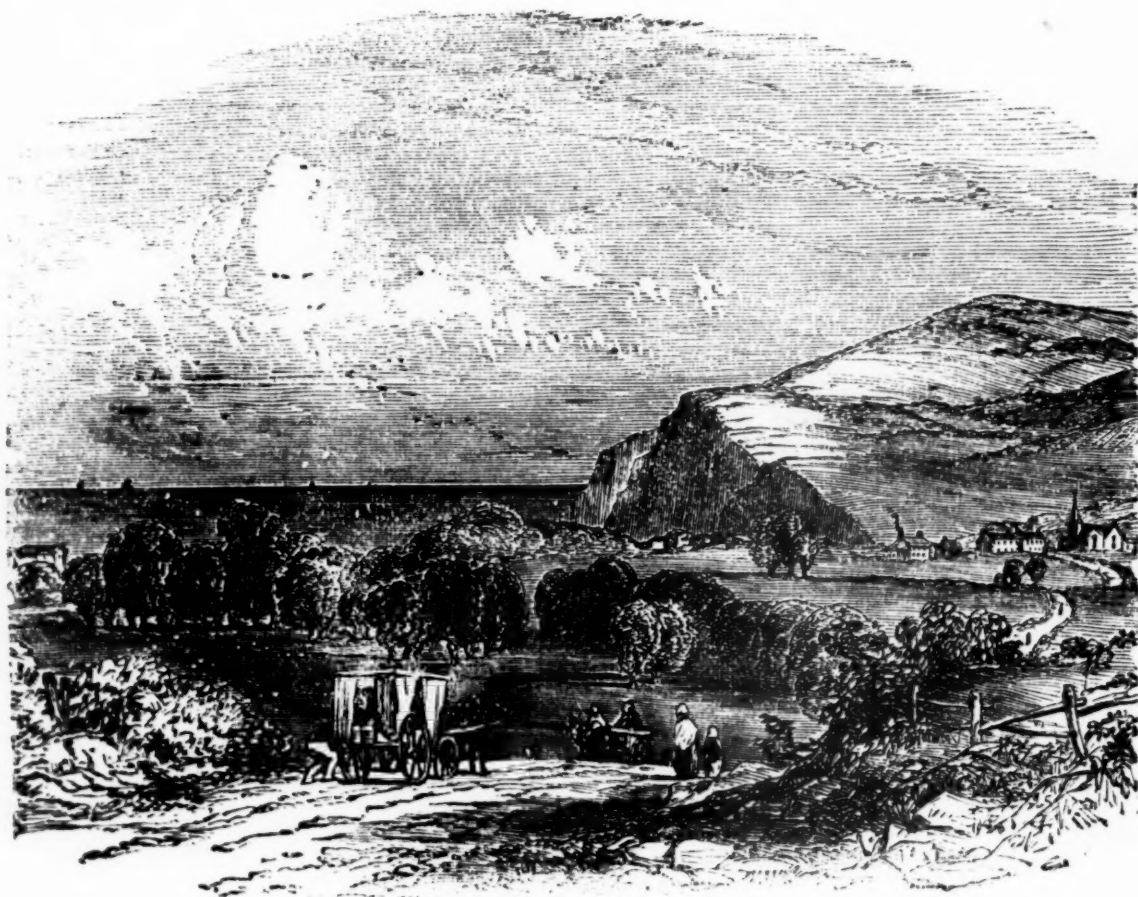
which now give their shelter, and add so much to the natural beauty of the locality, were planted upon the hills around—a beauty and a shelter, moreover, which are so well maintained even during winter, that Bournemouth has already acquired the names of the "Evergreen Valley" and the "Winter Garden of England." Moreover, Bournemouth is not, directly at least, the elev  of a railway station, for it is nearly five miles from the nearest, which is Poole, one of the branch extremities of the South-Western rail. We need scarcely inform our readers that Bourne-mouth means the mouth of a small stream, or as it is called in Scotland, a "burn," and, indeed, it almost seems as if here the Scottish appellation would be the most appropriate, for the scene is much more like one in the Northern Highlands than in Southern England; the hills; the clear burn,

"bourne," or brook; the glens, here called chines; the firs, the heath, the gorse,* all look more like the "North Countrie."

To a happy site, happily planted and chosen, has been added a most judicious style of building, the interminable terrace and straight town-house lines of seaside resorts having been avoided. "Numerous detached villas have been constructed on the slopes, crests, and retired dells of the hills which form the valley. The designs are very various, chiefly Italian, and thatched Elizabethan cottages, or rather in mock Gothic. They are, however, very pleasing in effect; combine very prettily with each other and the landscape; and, what is still more important, especially to the invalid, are convenient and comfortable habitations, sufficiently different in size to meet the wants of the unattended visitors, or of large families with numerous servants." Whether with intention or not, the thatching of houses, if well done, in such

a place as Bournemouth, is a very wise proceeding, as all who have ever lived under thatch will testify; the amelioration, both of summer heat and winter cold, by the thick coating of non-conducting thatch tending greatly to comfort. It is well, too, that in the laying out of Bournemouth sufficient spaces have been left for the purposes of pleasure-grounds and of picturesque planting, which, in other words, means interesting walks and shady lanes. With advantages such as we have enumerated, it cannot excite surprise if Bournemouth has risen, and is still rising in public favour as a general resort; and when its climate, mild and yet bracing, is considered, that its reputation as a winter invalid residence is firmly established.

Of the climate, Sir James Clark thus speaks—"From an attentive consideration of its position, its soil, and the configuration and character of the surrounding country, there can be no doubt that



SHANKLIN, FROM BRADING HALL.

Bournemouth deserves a place amongst our best climates, and, for a certain class of invalids capable of taking exercise in the open air, affords a very favourable winter residence. If the winter temperature is lower, and the daily range greater than at Undercliff and Torquay,

* Gorse or whin does not grow in very exposed northern localities.

and if Bournemouth is less protected from cold winds than these two places, it has the advantage over the former in the excellence of its roads, and the extent of open country around it for exercise; and it has an atmosphere of a less relaxing and depressing character than that of Torquay. As a summer residence, Bournemouth must, from its position and the nature of its soil, be hot; and the clouds

of fine sand, which rise in high winds at this season, are said to be very disagreeable."

Dr. Aitkin, who resided at Bournemouth, tells us—"There are two descriptions of persons to whom this climate offers great advantages, though neither may be said to labour under actual disease. In the first place, to persons who have long been resident in hot climates, and whose constitutions have, consequently, undergone changes that render them peculiarly susceptible of morbid impressions, resulting from the cold and dampness which prevail over by far the greater part of Great Britain. In the second place, to the young, who either from hereditary or accidental causes are of a weak habit of body, and whose tender and delicate constitutions, though unaffected with actual disease, yet are a constant source of apprehension and anxiety to their parents."

The late Dr. Mainwaring, who was resident physician in Bournemouth for ten years, gives equally strong testimony,

saying, "As a resort for delicate and rickety children, it is unrivalled. The sands afford an ample scope for amusement and exercise; the children dig and shape it into various forms and devices, which prove a never-failing source of attraction to them; at the same time they are situated in a dry and warm playground, being sheltered by the wood-crowned cliffs. I have often been surprised and delighted by the rapid improvement which has taken place in pale and sickly children from India, and in children suffering from rickets in an aggravated form. The large drum-like stomach, the stunted growth, the enlarged joints, the pale and flabby skin, has but too plainly told the tale of suffering and disease; in less than two months an alteration for the better has been most decided. The little sufferer has been changed from a state of listlessness to one of activity and comparative strength; and from the misery of a fastidious appetite to that of craving heartiness; and after a few months' residence at Bournemouth, they have



QUARR ABBEY, NEAR RYDE.

been enabled to return to their homes far away, in the enjoyment of good health. These advantages are not confined to children; the invalid suffering from consumption will here find comfort and relief by a winter residence; and I have no doubt that when these advantages are once known, Bournemouth will become the favourite resort for invalids."

It is well, and it speaks well for the locality, that here has been selected the

site for the Sanatorium in connexion with the Brompton Consumption Hospital; patients in limited circumstances, who are recommended by governors, being admitted on payment of a small weekly sum. Thirty patients can be accommodated at one time. A little to the westward of Bournemouth lies Branksome, so similar in every respect, as regards climate, shelter, topography, &c., that it is sufficient to look upon it as included

in the foregoing account, making allowances for those minor differences, which even a distance of two miles will give rise to.

As a sea-bathing place, Bournemouth may be considered "moderately good," and not extravagant as a place of residence. In taking leave of it we must not forget to notice, as one of the principal peculiarities of its vicinity, the numerous "chines," gorges, or glens which intersect the cliffs and run inland, affording great variety of ground to the wandering visitor, who will not do amiss to wander to the top—if he can—of some of the many cliffs, for the sake of the view and the fresh breezes.

We have been much indebted for information to a most excellent account of Bournemouth and its neighbourhood, written by Mr. Brannon, of Southampton, with whose description of our entire South Coast District—at once comprehensive and succinct, we cannot do better than conclude:—

"The district lies in the western part of the great valley which stretches east and west from Shoreham, in Sussex, to near Dorchester, occupying the whole of South Hants, and the greater part of the south of Dorset and Sussex. This valley is known as the chalk basin of Hampshire, and is formed by the high range of chalk hills extending from Beachy Head to Cerne Abbas, and through the Isle of Wight and the Isle of Purbeck. North-erly, this great chain of hills remains unbroken, whilst the south portion of the irregular ellipse, which was the evident form of the valley or basin, has been encroached upon by some geological convulsion, or the action of the sea, or rather by a combination of those causes; and two great portions of the south wall of chalk having been removed, one east and one west, the Isle of Wight has been left insulated in the centre, as a great break-water to the extensive bays, channels, and harbours, which have been scooped out of the softer strata in the interior of the valley. To the east are Shoreham, Hampton, Pagham, Chichester, Langston, and Portsmouth harbours; shut in by the Isle of Wight are the Solent Channel, Southampton water, Beaulieu and Ly-mington rivers; and westward are the bays and harbours of Christchurch, Bournemouth, Poole, Studland, and Swanage."

Our readers will, perhaps, remember that the "South Coast District" of Sir

James Clark extended from Hastings to Portland Island. It consequently includes

WEYMOUTH, OR MELCOMBE REGIS, the former the original, the latter the modern and fashionable Weymouth. The usual amenity of climate, excellent and very extensive sands, an esplanade finer than most, and all the addenda of assembly-rooms, baths, libraries, &c., &c., are to be found here; moreover, Weymouth Bay is extremely well-sheltered, and is comparatively free from those rough seas which so often spoil the pleasure of timid bathers. It is, perhaps, no bad testimony to the salubrity of the town, when it is said that a noted physician left it as a place in which a medical man had "no chance either of living or dying."

We might now, continuing our course, enter upon the South-West Coast Division of our Southern Health District of England, but as we have yet to pay our visit to the

CHANNEL ISLANDS,

we had better do it at once, before we get further away from them. We might, to be sure, wait and go from Plymouth, as we might have started from Southampton, or even London by steamboat; but, on the whole, Weymouth is fully as convenient as any, and promises the shortest and easiest voyage. Of the islands, Guernsey is the first in our path, but like the child, we choose the bigger first, and mark our luggage, St. Heliers.

JERSEY.

It is somewhat curious to find a British possession, for the discovery of which in an ordinary atlas we must turn to the map of France, instead of to that of England; and certainly Jersey, lying as it does within the protecting arm of a French bay, with Cape de la Hogue on the one side, and Cape de Frehelle on the other, seems naturally to belong to France, from the coast of which it is distant barely fifteen miles. Moreover, his French language is almost universally spoken in Jersey, at least by the lower orders. Nevertheless, Jersey is an ancient appanage of the British Crown, and one not annexed by conquest, but added to his English dominions, along with other possessions, by William of Normandy, the victor of Hastings. And a right good appanage and desirable possession

is this garden-like, warm-aired, fertile little island, yielding, among other things, such superabundance of fruit and vegetables of the finest, with apple orchards the most productive, and such noted little milchers of cows, which, somehow, unfairly for Jersey reputation, go by the name of Alderney and Guernsey. Moreover, this valuable crown jewel of an island is so well "set" round with good solid rocks, seen and unseen, and so well guarded by the currents and eddies which these produce, that it is almost self-defended; so that with the addition of art, and by the aid of the stout hearts and strong arms of its loyal inhabitants, it has never, since becoming a portion of Britain's dominions, been in the possession of a foe. Once, indeed, seven hundred Frenchmen made stealthy entrance by night, and even gained the market-place of St. Heliers—the principal town—by day-dawn; but not long did they keep possession, and few returned to tell the tale of their defeat and ejection.

Suppose we make up our minds to visit Jersey for our summer excursion in search of health, pleasure, and sea-breezes. The latter we may inhale to our heart's content while crossing the eighty miles of salt water which intervene between our point of departure at Weymouth and the harbour of St. Heliers, in St. Aubin's bay. Gradually sloping towards the water, and facing due south, the wooded, fertile, and farm-studded shores of this bay present a most cheerful first view to the stranger; and who does not feel how much there is in a first view? As we near St. Heliers harbour, the eye is attracted by its two places of defence; the one, Fort Regent, being the largest and most important fort on the island, built on an elevated rock, and commanding the bay of St. Aubin; the other, Elizabeth Castle, three-quarters of a mile distant from the town, and so far advanced seaward that at high tide it is surrounded by the water, though when the tide goes down the intervening space is left dry. If tradition speaks true, this intervening space was at one time a fertile meadow, before, like some other portions of Jersey shore, it was overwhelmed by the sea. Perhaps some of the old Romans, who are known to have visited the island, could tell; or, of later date, though still remote from our day, Rollo the Northman and his followers may have sent their horses to summer pasture on what is now a sea-washed beach of shingle.

Doubtless we have looked during our voyage at the map, or at some map of Jersey, and we have seen that it is a somewhat oblong-shaped island, about ten or eleven miles long and five or six broad, the latter measurement being from north to south: its calculated area is a little above sixty square miles, or 40,000 acres. The calculation, however, probably includes the sands left bare at low water, and as Jersey has many sandy bays this must add considerably to the measurement.

Of course, Jersey being a little island, and not content with the name of "miniature beauty," is inclined to measure all she can, not the less so, perhaps, because it is evident that she has at some time or other been curtailed of her fair proportions. At St. Caen's bay, it is said that the remains of ruined houses are to be seen at low water, and geologists find a still more confirming testimony of the rocks, in the fragments which strew the shore.

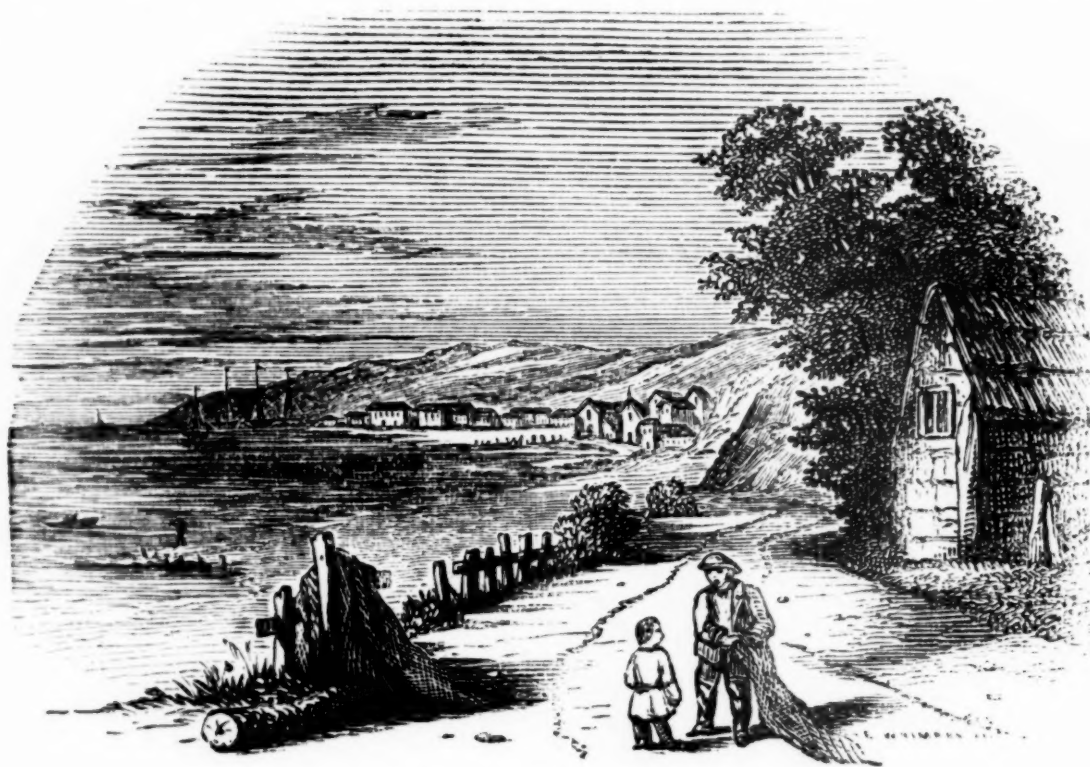
The rugged and precipitous cliffs of Jersey, and the many sandy bays which occupy their indentations, offer a most interesting field for the seaside naturalist, the sea-weeds and flowers—animal flowers withal—being especially fine, and sea creatures of all kinds abundant, whilst in the interior of the island the botanist will find many additions to his English Flora, properly so called, and all over it the geologist may work his hammer to his heart's content; neither need the artist's pencil be idle, or better still, his moist colours and solid sketch-book, for the tints of the often fantastically shaped rocks of Jersey, and the picturesque "bits" of scenery both inland and seaward will yield him occupation for many a day. If he be, however, a disciple of Murillo, we cannot promise him many subjects, for in Jersey beggars are very scarce if churches are not; the latter, the consequence of the island being divided into twelve parishes.

Jersey is justly proud of her flourishing capital town of St. Heliers, at which we land, finding regular well-paved streets, and the full complement of public buildings—churches, libraries, market hall, prison, theatre, &c., calculated to meet the wants of thirty thousand people. For the healthy tourist or resident, St. Heliers is a most agreeable place of residence—as an invalid resort it has the objection of being inconveniently liable to heavy and frequent showers of rain and to fogs. However, before we go into health capabilities, we may have a look at the country

interior of our island. The general slope of the land we find to be towards the south, from the somewhat elevated and craggy north coast; but the surface of the country is one continued undulation; one series, as it were, of garden grounds under rich cultivation; the luxuriant growth of comparatively delicate plants, testifying to the general mildness of the climate, and to the absence of the severe killing cold of British or of Continental winters. This exception from severe cold and frost Jersey, of course, owes to its situation as a small island in the midst of ocean currents from warmer latitudes. To the natural beauty of the landscape, animation is given by the thickly scattered garden-surrounded dwellings of cottage proprietors, which, although they give but small evidence of wealth, tell of the absence of poverty and of the presence of all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. One peculiar feature of Jersey scenery is the extent to which minute divisions of the land is carried, and the planting upon the embankments

which separate the enclosures, giving the island a thickly wooded appearance, and a character of vegetative luxuriance pleasant to the eye but scarcely calculated to promote health. The abundant falls of rain, the many streams, and the humid atmosphere generally, have their influences much increased by the exuberant growth of trees and shrubs, which prevent proper evaporation; not that there are many woods or even plantations in the island, but its whole surface is garden and orchard.

On the side of St. Aubin's bay, opposite to St. Heliers, and about four miles distant from it, we have the town of St. Aubin, also protected by its castle. Its harbour accommodation is inferior to that of St. Heliers, and, consequently, it is less frequented by the business population; it has, however, a higher repute as an invalid resort; this reputation is shared with it by the country lying to the south-west of St. Heliers towards St. Clements. Going to St. Clements towards the sea we get a good idea of the formidable



ST. AUBIN'S, JERSEY.

nature of the Jersey coast; for here the sea is literally studded with rocks, a defence in themselves, but as such much strengthened by the Martello towers built among them. Jersey distances are not formidable, and we cross the south-west angle of the island, through Grouville, to visit the splendidly situated castle of Mount Orguel, which crowns the northernmost point of the bay of Grouville. This castle stands upon a lofty rock projected into the sea, and its ruined towers,

overlooking the coast of France, are most striking and interesting—it was for a time the residence of Charles the Second, during his exile. After a glance at the little village of Gorey, a noted oyster-fishing station, which lies on the shore below the castle, we go northward, through the rich district of St. Martin's, till we reach, at the north-west corner of the island, the picturesque little harbour of Rozel, made additionally interesting by its Druidical remains. Not far from

this St. Catherine's bay has the double interest of being one of the most luxuriantly beautiful parts of Jersey, and of now being made a defensive post.

The visitor to Jersey will find no lack of easily reached objects of interest, and the invalids will not find the fatigue of long distances, though they may find that of high winds, which are not unfrequent. Generally the winds are from the south-west, but in spring the north-east wind often prevails for a considerable time, and unquestionably to the detriment of the delicate. May is said to be one of the most trying months in Jersey, while

March is much less so than in Britain. The autumn extends far into winter, the landscape looking clothed almost up to Christmas, and vegetation is again well advanced by the beginning of April, thus making but a short season of wintry weather and barrenness.

With respect to the influence of the climate of Jersey upon disease, Sir James Clark remarks—"The most prevalent disease in the Channel Islands is chronic rheumatism, which among the people of the rural districts is universal, after the age of thirty; dyspepsia, diseases of the liver, and dropsy are also prevalent. Scrofula is



WATER LANE, JERSEY.

common, but consumption is said not to be common. The climate of the Channel Islands has a close resemblance to that of the south-west coast of England, and especially to Penzance in Cornwall. There are the same equable temperature, the same soft humid atmosphere, and the same liability to high winds during winter, and cold north-east winds in the spring, which characterize the latter place. So close is the affinity of their climates, and so similar their influence on disease, that the remarks which apply to the south-west of Devonshire and the Land's End as residences for invalids, are perfectly applicable to the Channel Islands." Thus, while in diseases of irritation the climate is serviceable, it certainly exerts an unfavourable influence on all nervous complaints arising from relaxation or want of tone of the nervous system, on persons subject to nervous headaches, and in some forms of indigestion. Indeed, indigestion from relaxation of the system is one of the most common complaints among the inhabitants of the coast: and it frequently

happens that persons in good health, who have come from a colder and more bracing climate, suffer much from this disease—consequently, from the relaxing and enervating effects which a long residence in such a climate is liable to produce on many constitutions, invalids who intend to reside under its influence during several winters, should leave it in the summer and seek a drier and more bracing air. These, however, are cautions for invalids, and perhaps necessary ones; they are not meant for the tourists running away from town confinement and business anxieties, with their, perhaps, trivial and transient ailments; to such, Jersey will afford a most pleasant resort, no little recommendation being the necessity for the short sea voyage, and the chance of a little—just a little—turn of sea sickness.

As regards climate, the other isles of the Channel, Guernsey, Sark or Serque, and Alderney, are much upon a par with Jersey; in physical conformation they present considerable variety.

GUERNSEY,

which is next to Jersey in size and importance, lies nearer to the coast of England, so we take the steamer which calls at Guernsey, the fairy conquered island, and lands us at St. Peter's Port, passing on the way the islet rocks of Herm and Tedthou, the first, a territory about two miles long, devoted to a community of rabbits, the second, half this size, a rock amid rocks, and a noted beacon station. Guernsey's high cliffs rising to face the south, and its low northern shore, give it a shape the reverse of Jersey, which descends towards the south; a short extract from Mr. Cooper Dendy's "Islets of the Channel" will give the best idea of the little sea-girt and rock-girt place:—

"It is early evening in summer; wandering in the interior of this floral islet, you are directly surrounded by pretty quiet hamlets and homesteads. The abrupt lanes are lined and feathered by underwood of very luxuriant, yet dwarfish growth. The little gardens are glowing with flowers, and they, as if to shame the forest by a contrast, attain a gigantic height; their colours being exquisitely deepened into perfect beauty. The tree verbena rises twenty feet; camellia, oleander, myrtle, aloe, cystus, blue hydrangea, fuchsia, geranium, magnolia, all blooming profusely in the open air; amaryllis, the Guernsey lily, being here unparalleled. The heliotrope overruns its bed in the wildest luxuriance; a carpet of

the richest dyes, more beautiful by far than the cloth of gold of Hindustan, and on which Flora might well hold her court of blossoms, and the canna Indica is now a denizen of the islet. And here on the brow is the village of Catel, looking down and across the flats to Braye. The antique church of the twelfth century, frowning in dark stone, adds high interest to the bright landscape around us."

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The rocks, caves, little bays, and steep foot-paths of Sark make it rather the resort of the strong summer tourist, and enthusiastic naturalist, than of the invalid; and the same may be said of

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where the steamer can land us if we will, or, at least, if the weather will, on our way back to Weymouth; in any case, landed or not, we pass the Casket Rocks, or, as they used to be called, the "Catte Rage," their name in 1120, when Prince William, in the "White Ship," returning from Normandy, was wrecked upon them and drowned.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

No. 2.—HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

WHAT is honour? There seems to us something extremely doubtful and fallacious in this word; and particularly when we hear that it is to be found among thieves. Honour, a name that we give to high and holy things, coupled with the most base and degraded! How is this? We are afraid the world has not yet discovered how to call things by their proper names; that we call some things honourable, which in reality are dishonourable; and that if we had true notions of honour, we should not expect to find it among thieves. We too often put that vague and uncertain thing called "honour" in

the place of religion, morality, and virtue, and seem to imagine that a highly educated man can trust himself safely to its sole guidance, while an imperfectly taught person would be unable to attain what is called a proper sense of honour. This point is curiously put in one of the imaginary conversations of Walter Savage Landor; the speakers are William Penn and the celebrated Lord Peterborough. "Lax morals," Penn says, "may appear for a time opportune and convenient to thee; but wouldst thou wish thy son or thy daughter, if thou hadst one, to experience the utility of them? or wouldst thou

choose a domestic, in town or country, as being the wiser or the honester for thinking like thyself?" Peterborough.—"It would bring him to the gallows within the year; for such fellows can have no sense of honour to direct them." Penn.—"Sense of honour, it appeareth to me, is that exquisite perception, whereby a man apprehendeth how he may do the most injury to others for the longest time; how he may be most acceptable to society at the least expense or pains. My own sense of it, on the contrary, I would desire to be such as may direct me how to do to others what shall both content and improve them, not concealing my own infirmities, nor exposing them. Among you, a lofty spirit must ever be an inflammable one; and courage hath not room for Patience at the side of her. Ye pardon everything done against your God, and nothing done against yourselves: which maketh me sometimes doubt whether those who are called liberal may not be peradventure the most illiberal of mankind." Here Lord Peterborough distinctly states that the same mode of thinking in which he indulged would infallibly bring his servant to the gallows in a week, while with him it led to high military commands. The same mode of thinking which made him a great soldier, would make the other a great robber. The possession of, what he calls, the sense of honour preserving him from the evil consequences of his thoughts; the absence of that sense of honour leading his servant through the same thoughts into crimes deserving the gallows. "Special pleading and forgery," says Mr. Bentham, "both spring from the art of writing; with this only difference between them, the one leads to the Bench, the other to the gallows." The special pleader, of course, being animated by a high sense of honour, while the forger is destitute of that guide. What, then, is honour? What is this thing which exercises such a powerful influence over society, which, while it animates the noblest spirits, and preserves them from evil, is found also among thieves? The answer of Penn teaches us that it is something which men estimate, not by any fixed standard common to all men, but by some arbitrary law which they lay down for their own guidance. In every community will be found smaller aggregations of individuals; each of these having interests common to all the individuals of such aggregations, but opposed to the interests of the re-

mainder of the community. These aggregations make laws for their guidance towards each other, without reference to the rest of the community; and these may be called the laws of Honour. There will, therefore, be one law of honour for soldiers, another for thieves; one for courtiers, another for courtezans; one for knight and noble, another for the low-born burgess. Let us go back for an instant to the palmy days of chivalry for an illustration. In those times, honour was the great object sought,—honour from the body of knights,—from those within the pale of chivalry; those without that pale were deemed incapable of either conferring or taking away honour. The knights lived for the world of knights, and despised and contemned all who had not attained that dignity. Thus a knight was bound to keep his word pledged to a fellow-knight; but he might break his word, and his oath too, to a low-born burgess: just as the profligate man of fashion of the present day feels bound to pay his gaming debts to his gambling associates, even to the uttermost farthing, lest he should be dishonoured; yet he feels no loss of honour in cheating his tradesmen of their honest due, and defrauding them of the goods for which they have had to pay.

Bearing in mind, then, the fact that the so-called laws of honour are made for different sections of the community, we can understand how it has grown into a proverb, that there is "honour among thieves." Thieves, smugglers, poachers, gamblers,—any aggregation of persons within the general community, having interests at variance with that community,—form their own code of laws of honour, to break which is to become dishonoured among thieves, smugglers, poachers, and gamblers. And they have their own code of morality founded upon these laws. Thieves, for instance, banish the commandment which says "Thou shalt not steal," from their code. They do not recognise the policy of it; for they themselves having rarely anything to be stolen, the idea of theft is not odious to them: and not having in their community any very great pretensions to probity, they agree, by a tacit convention, to undervalue that virtue. Like the Arabs of the desert, "whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them," they seem to think they have a right to obtain, by violence or by fraud, a share in the wealth and fertility of the world.

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And as the Arabs, in the midst of their plundering propensities, are remarkable for their honesty towards the members of their own tribe, in accordance with the old Scottish proverb, that "hawks will not peck out hawks' een," so thieves will rarely be found to rob each other. There must, in fact, be a kind of honour among thieves; for not even a society of thieves could exist without some such bond. But the honour which is valued in such society is not intended to be useful to mankind at large, but only to the thieves themselves. The virtues which they cultivate are not cultivated as virtues, but according to their utility in their profession: thus patience, though it is much valued by them, is not so valued that they may be the better able to endure the ills and crosses of life, but that they may lie in wait for their prey: ingenuity is applauded when exercised in working upon the feelings of some compassionate benefactor, or in devising some cunning device for securing their booty: valour is most esteemed when they have to defend themselves against the officers of justice: fidelity is only useful in screening their companions in some scheme of mischief: honour is given to them who are most successful in villainy, or who die game without betraying their associates. It is, then, true that there is "honour among thieves;" but it is a fallacy to suppose that this kind of "honour" is to be regarded with approbation. The expression, "honour," with its very doubtful signification, proves to us, that in ethical and moral matters and relations, it is only a very fine line that divides right from wrong; and that the false application of a right principle leads us into the gravest errors. Let us take for example the term "fidelity," a quality that gives the highest "honour among thieves;" and by its possession creates that sympathy and applause of which every man, in whatever situation he may be placed, is desirous. Without a certain amount of fidelity towards each other, no society could exist among thieves; consequently this fidelity is greatly prized among them. But then it is fidelity to criminal engagements: the principle is right, but the application of it is wrong. And yet the world, generally misled by the right principle, and overlooking its false application, praises this fidelity, even though it be to a criminal engagement; holds up the thief maintaining it to public sympathy; and denounces the man who breaks these criminal engage-

ments as mean-spirited, and devoid of honour. *Infidelity to criminal engagements is repentance*: and we erect a barrier against repentance when we thus uphold this false notion of honour. When we offer reward for the discovery of crime, the State opens the door to this repentance; but to censure a man for accepting such offer, or to commend him for the refusal of it, is to shut the door in his face, reject his repentance, prevent his return to a better course of life, and increase the danger to the community at large from the community of thieves. Besides, if we analyse this thief fidelity, we shall discover that it does not arise from sympathy towards one another, from those kindly feelings which are deserving respect in whatever station of life they may be manifested, but from their antipathy to government, law, order,—to all the common bonds by which society is held together. There is, indeed, no portion of the community in which so many unexampled and disgusting proofs of heartlessness are to be found: in the depravity of a life of crime it is almost impossible that kindly sympathies should spring up; quite impossible that true honour should exist. Hence we have continually the most frightful examples of the breach of that very fidelity which they laud so highly; proving that the proverb "honour among thieves" has no real foundation.

The evils arising from this mistaken notion of honour, combined with the antipathy to law and government, are nowhere more fearfully exemplified than in unhappy Ireland. The most frightful crimes are perpetrated in open day, in the presence often of hundreds to whom the criminals are well known; and yet not one of the bystanders will lift a hand to prevent the crime, or give one tittle of evidence to bring the offenders to justice. They may, and often do, hate and detest the crime itself,—their sympathies may be entirely with the wretched victim,—but their antipathy to law and government is too strong for their sympathies, and, under a false notion of honour, they screen the offenders from the power of the law, and the punishment due to their crimes. This fidelity of accomplices towards each other, and of accessories to criminals, although it may be called "honour among thieves," is in reality one of the greatest evils that afflict Ireland: it puts her without the pale of the law; it fosters a spirit of crime and revenge;

it encourages a brutal ferocity; and undermines every bond of society. Neither life nor property can be secure where this kind of "honour among thieves" is held up as deserving of imitation.

Let us now turn to some of the other classes of society in which a similar principle is carried out, and with similarly injurious results. It is not true of every individual man, but it is of aggregations of men, that wherever they are possessed of so much power as to be in a degree independent of the good or ill opinion of other aggregations of men, that they make one moral rule or code of honour for their conduct among themselves, and another and a totally different code of honour for their conduct towards all other persons. We have already alluded to the knights of old, from whom we derive the principal features of the modern code of honour: they were, as a class, so far removed from the other classes of society, that it was easy for them to frame a code of honour without any reference to other people: it was full of courtesy towards each other, and of contempt for the rest of the world. Honour was with them a blood-stained deity; and plunder was the appropriate sacrifice on its altar. Military glory, success in arms, were their darling passions; and the plunder of the weak was their constant employment. So habituated were they to ravage and plunder, that the church was at length obliged to interfere; and what was called the "Truce of God" was invented, which restricted them from plundering, except on one day in the week; but this limit not suiting the very active propensities of the knights, the church was obliged to give way, and extend the time for their rapacious plundering, until at length they received the sanction of the church to "rifle, rob, and plunder" for five days and six nights in the week. It was amongst such a society as this that the code of honour was framed; we need not, then, feel much surprised at tracing back the origin of the proverb "honour among thieves" to the palmy days of chivalry. The lax state of morals which then existed made it convenient to the knights to consider many things as honourable, or, at least, not dishonourable, which we of the present day should deem highly disgraceful. Society itself has changed, and no longer consists of merely the two classes of nobles and vassals,—one to whom honour was due; the other, with whom it was unnecessary to keep

faith. And the feelings upon which the old code of honour was founded have undergone a corresponding change. The sympathies of the people, for example, are no longer on the side of the bold offender, who, relying on his personal strength or skill in arms, insulted and oppressed the weaker and less skilful. Physical force has given way to moral power. The change that has taken place in what was deemed honourable satisfaction, the practice of duelling, particularly here in England, affords strong evidence of the improvement in the modern code of honour. Formerly, a gentleman high in station could oppress and insult one in humble life with impunity: he had guarded against any personal consequences, by decreeing that it was not honourable to allow one of an inferior station the privilege of duelling; in fact, that as the inferior had no honour, no insult could be felt by him: honour dwelt only among a certain class; and amongst this class it is now become a general feeling, that a duel is about the worst possible way of giving or receiving satisfaction for an affront, or for maintaining one's honour. A man who would be continually thrusting his duelling-pistol in your face, is avoided as a pest to society; he is no longer considered as a person of high honour, but a disturber of the general peace. If two very turbulent persons of this description quarrel with each other, the world is now inclined to recommend them to adopt the Japanese code of honour, and that one should set the example of blowing out his own brains, which the other, as a point of honour, was bound to follow; and thus rid the world of two quarrelsome block-heads at once. We have, indeed, now contrived to change places with honour and dishonour on the subject. It is no longer considered honourable to offer an insult that can only be maintained by the pistol: public opinion ranges itself on the side of the insulted, and marks the swaggering bully with opprobrium. It is no longer considered dishonourable to apologize for an offence committed in the heat of the moment, and thus avoid the necessity of a hostile encounter. Public opinion supports this mode of reparation. The world has found out that the habit of appealing to force multiplied insults, and aggravated the evils it was supposed to correct. It did require a bold and manly courage to oppose the prejudices of society on this point—the prejudices which had

become fixed in our minds. Even the philosophic Mr. Bentham had originally some prejudices in favour of duelling; but he outlived them, as he states in his letter to the late Duke of Wellington, occasioned by the "Iron Duke's" duel with Lord Winchelsea. "For my own part, in former days I thought I saw some benefits from it to mankind, and committed the mention of them to writing, and, if I misrecollect not, to the press. On further consideration, I have arrived at the persuasion, that they amount to little, if anything; and that, at any rate, they are, in a prodigious degree, outweighed by the mischievous effects." If such an original thinker as Mr. Bentham was puzzled for a time, it only proves that he did not start from the right point to arrive speedily at just conclusions; but it also proves that whatever be the basis on which we build our reasoning, whether from the principles of religion, or the principles of utility, we arrive at last at the same conclusion as to the injurious effects of duelling, and the code of honour which enforces the practice. "Ill-advised man!" is the commencement of this letter to the Duke; and after stating what we have above quoted, he goes on,—“Mere insensibility to danger of pain and death is a virtue which man possesses in joint tenancy with the bull, the bear, and their challenger—the dog. Now, then, if to personal and physical, you add moral courage, I will tell you what to do. Go to the House of Lords; stand up there in your place, confess your error, declare your repentance; say you have violated your duty to your sovereign and your country; and promise, that on no future occasion whatsoever, under no pro-

vocation whatsoever, in either character, that of *giver* or that of *accepter* of a challenge, will you repeat the offence.” We do not mean to attribute all that has subsequently been done to get rid of duelling to that letter; but since then there has been a gradual diminution of the practice, until now in England it is scarcely ever heard of. A few years since, a couple of bullies from a gambling-house went out to fight a duel, with their dissolute companions forming a ring round them to witness the affair, as if it were a prize-fight. This made duelling vulgar—a kind of “honour among thieves”—and made gentlemen more anxious to avoid being mixed up in such a questionable affair than hasty to rush into them. The reformed Parliament being something more of a people’s House than theretofore, with less of chivalry perhaps, but more of sound sense, set its face against the practice; and men boldly refused to go out at the call of every one who imagined himself insulted,—apologizing, if they felt they were wrong, and justifying themselves when in the right. Even in the military and naval service it is no longer considered as a necessary test of courage that a duel must be fought. The false code of honour suited to the feudal period, and an uncivilized state of society, is replaced by a better,—by one which inculcates sound principles, and not mere physical daring. The old code, engendered of pride and vanity, has sunk under the world’s censure; but “who would banish from existence a true sense of honour, and a noble thirst of fame? And how would society lose all its tone, and its true ring, if we were to withdraw from it all those precious metals?”

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight !
 Make me a child again, just for to-night !
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore—
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep !

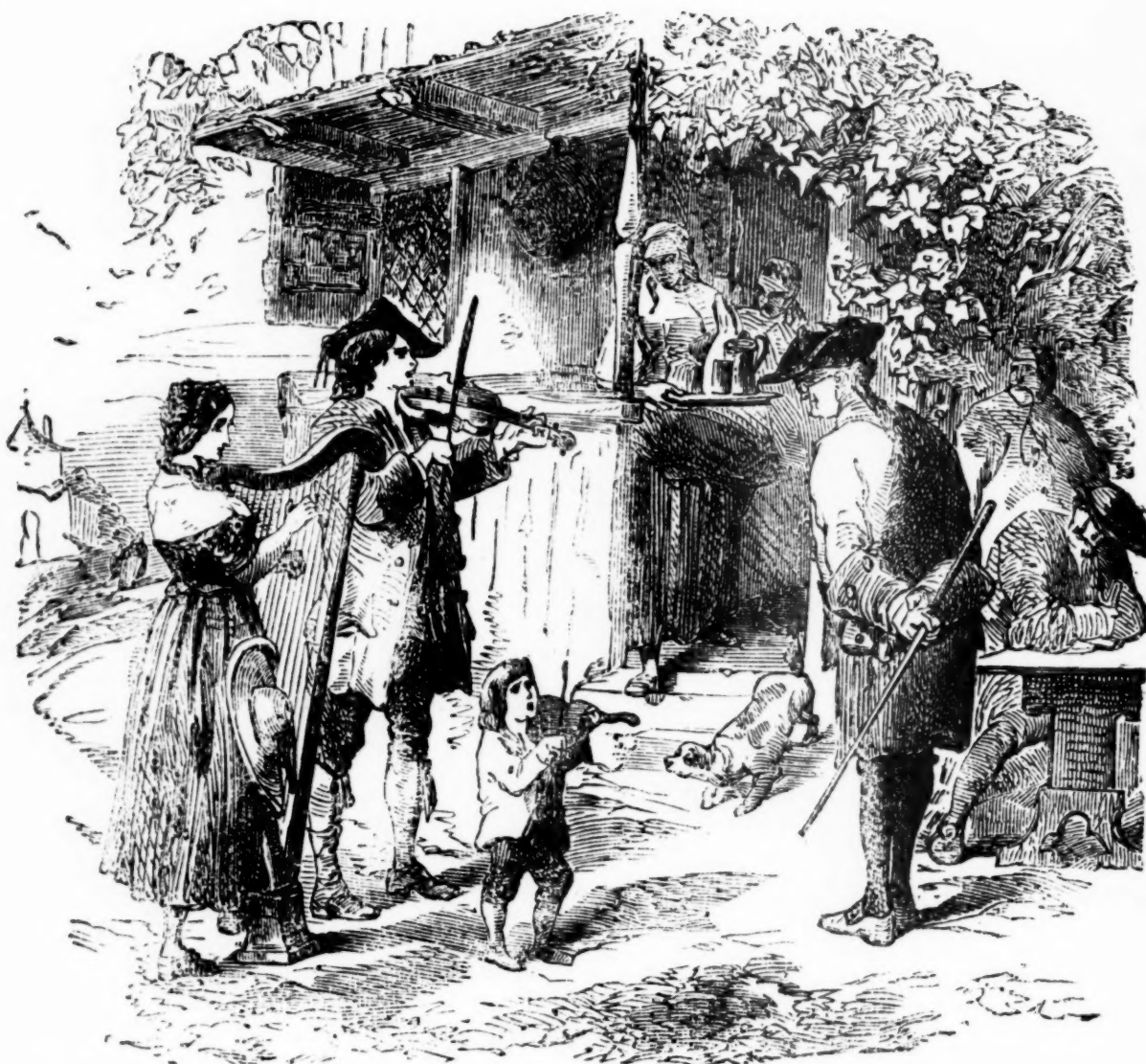
Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of years !
 I am so weary of toils and of tears—
 Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
 Take them, and give me my childhood again !
 I have grown weary of dust and decay,
 Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
 Weary of sowing for others to reap;
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
 Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you !
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,
 Blossomed and faded—our faces between—
 Yet with strong yearnings and passionate pain,
 Long I to-night for your presence again ;
 Come from the silence so long and so deep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep !

Over my heart, in days that are flown,
 No love like mother-love ever has shown—
 No other worship abides and endures,
 Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
 None like a mother can charm away pain
 From the sick soul and the world-weary brain
 Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep !

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
 Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
 Shielding my faint eyes away from the light—
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep !

Mother, dear mother ! the years have been long
 Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's years have been but a dream ;
 Clasp to your arms in loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep !



HAYDN'S FIRST LESSONS IN MUSIC.

Tales of the Musicians.

No. 6.—SCENES IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

CHAPTER I.

IN a small and insignificant dwelling in the village of Rohran, on the borders of Hungary and Austria, lived, at the beginning of the last century, a young pair, faithful and industrious, plain and simple in their manners, yet esteemed by all their neighbours. The man, an honest wheelwright, was commonly called "merry Jobst," on account of the jokes and gay stories with which he was always ready to entertain his friends and visitors, who, he well knew, relished such things. His wife was named Elizabeth, but no one in the village, and indeed many miles round it, ever called her anything but "pretty Elschen." Jobst and Elschen were indeed, to say the truth, the handsomest couple in the country.

The Hungarians, like the Austrians and Bohemians, have great love for music. "Three fiddles and a dulcimer for two houses," says the proverb, and it is a true one. It is not unusual, therefore, for some out of the poorer classes, when their regular business fails to bring them in sufficient for their wants, to take to the fiddle, the dulcimer, or the harp, playing on holidays by the highway or in the taverns. This employment is generally lucrative enough, if they are not spend-thrifts, to enable them not only to live, but to lay by something for future necessities.

"Merry Jobst" was already revolving in his own mind some means to be adopted for the bettering of his very humble fortune, when Elschen one day said to him, "Jobst! it is time to think of

making something more for our increasing family!" Jobst gave a leap of joy, embraced pretty Elschen, and answered, "Come then! I will string anew my fiddle and your harp; every holiday we will take our place on the roadside before the tavern, and play and sing merrily; we will give good wishes to those that listen to and reward us, and let the surly traveller, who stops not to hear us, go on his way!"

The next Sunday afternoon merry Jobst and pretty Elschen sat by the highway before the village inn; Jobst fiddled, and Elschen played the harp and sang to it with her sweet clear voice. Not one passed by without noticing them; every traveller stopped to listen, well pleased, and on resuming his journey threw at least a silver twopence in the lap of the pretty young woman. Jobst and his wife, on returning home in the evening, found their day's work a good one. They practised it regularly with the like success.

After the lapse of a few years, as the old singing-master of a neighbouring town passed along the road one afternoon, he could not help stopping, admiring and amused at what he saw. In the same arbour, opposite the tavern, stood merry Jobst fiddling as before, and beside him pretty Elschen, playing the harp and singing; and between them might be seen a little chubby-faced boy about three years old, who had a small board, shaped like a violin, hung about his neck, on which he played with a willow twig as with a genuine fiddle-bow. The most comical and surprising thing of all was, that the little man kept perfect time, pausing when his father paused and his mother had a solo, then falling in with him again, and demeaning himself exactly like his father. Often, too, he would lift up his clear voice, and join distinctly in the refrain of the song. The song pretty Elschen sang, ran somewhat in this way:—

"The Spring it is come—and the blithe earth
is green,
Birds and flowers are abroad, and how glisten-
ing the sheen!
O'er the broken stones sparkling, the stream
murmurs nigh,
And how fresh from the mountains the breezes
sweep by.

"The bees hum around us, the lambs frolic too,
And golden clouds sport in the heavens' deep
blue!

The young mountain shepherd, his shawm he
hath wound,

And the maiden steps softly, and follows the
sound.

"The bell in yon valley breaks faint on the air,
Stranger, haste not away! pause and breathe
first a prayer,
And give thanks to our Maker, on whom good
men call—
Who created in love, and sustaineth us all."

"Is that your boy, fiddler?" asked the teacher, when the song was at an end. Jobst answered,

"Yes, sir, that is my little Seperl."*

"The gay fellow seems to have a taste for music."

"Why not? If it depends on me, I will take him as soon as I can do so, to one who understands it well, and can teach him. But it will be some time yet, as, with all his taste and love for it, he is very little and awkward."

"We will speak further of it," said the teacher, and went his way. Jobst and Elschen began their song anew, and the little Joseph imitated his father on his fiddle, and joined his infant voice with theirs when they sounded the "Hallelujah."

The friend came from this time twice a week to the house of merry Jobst to talk with him about his little son, and the youngster himself was soon the best of friends with the good-natured old man. So matters went on for two years, at the end of which the teacher said to Jobst, "It is now the right time, and if you will trust your boy with me, I will take him, and show him what he must learn, to become a brave lad and a skilful musician."

Jobst did not hesitate long, for he saw clearly how great an advantage the instruction of Master Wolferl would be to his son. And though it went harder with pretty Elschen to part with Seperl, who was her favourite and only child, yet she gave up at last, when her husband observed—"The boy is still our own, and if he is our only child, we are—Heaven be praised!—both young, and love each other!"

So he said to Wolferl, the next time he came—"Agreed! here is the boy! treat him well—and remember that he is the apple of our eye."

"I will treat him as my own!" replied the teacher. Elschen accordingly packed up the boy's scanty wardrobe in a bundle, gave him a slice of bread and salt, and a cup of milk—embraced and blessed him, and accompanied him to the door of the cottage, where she prayed to Heaven for her child, and then returned to her cham-

* The diminutive for "Joseph" in the dialect of the country.

ber. Jobst went with them half the way to Haimburg, and then also returned, while Wolferl and Joseph pursued their way till they reached Wolferl's house, the end of their journey.

Wolferl was an old bachelor, but one of the good sort, whose heart, despite his gray hairs, was still youthful and warm. He loved all good men, and was patient and forbearing even with those who had faults, for he knew how too often weak and fickle is the heart of man. But the wholly depraved and wicked he disliked, as he esteemed the good, and shunned all companionship with them; for it was his opinion "that he who is thoroughly corrupt, remains so in this world at least; and his conversation with the good tends not to his improvement, but, on the contrary, to the destruction of both."

Such lessons he repeated daily to the little Joseph, and taught him good principles, also how to sing, and play on the horn and kettledrum; and Joseph profited thereby, as well as by the instruction he received in music, and cherished and cultivated them as long as he lived.

In the following year, 1737, a second son was bestowed on the happy parents, whom they christened Michael.

Years passed, and Joseph was a well-instructed boy; he had a voice as clear and fine as his mother's, and played the violin as well as his father; besides that, he blew the horn, and beat the kettledrum, in the sacred music prepared by Wolferl for church festivals. Better than all, Joseph had a true and honest heart, had the fear of God continually before his eyes, and was ever contented, and wished well to all, for which everybody loved him in return; and Wolferl often said with tears of joy—"Mark what I tell you, God will show the world, by this boy Joseph, that not only the kingdom of heaven, but the kingdom of the science of music shall be given to those who are pure in heart!" The more Wolferl perceived the lad's wonderful talent for art, the more earnestly he sought to find a patron who might better forward the youthful aspirant towards the desired goal; for he felt that his own strength could reach little further, when he saw the zeal and ability with which his pupil devoted himself to his studies. Providence ordered it in good time that Herr Reuter, chapel-master and music-director in St. Stephen's Church, Vienna, came to visit the Deacon at Haimburg.

The Deacon then told Herr Reuter of the extraordinary boy, the son of the wheelwright Jobst Haydn, the pupil of old Wolferl, and thus created in the chapel-master a desire to become acquainted with him. The Deacon would have sent for him and his protector, but Herr Reuter prevented him with "No, no, most reverend sir! I will not have the lad brought to me; I will seek him myself, and, if possible, hear him when he is not conscious of my presence or my intentions; for if I find the boy what your reverence states, I will do something, of course, to advance his interests." The next morning, accordingly, Herr Reuter went to Wolferl's house, which he entered quietly and unannounced. Joseph was sitting alone at the organ, playing a simple but sublime piece of sacred music from an old German master. Reuter, visibly moved, stood at the door and listened attentively. The boy was so deep in his music that he did not perceive the intruder till the piece was concluded, when accidentally turning round, he fixed upon the stranger his large dark eyes, expressive of astonishment indeed, but sparkling a friendly welcome.

"Very well, my son!" said Reuter at last; "where is your foster-father?"

"In the garden," said the boy; "shall I call him?"

"Call him, and say to him that the chapel-master, Herr Reuter, wishes to speak with him. Stop a moment! you are Joseph Haydn, are you not?"

"Yes, I am, Master."

"Well then, go."

Joseph went and brought his old master, Wolferl, who, with uncovered head and low obeisance, welcomed the chapel-master and music-director at Saint Stephen's, to his humble abode. Herr Reuter, on his part, praised the musical skill of his protégé, inquired particularly into the lad's attainments, and examined him formally himself. Joseph passed through the ordeal in such a manner, that Reuter's satisfaction increased with every answer. After this he spent some time in close conference with old Wolferl; and it was near noon before he took his departure. Joseph was invited to accompany him and spend the rest of the day at the Deacon's.

Eight days after, old Wolferl, Jobst, and pretty Elschen, the little Michael on her lap, sat very dejectedly together, and talked of the good Joseph, who had gone that morning with good Herr Reuter to

Vienna, to take his place as chorister in St. Stephen's Church.

The clock struck eight, and all were awake in the Leopoldstadt. A busy multitude crowded the bridge—market women and mechanics' boys, hucksters, pedlars, hackney coachmen and elegant horsemen, passing in and out of the city; and through the thickest of the throng might be seen, winding his way quietly and inoffensively, the noted Wenzel Puderlein, hairdresser, burgher, and house-proprietor in Leopoldstadt. Soon he passed over the space that divides Leopoldstadt from the city, and with rapid steps approached, through streets and alleys, the place where his most distinguished customers resided, and whom he came every morning to serve.

He stopped before one of the best-looking houses; ascended the steps, rang the bell, and when the housemaid opened the door, stepped boldly, and with apparent consciousness of dignity, through the hall to a side door. Here he paused, placed his feet in due position, took off his hat modestly, and knocked gently three times.

"Come in!" said a powerful voice. Wenzel, however, started, and hung back a moment, then taking courage, he lifted the latch, opened the door, and entered the apartment. An elderly man, of stately figure, wrapped in a flowered dressing-gown, sat at a writing-table; he arose as the door opened, and said—

"Tis well you are come, Puderlein! Do what you have to do, but quickly, I request you! for the Empress has sent for me, and I must be with her in half an hour." He then seated himself, and Wenzel began his hairdressing without uttering a word (how contrary to his habit!) well knowing that a strict silence was enjoined on him in the presence of the first physician to Her Imperial Majesty.

Yet he was not doomed long to suffer this greatest of all torments to him, the necessity of silence. The door of the chamber opened, and a youth of about sixteen or seventeen years of age came in, approached the elderly man, kissed his hand reverently, and bade him good morning.

The old gentleman thanked him briefly, and said, "What was it you were going to ask me yesterday evening, when it struck eleven, and I sent you off to bed?"

The youth, with a modest smile, replied, "I was going to beg leave, my father, if your time permitted, to present

to you the young man I would like to have for my teacher on the piano."

"Very well; after noon I shall be at liberty; but what has recommended him to you?"

"An admirable piece, which I was yesterday so fortunate as to hear him play at the house of Mdlle. de Martinez."

"Ah! your honour means young Haydn," cried Puderlein, unwittingly, and then became suddenly silent, expecting nothing less than that his temerity would draw down a thunderbolt on his head. But, contrary to his expectation, the old nobleman merely looked at him a moment, as if in surprise, from head to foot, and then said mildly, "You are acquainted with the young man, then; what do you know of him?"

"I know him!" answered Puderlein. "Oh, very well, your honour; I know him well. What do I know of him? Oh, much; for observe, your honour, I have had the favour to be hairdresser for many years to the chapel-master, Herr Reuter, in whose house Haydn has long been an inmate—it must now be ten or eleven years. I have known him, so to speak, from childhood. Besides, I have heard him sing a hundred times at St Stephen's, where he was chorister, though it is now a couple of years since he was turned off."

"Turned off? and wherefore?"

"Ay; observe, your honour, he had a fine clear voice, such as no female singer in the opera; but getting a fright, and being seized with a fever, when he recovered, his fine soprano was gone! And because they had no more use for him at St. Stephen's, they sent him away."

"And what is young Haydn doing now?" asked the Baron.

"Ah, your honour, the poor fellow must find it hard to live by giving lessons, playing about, and picking up what he can; he also composes—or what do they call it?—sometimes. Well, what avails it that he torments himself? He lives in the house with Metastasio, not in the first story, like the court poet, but in the fifth; and when it is winter, he has to lie in bed and work, to keep himself from freezing; for, observe, he has indeed a fireplace in his chamber, but no money to buy wood to burn therein."

"This must not be! this shall not be!" cried the Baron von Swieten, as he rose from his seat. "Am I ready?"

"A moment, your honour—only the string around the hair-bag."

"It is very well so; now begone about

your business!" Puderlein vanished. "And you, help me on with my coat; give me my stick and hat, and bring me your young teacher this afternoon." Therewith he departed, and young Von Swieten, full of joy, went to the writing-table to indite an invitation to Haydn to come to his father's house.

Meanwhile, Joseph Haydn sat, sorrowful and almost despairing, in his chamber. He had passed the morning, contrary to his usual custom, in idle brooding over his condition; now it appeared quite hopeless, and his cheerfulness seemed about to take leave of him for ever, like his only friend and protectress, Mdlle. de Martinez. That amiable young lady had left the city a few hours before. Haydn had instructed her in singing, and in playing the harpsichord, and by way of recompense, he enjoyed the privilege of board and lodging in the fifth story, in the house of Metastasio. Both now ceased with the lady's departure; and Joseph was poorer than before, for all that he had earned besides, he had sent conscientiously to his parents, only keeping so much as suited to furnish him with decent, though plain clothing.

Other patrons and friends he had none! Metastasio, who was nearest him, knew him only by his unassuming exterior, and was too indolent to inquire particularly into his circumstances, or to interest himself in his behalf. He had briefly observed to the poor youth, that since Mdlle. Martinez had left Vienna and his lessons were over, he could look about till the end of the month for other lodgings; and Joseph was too retiring, if not too proud, to answer anything else than that "he thanked the Signor for the privilege hitherto enjoyed, and would look out for another home." But where? thought he now, and asked himself, sobbing aloud, "Where—without money?" Just then, without any previous knocking, the door of his chamber was opened, and with bold carriage, and sparkling eyes, entered Master Wenzel Puderlein.

"With me!" cried the *friseur*, while

he stretched his curling irons like a sceptre towards Joseph, and pressed his powder-bag with an air of feeling to his heart. "With me, young orphan! I will be your father,—I will foster and protect you! for I have feeling for the grand and the sublime, and have discerned your genius—and what you can, with assistance, accomplish."

"Ah, worthy Master von Puderlein!" cried Haydn, surprised; "you would receive me now, when I know not where to go, or what to do? Oh! I acknowledge your goodness! but how have I, a poor musician, deserved it? and how shall I thank you?"

"Ask no questions, but sit still."

Joseph obediently seated himself, and Wenzel began to dress his hair according to the latest mode. When he had done, he said, with much self-congratulation—

"Now pay attention; you are to dress yourself as quickly as possible, or, to express myself in better language, you are to put yourself *prestissimo* into your best trim—and collect your moveables together, so that I can have them taken away this evening. Then betake yourself to the Leopoldstadt, to my house on the river side, No. 7; then knock at the door, make my compliments to the young lady my daughter, and tell her you are so and so, and that Master von Puderlein sent you, and if you are hungry and thirsty, call for something to eat and a glass of Ofener or Klosterneuburger; after which you may remain quiet till I come home, and tell you further what I design for you. Adieu!"

Therewith Master Wenzel Puderlein rolled himself out of the door, and Joseph stood awhile with his hair admirably well dressed, but a little disconcerted, in the middle of his chamber. When he collected his thoughts at length, he gave thanks with tears to God, who had inclined the heart of his generous protector towards him, and relieved his bitter necessity; then he went towards the Leopoldstadt and the house of his patron.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE VULTURE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF JANUARY.

CAPTAIN FANNY, otherwise Sir Lovel Mortimer, did not leave the Black Bear until the morning after Christmas day, when he and his two companions rode blithely off through the frosty December sunlight; after expressing much content with the festival fare provided by Mrs. Pecker; after paying the bill without so much as casting a glance at the items; after remembering the ostler, the chambermaid, the boots, and every other member of the comfortable establishment who had any claim to advance upon the generosity of the west-country baronet.

A noble gentleman, they said, in the kitchen at the Black Bear, handsome and free-spoken, reckless as a prince with his golden guineas and broad crown pieces; comfortable and substantial coins, sadly out of fashion now, but much affected in those homely days. A perfect gentleman, with charmingly lackadaisical and no doubt high-bred manners, such as were of course common to the nobility alone. And then his eyes; those large, shining, black, restless eyes, as motionless as midnight stars reflected on a storm-tost ocean, and almost as wonderful. I do not mean that they said exactly these words in the kitchen at the Bear, but they said a great deal more or less to this effect about Captain Fanny's lustrous orbs. Betty the cook made one remark, the utter inanity of which drew upon her the reprobation and ridicule of her fellow-servants. This foolish woman declared that Sir Lovel Mortimer's eyes reminded her of the night on which the strange pedlar stole the spoons. She grew alarmingly obscure and unintelligible when asked if the eyes reminded her of the spoons or the pedlar; and could only vaguely protest that they brought it all back, somehow.

So entirely occupied were the domestics of the Black Bear in discussing their late distinguished visitor, that the news of a desperate highway robbery, accompanied by much violence, that had taken place near Carlisle, on the night of December the twenty-third, made scarcely any impression upon them. Nor were they even very seriously affected by an attack upon the York Mail; the tidings of which

reached them two days after the departure of Sir Lovel and his companions.

The sojourn of a handsome young baronet at the Black Bear was a rare event, to be remembered and talked of for a twelvemonth at least; while violence, outrage, robbery, and murder upon the king's highway were of every-day occurrence. London kept holiday every Monday morning, and went gipsying and sight-seeing Tyburnwards. Thieves, retired from business, made goodly fortunes by hunting down old comrades. Children were hung without mercy for the stealing of three halfpence on that *via sacra*, the King's highway; because the law, poor well-intentioned, blundering monster as it was, could frame a statute, but could not make a distinction, and could only hang by the letter, where it might have pardoned according to the spirit.

So, in the kitchen at the Black Bear, they spent the few remaining December evenings in talking of the gay young visitors who had lately enlivened the hostelry by their presence, while Millicent Duke, looking fairer and paler than ever in her mourning gown, sat alone in the oak parlour at Compton Hall, with the brass-handled bureau open before her, and her poor brains patiently at work, trying to understand some farming accounts rendered by her bailiff.

Mrs. George Duke found faithful Sarah Pecker an inestimable comfort to her in her bereavement and accession of fortune. I think, but for the help of that sturdy creature, poor Millicent would have made Compton Hall and Compton farm a present to the stalwart Cumbrian bailiff, and would have gone quietly back to her cottage in the High-street, to wait for the coming of death, or Captain George Duke, or any other calamity which was the predestined close of her joyless life. But Sarah Pecker was worth a dozen lawyers, and half-a-dozen stewards. She attended at the reading of the will, in which her own name was written down for "fifty golden guineas and a mourning ring, containing my hair, in remembrance of much love and kindness, to cost ten guineas and no less." She mastered all the bearings of that intricate document, and knew more of it after one reading than even the lawyer who had drawn it up. She talked to Millicent about quarters of wheat, and hay and turnips,

till poor Mrs. Duke's brain reeled with vague admiration of Sarah's prodigious learning. The stalwart bailiff trembled before the mistress of the Black Bear, and went into long stammering explanations to account for a quarter of a truss of hay that had been twisted into bands, lest he should be suspected of dishonesty in the transaction.

When all was duly settled and adjusted, Millicent Duke found herself almost a rich woman. Rich enough, at any rate, to be considered a very wealthy person by the simple inhabitants of Compton-on-the-Moor.

The Hall was hers. The stout red brick edifice, with its handsome, heavy-framed windows, dating from the days of the Tudors, lighted by small diamond-shaped panes of glass, and bordered by flapping wreaths of ivy—ivy so old that its stems had grown massive as the trunks of trees. The noble building, with its square stone-flagged entrance-hall and broad oaken staircase, up which you might have driven your coach and pair, had you been so foolishly inclined—the faded pictures and mouldering tapestry—the oak-panelled rooms, with their low ceilings, black oak, like the wainscot, and their wide hearths and square open chimneys, built surely for traitors to hide in—the roomy, rickety, tumble-down, ivy-covered stables, crowned with weathercocks and dove-cotes—the garden, and the shrubberies, with damp walks half choked with rank overgrowth, and tenanted by bold rabbits, who stared at you as an intruder if you ventured within their domain—the broad acres of arable land, not over-rich, it is true, but sufficiently profitable withal—all these were the property of Millicent Duke, to have and to hold for herself alone; unless, indeed, the long-missing husband, Captain George Duke, of the good ship *Vulture*, should return to claim a share in his wife's newly-acquired fortune.

The thought that there was a remote possibility, a shadowy chance of this, would send a cold chill to Millicent's heart, and seem almost to stop its beating.

If he should come home! If, after all these years of fearful watching and waiting, of trembling at the sound of every manly footstep, and shuddering at every voice—if, after all, now that she had completely given him up—now that she was rich, and might perhaps by-and-by be happy—if, at this time of all others, the scourge of her young life should return and claim her once more as his to hold

and to torture by the laws of God and man! A kind of distraction would take possession of her at the thought. She would deliver herself up to the horrible fancy until she could call up the image of the Captain of the *Vulture*, standing on the threshold of the door, with the wicked, vengeful light in his brown eyes, and the faint, far off, breezy perfume of the ocean hovering about his chestnut hair. Then casting herself upon her knees, she would call upon Heaven to spare her from this terrible anguish. To strike her dead before that dreaded husband could return to claim her.

The diamond earring, the fellow of which Captain Duke had taken from her on the night of their parting at Marley Water, had been religiously kept by her in a little red morocco-covered jewel-box. She was too simple and conscientious a creature to dream of disobeying her husband's commands. She looked sometimes at the solitary trinket; and seldom looked at it without praying that she might never see its fellow. She wished George Duke no harm. Her only wish was that they might never meet again. She would willingly have sold the Compton property, and have sent him every farthing yielded by its sale, had she known him to be living, so that he had but remained away from her.

Millicent was the only person in Compton who entertained any doubt of Captain Duke's decease. The seven years which had elapsed since his departure—years of absence, unbroken by a single line from himself, or by one word of tidings from any accidental source—the common occurrence of wreck and disaster upon the seas, the suspicions entertained by many as to the captain's unlawful mode of life, all pointed to one conclusion—he was dead. He had gone to the bottom of the sea with his own vessel, or had been hewn down by the cutlass of a Frenchman, or the scimitar of a Moorish pirate. The story of Millicent's meeting with her husband's shadow upon the pier at Marley Water only confirmed this belief in the death of George Duke.

Of course, Millicent told her faithful friend, Sarah Pecker, of the letter written by Ringwood a few nights before his death, and to be delivered by her to Darrell Markham.

The two women looked long and inquisitively at the folded sheet of foolscap, with its sprawling red seal, wondering what mysterious lines were written on

the paper : but the wishes of Millicent's dead brother were sacred ; and as the first half of January drew to a close, Mrs. Duke began to think of her formidable journey to London.

She had never been further away from home than on the occasion of a brief visit to the city of York, and the thought of finding her way to the great metropolis filled her with something almost approaching terror. I doubt if an Englishwoman of this present year of grace would think as much of a voyage to Calcutta as poor Millicent thought of this formidable southward journey ; but her staunch friend Sarah was ready to stand by her in this, as well as in every other crisis of life.

"You don't suppose you're going to find Mr. Darrell Markham all by yourself, do you, Miss Millicent?" asked Sarah, when the business was discussed.

"Why, who should go with me, Sally dear?"

"Ah, who indeed?" answered Sarah, rather sarcastically, "who but Sally Pecker, of the Black Bear, that nursed you when you was a baby ; who else, I should like to know?"

"You, Sally?"

"Yes, me. I'd send Samuel with you, Miss Millicent, dear, for there's something respectable in the looks of a man ; and we could put him into one of the old Markham liveries, and call him your servant ; but Lord have mercy on us, what a lost baby that poor husband of mine would be in the city of London ! I cannot send him to the market town for a few groceries, without knowing before the time comes that he'll bring raisins instead of sugar, or have his pocket picked staring at some Merry Andrew. No, Miss Millicent, Samuel Pecker's the best of men ; but you don't want a helpless infant to put you in the right way for finding Mr. Darrell ; so you must take me with you, and make the best of a bad bargain."

"My dear, good, kind, faithful Sally ! But what will they do without you at the Bear ? It will be near upon a fortnight's journey to London and back, allowing for some delay in the return coach ; what will they do?"

"Why, do their best, Miss Millicent, to be sure ; and a pretty muddle I shall find the place in when I come back, I daresay ; but don't let the thought of that worry you, Miss Milly ; I shan't mind it a bit. I sometimes fancy things go too smooth at

the Bear, and I think the servants do their work well for sheer provocation."

Sarah Pecker was so thoroughly determined upon accompanying Millicent, that Mrs. George Duke yielded with a good grace, thanked her stout protectress, and set to work to trim a mourning hat with ruches and streamers of black crape. It was Sarah who devised the trimmings for this coquettish little hat, and it was Sarah who found some jet ornaments amongst a chestful of clothes that had belonged to Millicent's mother, wherewith to adorn Mrs. Duke's fair neck and arms.

"There is no need for Mr. Darrell to find you changed for the worse in these seven years, Miss Milly," Sarah remarked, as she fastened the jet necklace round Millicent's slender throat. "These black clothes are vastly becoming to your fair skin ; and I scarce think that our Darrell will be ashamed of his country cousins, for all the fine London madams he may have seen since he left Compton."

Mrs. Sarah Pecker had a natural and almost religious horror of the fair inhabitants of the metropolis, whom she dignified with the generic appellation of "London madams." She firmly believed the feminine portion of the population of that unknown city to be, without exception, frivolous, dissipated, faro-playing, masquerade-haunting, painted, patched, and bedizened creatures, whose sole end and aim was to lure honest young country squires from legitimate attachments to rosy-cheeked kinswomen at home.

It was a cheerless and foggy morning that welcomed Millicent and her sturdy protectress to the great metropolis. Sarah Pecker, putting her head out of the coach window, at the village of Islington, saw a thick mass of blackness and cloud looming in a valley before her, and was told by a travelled passenger that it (the blackness and the cloud) was London. It was at a ponderous, roomy inn, upon Snow-hill, that Millicent Duke and Sarah were deposited, with the one small trunk that formed all their luggage. Mrs. Pecker entered into conversation with the chambermaid, who brought the travellers some wretched combination of a great deal of crockery and a very little weak tea and blue-looking milk, facetiously called breakfast. She took care to inform that domestic that the pale young lady in mourning, who, worn out by travelling all night, had fallen asleep upon a hard moreen-covered, brass-nail-studded sofa, that

looked as if it had been constructed out of coffin-lids—Sarah took care, I say, to casually inform this young person that her companion was one of the richest women in all Cumberland, and might have travelled post all the way from Compton to Snowhill, had she been pleased so to spend her money. Mrs. Pecker, who had at first rather inclined towards the chambermaid, as a simple, plain-spoken young person, took offence at the cool way in which she received this information, and classed her forthwith amongst the “London madams.”

“Cumbrian gentry count for little with you, I make no doubt,” Sarah remarked, with ironical humility; “but there are many in Cumberland who could buy up your fine town-folks, and leave enough for themselves after they’d made the bargain.”

After having administered this dignified reproof to the chambermaid, who (no doubt penetrated and abashed) seemed in a great hurry to get out of the room, Sarah condescended to ask the way to St. James’s-square, which she expected was either round the corner, or across the street; somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Fleet, or Hatton Garden.

She was told that a coach or a chair would take her to the desired locality, which was at the Court end of London, and much too far for her to walk, more especially as she was a stranger, and not likely to find her way thither.

Mrs. Pecker stared hard at the chambermaid, as if she would very much have liked to convict her in giving a false direction; but being unable to do so, submitted to be advised, and ordered a coach to be ready in an hour.

The “London madams” Mrs. Pecker saw from the coach window, as she and her fair charge were driven from Snowhill to St. James’s, looked rather pinched and blue-nosed in the bitter January morning. The snow upon the pavement was a black compound unknown at Compton, and the darkness of the foggy atmosphere rendered the worthy Sarah rather uneasy as to the possible speedy advent of an earthquake.

The hostess of the Black Bear had neither read Mr. Creech’s translation from Horace, nor Mr. Alexander Pope’s quotation from the same, but she had resolutely determined on this her visit to London to preserve her dignity by a stolid and unmoved demeanour. Not to admire was all the art she knew! She

resolved that from the whispering gallery of St. Paul’s Cathedral to the Merry Andrews in Bartholomew Fair, nothing she beheld should wring an exclamation of surprise from her tightly compressed lips. Although the distance between Holborn and Pall-mall appeared to her almost illimitable, she scrupulously preserved her equanimity, and looked from the coach window at the crowded London streets with as calm and critical an eye as that with which she would have examined a field of wheat in her native Cumberland.

All the busy panorama of the metropolis passed before the eyes of Millicent Duke as a dim and cloudy picture in which no figure was distinct or palpable. She might have been driven close beside a raging fire, and yet have never beheld the flames; or across a cataract, without hearing the roar of the boisterous waters. One thought and one image filled her heart and brain, and she had neither eyes nor ears for the busy world outside the coach windows, and Sarah Pecker on the seat opposite to her.

She was going to see Darrell Markham.

For the first time after seven years—for the first time since she stood beside the bed upon which he lay insensible, with blood-bedabbled hair and pale lips that only uttered wandering words, she was to see him again—to see him, and perhaps to find him changed! So changed in that long lapse of time, that it would seem as if the old Darrell was dead and gone, and only a stranger, with some trick of his pace, left in his stead.

And amongst all the other changes time had worked in this dear cousin, it might be that the old, hopeless love had faded out, and that another image had replaced Millicent’s own pale face in Darrell Markham’s heart. He was still unmarried; she knew that by his letters to Sarah Pecker, which always came at intervals of about three months to tell of his own whereabouts, and to ask for tidings of Compton. Perhaps it was his poverty that had kept him so long a bachelor! A sudden crimson rushed to Mrs. Duke’s face as she thought of this. If this were indeed so, would it be more than cousinly—would it be more than her duty to share her own ample fortune with her own relative, and to bid him marry the woman of his choice and be happy?

She made a picture of herself, with her pale face and mourning gown, bestowing her blessing and half of her estate upon

Darrell and some defiant brunette beauty with glowing cheeks and lustrous eyes altogether unlike her own. She acted over the imaginary scene, and composed a pretty self-abnegating, appropriate little speech with which to address the happy bride and bridegroom. It was so affecting a picture, that Mrs. Duke wept quietly for five minutes with her face turned towards the opposite window to that out of which Mrs. Pecker was looking.

The tears were still in her eyes when the coach stopped before the big town mansion of Darrell Markham's Scottish patron. That old feeling at her heart seemed to stop its beating, as the coachman's loud rap resounded from the massive brazen knocker. The blinds were all down, and wisps of loose straw lay about the doorsteps.

"My lord is out of town, perhaps," said Mrs. Pecker, "and Mr. Darrell with him. Oh, Miss Milly, if we have had our journey for nothing!"

Millicent Duke had no power to reply; the question was doubtful now then. She was prepared for sudden death, but not for slow torture. For seven years she had lived in comparative contentment without seeing Darrell Markham; she felt now that she could scarcely exist seven minutes without looking at that familiar face.

An old woman opened the door. My lord was evidently out of town. Mrs. Pecker directed the coachman to inquire for Mr. Darrell Markham. The great carved doorway, the iron extinguishers upon the railings, the attenuated iron lamp frame, the figure of the old woman standing on the threshold, all reeled before Millicent's eyes, and she did not hear a word that was said. She only knew that the coach door was opened, and that Sarah Pecker told her to alight; that she tottered up the steps, across the threshold of the door, and into a noble stone-flagged hall, at the end of which a feeble handful of burning coals struggled for life in a grate wide enough to have held well nigh half a ton.

A stout gentleman, wrapped to the chin in a furred coat, and wearing high leather boots bespattered with mud and snow, was standing against this fire, with his back to Millicent, reading a letter. His hat, gloves, riding-whip, and half-a-dozen unopened letters lay on a table near him.

Millicent Duke only saw a blurred and indistinct figure of a man who seemed

one wavy mass of coat and boots; and a fire that resolved itself into one glaring round, like the red eye of a demon. Sarah Pecker had not alighted from the coach; the old woman stood curtsying to Mrs. Duke, and pointing to the gentleman by the fireplace. Millicent had a confused idea that she was to ask this gentleman to conduct her to Darrell Markham. His head was bent over the letter, which he could scarcely decipher in the dim light from the dirty window-panes and the struggling fire. Millicent was almost afraid to disturb him.

While she stood for a moment deliberating how she might best address him, he crumpled the letter into his pocket, and turning suddenly, stood face to face with her.

The stout gentleman was Darrell Markham.

CHAPTER XIV.

RINGWOOD'S LEGACY.

OF all the changes Millicent had ever dreamed of, none had come about. But this change, of which she had never dreamed, had certainly come to pass. Darrell Markham had grown stouter within the seven years; not unbecomingly so, of course, but he had changed from a stripling into a stalwart, broad-chested, and soldierly-looking fellow, whose very presence inspired a feeling of safety in Millicent's helpless nature. He clasped his poor little shivering cousin to his breast, and covered her cold forehead with kisses.

Yet I doubt if even George Duke's handsome sinister face could have peeped in at the half-open hall-door at that very moment, whether the Captain of the *Vulture* would have had just cause for either anger or alarm.

It was a brotherly embrace which drew Millicent's slender form to that manly heart—it was a brother's protecting affection that showered kisses thick and fast upon her blushing face, and spoiled the pretty mourning hat which Mrs. Pecker had been at such pains to trim.

Poor Sally Pecker! if she could only have known how little Darrell Markham saw of the crape ruches and streamers, the jet necklace and bracelets, and all the little coquetries she had prepared for his admiration. He only saw the soft blue eyes, with the old pleading look he re-

membered long ago when Ringwood and he were at high words at Compton Hall, and the anxious, fearful girl would creep between them to make peace. Millicent's eyes were tearless now, but such a mist was before Darrell's sight, that he could scarcely distinguish the happy face looking up at him from under the crushed mourning hat.

"Bless you, my darling! bless you!" he said again and again, seeming indeed to have little more to say than this; but a great deal of inarticulate language in the way of kisses to supply his want of words.

"Bless you, bless you, my own precious Milly!"

Nor did Mrs. George Duke do very much on this occasion to establish a character for eloquence, for after a great deal of blushing and trembling, she could only look shyly up at her cousin, and say—

"Why, Darrell, how stout you have grown!"

A moment before, Mr. Markham had a very great inclination to cry, but as these simple, faltering words dropped from his cousin's lips, he laughed aloud, and opening a door near them, led her into my Lord C——'s library, where the dust lay thick upon furniture and books, and the oaken window shutters were only half open.

"My Millicent," he said, "my dearest girl! what a happy chance that I should have ridden into town on this snowy morning to fetch some letters of too great importance to be trusted to an ordinary messenger. I have spent Christmas with my lord in Buckinghamshire, and it was but an accident my coming here to-day."

He took Mrs. Pecker's hat from Millicent's head, and cast it ignominiously on the floor. Then smoothing his cousin's pale golden ringlets with gentle, caressing hands, he looked long and earnestly at her face.

"My Milly," he said, "all these weary years have not made an hour's change in you!"

"And in you, Darrell——?"

"In me! why, I am stouter, you say, Milly."

"Yes, yes, a little stouter; but I don't mean that!" She hesitated, and stood twisting one of the buttons of his furred coat in her slender fingers, her head bent, and the dim light from the half-opened shutters slanting upon the shadowy gold tinges in her hair. Innocent and con-

fiding, a pale saint crowned with a pale aureole, she looked too celestial a creature for foggy London and St. James's-square.

"What then, Millicent?" said Darrell.

"I mean that you must be changed in other things! changed in yourself. I have dawdled away my quiet life at Compton, with no event to break these seven years but the death of my poor brother; but you have lived in the world, Darrell, the gay and great world, where, as I have always read, all is action, and the sufferings or pleasures of a lifetime are often crowded into a few brief months. You must have seen so many changes that you must be changed yourself. I fancy that we country people fall into the fashion of imitating the nature about us. Our souls copy the slow growth of the trees that shelter us, and our hearts are changeless as the quiet rivers that flow past our houses. That must be the reason that we change so little; but you, in this busy, turbulent London, you, who must have made so many acquaintance, so many friends—noble and brilliant men—amiable and beautiful women——"

As in a lady's letter a few brief words in the postscript generally contain the whole gist of the epistle, so perhaps in this long speech of Mrs. George Duke's the drift of the exordium lay in the very last sentence.

At any rate it was to this sentence that Darrell Markham replied—

"The loveliest woman in all London has had little charm for me, Millicent; there is but one face in all the world that Darrell Markham ever cared to look upon, and that he sees to-day for the first time after seven years."

"Darrell, Darrell!"

The joy, welling up to her heart, shone out from under the shelter of her drooping lashes. He was unchanged then, and there was no glorious dark beauty to claim her old lover. She was a married woman herself, and George Duke might return to-morrow; but it seemed happiness enough to know that she was not to hear Darrell Markham's wedding-bells yet awhile.

"I was coming to Compton at the beginning of next month, to see you, Milly."

"To see me?"

"Yes, to remind you of an old promise, broken once, but not forgotten. To claim you as my wife."

"Me, Darrell—a married woman!"

"A married woman!" he cried, passionately; "no, Millicent, a widow by

every evidence of common sense. Free to marry by the law of the land. But tell me, dearest, what brought you to town."

"This, Darrell."

She took her dead brother's letter from her pocket, and gave it to him.

"Three nights before his death, my poor brother Ringwood wrote this," she said, "and at the same time bade me put it with my own hand into yours. I hope, Darrell, it contains some legacy, even though it were to set aside Ringwood's will, and leave you the best part of the fortune. It is more fitting that you should be the owner of it than I."

Darrell Markham stood with the letter in his hand, looking thoughtfully at the superscription.

Yes, there it was, the sprawling, straggling penmanship which he had so often laughed at; the ill-shaped letters and the ill-spelt words, all were there; but the hand was cold that had held the pen, and the sanctity of death was about poor Ringwood's letter, and changed the scrawl into a holy relic.

"He wrote to me before he died, Millicent? He forgot all our old quarrels, then?"

"Yes, he spoke of you most tenderly. You will find loving words in the poor boy's letter, I know, Darrell, and I hope some mention of a legacy!"

"I have neither need nor wish for that, Milly; but I am happy that Ringwood remembered me kindly upon his death-bed."

Darrell Markham broke the seal, and read the brief epistle. As he did so, a joyous light broke suddenly out upon his handsome face.

"Millicent, Millicent," he said; "do you know the contents of this letter?"

"Not one word, Darrell."

"It was noble and generous of my cousin Ringwood to write this to me. Oh, Milly, Milly, he has left me the most precious legacy that ever mortal man received from the will of another."

"I am so glad of that, Darrell. Glad, ay, more than glad, if he has left you every acre of the Compton estate. My little cottage is big enough for me; and I should be so happy to see you master of the old Hall."

"But it is not the Compton estate, Milly darling. The legacy is something dearer and more valuable than all the lands and houses in merry England."

"Not the Compton estate!"

"No—the legacy is—you."

He caught her in his arms, and clasped her once more to his heart. This time it was scarcely so brotherly an embrace, and this time had the Captain of the *Vulture* been peeping in at the library door, he might have felt himself called upon to interfere.

"Darrell, Darrell, what do you mean?" cried Millicent, as soon as she could extricate herself, with flushed cheeks and tangled curls, from her cousin's arms.

"What do I mean? Read poor Ringwood's letter, Milly."

Mrs. George Duke opened her large blue eyes in an innocent stare of wonder as she took the foolscap sheet from her cousin's hand. In sober earnest she began very much to fear that Darrell Markham had become suddenly distracted.

"Read, Milly, read!"

Bespattered with unsightly blots, smudges, and erasures, and feeble, half-formed characters, this poor scrawl written by the weak hand of the sick man, was no such easy matter to decipher; but to the eye of Millicent Duke every syllable seemed burnt upon the paper in letters of fire.

It was thus that poor Ringwood had written—

"COUSEN DARREL,

"When you gett this, Capten Duk will hav bin away sevin years. I canot lieve you a legasy, but I lieve you my sister, Mily, who after my deth will be a ritch woman, for your tru and lovyng wife. Forgett all past ill blud betwixt us, and cherish her for the sake of

"RINGWOOD MARKHAM."

With her pale face dyed unnaturally red with crimson blushes, and her blue eyes bent upon the Turkey carpet in my lord's library, Mrs. Duke stood, holding her brother's letter in her trembling hands.

Darrell Markham dropped on his knees at her feet.

"You cannot refuse me now, my Millicent," he said; "for even if you could find the heart to be so cruel, I would not take the harsh word, no, from those beloved lips. You are mine, Mrs. Duke—mine, to have and to hold. The legacy left me by my poor cousin."

"Am I free to wed, Darrell?" she faltered—"am I free?"

"As free as you were, Millicent, before ever the shadow of George Duke darkened your father's door."

While Darrell Markham was still upon his knees on my lord's Turkey carpet, and while Millicent Duke was still looking down at him with a glance in which love, terror, and perplexity had equal share, the library door was burst open, and Mrs. Sarah Pecker dashed in upon the unconscious pair.

"So, Mrs. George Duke, and Mr. Darrell Markham," she said, "this is mighty pretty treatment upon my first visit to London! Here have I been sitting in that blessed coach for the space of an hour by your town clocks, and neither of you have had so much civility as to ask me to come in and warm my fingers' ends at your wretched fires."

Darrell Markham had risen from his knees on the advent of Mrs. Pecker, and it is to be recorded that the discreet Sally had evinced no surprise whatever at the abnormal attitude in which she had discovered Millicent's cousin; and furthermore that, although expressing much indignation at the treatment she had received, Sarah appeared altogether in very high spirits.

"You've been rather a long time in giving Master Darrell the letter, Miss Milly," she said, slyly.

"That wont surprise you, Sally, when you hear the contents of the letter," answered Darrell, and then planting Mrs. Pecker in a high-backed leather-covered chair by the fireplace, he told her the whole story of Ringwood's epistle.

Heaven knows if Millicent Duke would ever have freely given her consent to the step which appeared to her such a desperate one; but between Darrell Markham and Sarah Pecker she was utterly powerless, and when her cousin handed her back to the coach that had been so long in waiting, she had promised to become his wedded wife before noon on the following day.

"I will make all arrangements for the ceremony, dearest," Darrell said, as he lingered at the coach-door, loth to bid his cousin good-bye; "and that done, I must ride into Buckinghamshire with my lord's letters, and wish him farewell for a time. I will breakfast with you to-morrow morning at your inn, and escort you and Sally to the church. Good-bye, darling, God bless you!"

The blue-nosed coachman smacked his whip, and the coach drove away, leaving

Darrell Markham standing on the door-steps looking after his cousin.

"Oh, Sally, Sally, what have I done?" cried Millicent, as soon as the coach had left St. James's-square.

"What have you done, Miss Milly!" exclaimed Mrs. Pecker, "why only what was right and proper, and according to your poor brother's wishes. You wouldn't have gone against them, miss, would you, knowing what a wickedness it is to thwart those that are dead and gone?" ejaculated Sarah, with pious horror.

For the rest of that day Millicent Duke was as one in a dream. She seemed to lose all power of volition, and to submit quietly to be carried hither and thither at the will of stout Sarah Pecker. As for the worthy mistress of the Black Bear, this suddenly-devised wedding between the two young people, whom she had known as little children, was so deep a delight to her, that she could scarcely contain herself and her importance within the limits of a hired coach.

"Shall I bid the man stop at a silk-mercier's, Miss Milly?" she asked, as the vehicle drove Holbornwards.

"What for, Sally?"

"For you to choose a wedding-dress, miss. You'll never be married in mourning?"

"Why not, Sally? Do you think I mourn less for my brother because I am going to marry Darrell Markham? It would be paying ill respect to his memory to cast off my black clothes before he has been three months in his grave."

"But, for to-morrow, Miss Millicent! Think what a bad omen it would be to wear black on your wedding-day."

Mrs. Duke smiled gravely. "If it please Heaven to bless my marriage, Sally," she said, "I do not think the colour of my dress would come between me and Providence."

Sarah Pecker shook her head ominously. "There's such things as tempting Providence, and flying in the face of good fortune, Miss Milly," she said, and without waiting for leave from Millicent, she ordered the coachman to stop at a mercier's on Holborn-hill.

Mrs. Duke did not oppose her protectress, but when the shopman brought his rolls of glistening silks and brocade, and cast them in voluminous folds upon the narrow counter, Millicent took care to choose a pale lavender-coloured fabric, arabesqued with flowers worked in black floss silk,

"You seem determined to bring bad luck upon your wedding, Mrs. Duke," Sarah said, sharply, as Millicent made this sombre choice. "Who ever heard of black roses and lilies?"

But Millicent was determined, and they drove back to the big gloomy hostelry on Snow-hill, where Mrs. Pecker seated herself to her task of making the wedding-dress.

CHAPTER XV.

MILLICENT'S WEDDING.

VERY little breakfast was eaten the next morning by either of the trio assembled in the dark sitting-room at the inn on Snow-hill. To-day there was neither rain nor sleet falling from the leaden sky; but that blackness was in the air and in the heavens that tells the coming of a tremendous fall of snow. The mud of the day before had frozen in the gutters, and the pavements were hard and dry in the bitter frosty morning—so bitter a morning that Mrs. Pecker's numbed fingers could scarcely adjust the brocade wedding dress, which she had sat up half the night to prepare. A cheerless, black, and hopeless frost—black alike upon the broad moors around Compton, and in the dark London streets, where the breath of half-frozen foot-passengers and shivering horses made a perpetual fog. A dismal wedding morning, this, for the second nuptials of Millicent Duke.

Sally Pecker was the only member of the little party who took any especial notice of the weather. Darrell's cheeks glowed with the crimson fires of love and joy, and if Millicent trembled and grew pale, she knew not whether it was from the bitter cold without, or that cold shudder at her heart within, over which she had no control.

The coach was waiting in the inn-yard below, and Mrs. Pecker was putting the last finishing touches to the festooned bunches of Millicent's brocaded gown, and the soft folds of the quilted petticoat beneath, when this feeling broke forth into words; and Mrs. George Duke, falling on her knees at Darrell's feet, lifted up her clasped hands and appealed to him thus:—

"Oh, Darrell, Darrell, I feel as if this was a wicked thing that we are going to do! What evidence have I that George Duke is dead? and what right have I to

give my hand to you, not knowing whether it may not still belong to another? Delay this marriage. Wait, wait, and more certain news may reach us; for something tells me that we have no justification for the vows we are going to take to-day."

She spoke with such a solemn fervour, with such an earnestness in every word, with a light that seemed almost the radiance of inspiration shining in her blue eyes, that Darrell Markham would have been led to listen to her almost as seriously as she had spoken, but for the interference of Mrs. Sarah Pecker. That aggrieved matron, however, showering forth a whole volley of exclamations, such as "stuff," and "nonsense, child," and "who ever heard such a pother about nothing," and "after sitting at work at the wedding dress till my fingers froze upon my hands," hustled Millicent and Darrell down the wide inn staircase, and into the coach, before either of them had time to remonstrate.

St. Bride's church had been selected by Darrell for the performance of the ceremony, and on the way thither, Mrs. Pecker devoted herself to lamentations on the performance of this London wedding.

"Not so much as a bell a-ringing," she said; "and if it had been at Compton, they'd have made the old steeple rock again, to do honour to the squire's daughter."

It was a brief drive from Snow Hill to St. Bride's church, in Fleet-street. The broad stone flags before the old building wereslippery with frozen sleet and mud, and Darrell had to support his cousin's steps, half carrying her from the coach to the church door. The solemn aisles were dark in the wintry morning; and Romeo, breaking into the tomb of the Capulets, could scarcely have found himself in a gloomier edifice than that which Darrell entered with his shivering bride.

Mrs. Sarah Pecker lingered behind to give some directions to the coachman, having done which, she was about to follow the young people, when she was violently jostled by a stout porter, laden with parcels, who ran against her, and nearly knocked her down.

Indeed, the pavement being slippery, it is a question whether the dignified hostess of the Black Bear would not have entirely lost her footing, but for the friendly interposition of a muscular, though slender arm, in a claret-coloured velvet coat-sleeve,

which was thrust out to save her, while rather an affected and foppish voice drawled a reproof to the porter.

Poor Sally Pecker, saved from the collision, was once more like to fall at the sound of this effeminate voice, for it was the very same which she had heard a month before in her best room at the Black Bear, and the arm which had saved her was that of Sir Lovel Mortimer, the west country baronet.

Mrs. Sarah would scarcely have recognised him had she not heard his voice, for he was wrapped in great woollen mufflers, that half buried the lower part of his face, and instead of the flowing flaxen wig he usually affected, wore a brown George, which was by no means so becoming; but under his slouched beaver hat, and above the many folds of his woollen mufflers, shone the restless black eyes which, once seen, were not easily to be forgotten.

"Sir Lovel Mortimer!" exclaimed Mrs. Pecker, clasping her broad hands about the young man's arm, and staring at him as one aghast.

"Hush, my good soul; you've no need to be so ready with my name. Why, what ails the woman?" he said, as Sarah still stood, staring at her deliverer's face with much that uneasy, bewildered, wondering expression with which she had regarded him on his visit to Compton.

"Oh, sir, forgive a poor childless woman for looking over-hard at you. I've never been able to get your honour's face out of my head since last Christmas night."

Captain Fanny laughed gaily.

"I'm used to making an impression upon the fair sex," he said; "and there are many who have taken care to get the pattern of my face by heart before this. Why, strike me blind, if it is not our worthy hostess of the Cumbrian village, where we eat such a glorious Christmas dinner. Now, what in the name of all that's wonderful has brought you to London, ma'am?"

"A wedding, your honour."

"A wedding! — your own of course! Then I'm just in time to salute the bride."

"The wedding of Mrs. George Duke with her first cousin, Mr. Darrell Markham."

"Mrs. George Duke, the widow, whose husband is away at sea?"

"The same, sir."

Captain Fanny pursed up his lips and gave a low but prolonged whistle. "So, so, Mrs. Pecker, that is the business that

has brought you all the way from Cumberland to Fleet-street. Pray present my best compliments to the bride and bridegroom, and good-day to you."

He bowed gallantly to the innkeeper's wife, and, hurrying off, his slender figure was soon lost amidst the crowd of pedestrians.

A shivering parson in a tumbled surplice read the marriage service, and a grim beadle gave Millicent to "this man," in consideration of a crown-piece which he had himself received. The trembling girl could not but glance behind her as the clergyman read that preliminary passage which called on any one knowing any just cause or impediment why these two persons should not be joined together, to come forward and declare the same.

One of the ponderous doors of the church was ajar, and a biting, frozen wind blew in from the courts and passages in whose neighbourhood John Milton had lived so long; but there was no Captain George Duke lurking in the shadow of the doorway, or hiding behind a pillar, ready to come forth and protest against the marriage.

Had the Captain of the *Vulture* been in waiting for this purpose, he must have lost no time in carrying it into effect; for the shivering parson gave brief opportunity for interference, and rattled through the solemn service at such a rate that Darrell and Millicent were man and wife before Mrs. Pecker had recovered from the surprise of her unexpected encounter with Captain Fanny.

The snow was falling in real earnest when Millicent, Darrell, and Sarah took their seats that night in the comfortable interior of the York mail, and the chilly winter dawn broke next morning upon whitened fields and hedges, and far off distances and hill-tops that shone out white against the blackness of the sky. All the air seemed thick with snow flakes throughout that long homeward journey; but Darrell and Millicent might have been travelling through an atmosphere of melted sapphires and under a cloudless Italian heaven, for aught they knew to the contrary; for the sometime wife and widow of George Duke had forgotten all old sorrows in the one absorbing thought, that she and Darrell were to go henceforth and for ever side by side in Life's journey. This being so, it mattered little whether they went northward through the bleak January weather; or travelled some rose-bestrewn path under the most cerulean

skies that were ever painted on a fire-screen or a tea-board.

They reached York on the third day from that of the wedding; and here it was decided that they should finish the journey in a post-chaise, instead of waiting for the lumbering branch coach that travelled between York and Compton.

It was twilight when the four horses of the last relay swept across the white moorland and dashed into the narrow Compton high street. Past the forge and the little cottage Millicent had lived in so long—past the village shop, the one great emporium where all the requirements of Compton civilization were to be purchased—past groups of idle children, who whooped and hallooed at the post-chaise for no special reason, but from a vague conviction that any persons travelling in such a vehicle must be necessarily magnates of the land, and bent upon some errand of festivity and rejoicing—past every familiar object in the old place, until the horses drew up with a suddenness that sent the lumbering chaise rocking from side to side before the door of the Black Bear, and under the windows of that very room in which Darrell Markham had lain so long a weary invalid.

The reason of this arrangement was that Mrs. Pecker, knowing the scanty accommodation at Compton-hall, had sent on an express from York to bid Samuel prepare the best dinner that had ever been eaten within the walls of the Black Bear, to do honour to Mr. and Mrs. Darrell Markham.

In her eagerness to ascertain if this message had been acted upon, Sarah was the first to spring from the post-chaise, leaving Darrell and Millicent to alight at their leisure.

She found Samuel upon the doorstep; not the easy, self-assured, brisk and cheerful Samuel of late years, but the pale-faced, vacillating, feeble-minded being of the old dispensation; an unhappy creature, looking at his ponderous better-half with a deprecating glance which seemed to say, "Don't be violent, Sarah, it is not my fault."

But Mrs. Pecker was in too great a hurry to notice these changes. She dashed past her husband into the spacious hall, and glanced with considerable satisfaction at an open door, through which was to be seen the oak parlour, where on a snowy table-cloth glistened the well-polished plate of the Pecker family, under the light of half a dozen wax candles.

"The dinner's ready, Samuel?" she said.

"Done to a turn, Sarah," he replied, dolefully. "A turkey, bigger than the one we cooked at Christmas; a sirloin, a pair of capons, boiled, a plum-pudding, and a dish of Christmas pies. I hope, poor things, they may enjoy it!"

Mrs. Sarah Pecker turned sharply round upon her husband, and stared with something of her old glance of contempt at his pale, scared face.

"Enjoy it!" she said, "I should think they would enjoy it indeed, after the cold journey they've had since breakfast time this morning. Why, Samuel Pecker," she added, looking at him more earnestly than before, "what on earth is the matter with you? When I want you to be most brisk and cheerful, and to have everything bright and joyful about the place to do honour to Miss Milly and her loving husband, my own handsome Master Darrell, here you are quaking and quavering, and seemingly took with one of your old fits of the doldrums. What's the matter with you, man? and why don't you go out and bring Mrs. Markham and her husband in, and offer your congratulations?"

Samuel shook his head mournfully.

"Wait a bit, Sarah," he said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "wait a bit; it will all come in good time, and I dare say it's all for the best; but I was took aback at first by it, and it threw me a little backward with the cooking, for it seemed as if neither me nor Betty could put any heart into the basting or the gravies afterwards. It seemed hard, you know, Sarah; and it seems hard still."

"What seems hard?—What! what!" cried Sarah, some indistinct terror chilling her very blood; "what is it, Samuel?—have you lost your speech?"

It seemed indeed for a moment as if Mr. Pecker had been suddenly deprived of the use of that organ. He shook his head from side to side, swallowed and gasped alternately, and then grasping Sarah by the arm, pointed with his disengaged hand to another half-open door exactly opposite to that of the room in which the dinner table was laid.

"Look there!" he ejaculated in a hoarse whisper close to Sarah's ear.

Following the direction of Samuel's extended hand, Mrs. Pecker looked into a room which was generally devoted to the ordinary customers at the Bear, but which on this winter's evening had but one occupant.

This solitary individual was a man wearing a dark-blue travel-stained coat, jack-boots, and loose brown curling hair, tied with a ribbon. His back was turned to Sarah and her husband, and he was bending over the sea-coal fire with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting

in his hands. While Mrs. Sarah Pecker stood as if transfixed, staring at this traveller, Darrell followed Millicent into the hall, and thence into the oak parlour, closing the door behind him.

"Oh, Samuel, Samuel, how shall I ever tell her?" exclaimed Mrs. Pecker.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

"We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told."—*Psalms.*

CHILD! that so securely clingest
To thy mother's side,
And thine arm around her flingest,
Lest some harm betide!
Thou who art so archly smiling,
Void of care thy brow;
No wrong thought thy soul defiling—
Child, how old art thou?

And the child looked up with a face of
glee,
Which beamed with a smile of ecstasy;
But his lisping tongue no words expressed,
As he closer clung to his mother's breast:
And the guileless glance of that sinless
eye
Was all the innocent one's reply.

Boy! that mournfully art creeping
To thy tasks to-day,
And to-morrow high art leaping
On thy joyous way;
Thou whose every thought is bounded
By the present *now*;
Thy prospects all by hope surrounded,
Boy, how old art thou?

And the boy answered haughtily,
And his bosom swelled perceptibly:—

"Call me not Boy—I am in my teens,
And long have forgotten my childhood's
scenes;
And five brief years will soon be gone,
Then hail! all hail to twenty-one!
Hurrah! for the day that shall set me
free,
When none shall dare to dictate to me!"

Man! that through the crowded city
Passest in thy prime,
Doling forth superfluous pity
To the sons of Time;
Thou, whose half of life is wasted,
Unredeemed thy vow;
Religion's waters scarcely tasted—
Man! how old art thou?

And the man replied abstractedly,
In a voice that sounded remorsefully:—

"Oh! ask me not—the days are past,
That I vainly thought for aye would
last!
The plans that I formed in my early
years,
Have brought to me only griefs and
tears;
And those whom in youth I did most
despise,
Have been lifted up in the nation's eyes,
Whilst, unimproved, the powerful sway
Of my forty summers hath passed
away!"

Grey-haired, old! that totterest weakly
'Cross thy chamber floor,
Drinking sounds, benign and meekly,
Soon thou'lt hear no more!
Thou whom "mere oblivion" shroudeth,
Whose last days are now,
Ere "sans speech" upon thee crowdeth,
Say, how old art thou?

And the grey-haired man essayed to speak,
And a tear passed over his withered
cheek;
But there came no sound—he bowed his
head—
His age untold, he was with the dead!

A PLEA FOR THE MONEY-LENDER.

THE general run of tradesmen, even those who pass, in the "eyes of the world," for men of strict probity and virtue, gain, more or less honestly, from fifteen to five-and-twenty per cent., on an average, upon the merchandise in which they deal; the *skilful*, i.e., the sharp practitioners of the shop or warehouse, gain sometimes double this sum without giving "the world" an opportunity of saying anything against them—rather the contrary. These individuals run but few risks, for to the suspected customer they sell only for cash, giving credit but to the rich and solvent—that is to say, precisely to that class which stands least in need of it; but so goes the world, and above all, the commercial world. A prudent tradesman, then, works always upon a certainty, and can acquire superb profits without running scarce any other risk than it may please him in the course of business to incur.

So when, after the lapse of, we will say twenty years, more or less, but more frequently less than more—after a long course of adulterations, clippings, petty trickeries, and *innocent* frauds, a tradesman strikes his balance, and finds that his credit surpasses his debtor side in the ledger by a respectable sum, our worthy citizen, I say, on the discovery of this agreeable piece of intelligence, can retire from business, and having ensconced himself in a box at Bagshot, a cottage at Clapham or Camberwell, or a villa at Richmond, may cut the *shop* and its associations, and set up in the new line of gentleman, secure of the goodwill and esteem of all classes of his admiring fellow-citizens.

Whilst our national customs, or prejudices, if you will, decree so blest a fate for the retired tradesman, how do we see that individual treated who chooses to risk his capital in speculations of a more hazardous nature? We allude to the discounteur. Oh, he is considered as a sort of outcast from society—a pariah for whom no fate is too hard, no punishment too severe: consequently, with what delight do we glorify in his ruin, with what fiend-like exultation do we hail his downfall; but if, on the contrary, it should happen that this tempter of men, this devourer of widows' houses, this second Mephistopheles, should perchance also have retired from business, and have settled down in some snug retreat, with

what a shuddering, loathing sensation of disgust do we pass his dwelling, as if the very walls were cemented with the life-blood of his victims.

But here let it be remarked that the chances of loss incurred by the capitalist are far more numerous than those incurred by the tradesman. "One lends but to the rich," saith the proverb. Agreed, but then the rich are precisely those who have the least need of borrowing. In this case a lender would frequently be under the disagreeable necessity of seeing his money sleep in his strong-box without the slightest chance of any immediate return, if he did not choose rather to tempt fortune, even at the risk of failure, by occasionally lending to certain individuals of doubtful solvency. Consequently the chances of gain ought to be proportioned to those of loss, and it becomes absolutely necessary that the safe clients should pay a little more, in order to make up for those who, in all probability, may never pay at all; else where would be the balance?

The services rendered, I mean to say sold, by the money-lender, dear as they may be, are unquestionably cheaper in the end than those conferred by friends. When you have repaid your money-lender, you owe him no longer anything, unless, indeed, it be respect, which latter feeling, even, you may dispense with, if it pleases you so to do.

But, on the other hand, when you have returned to a friend the sum of money obligingly lent, with the addition of enormous interest, in the shape of dinners, opera and concert tickets, introductions, &c., &c., &c., you are not even then able to cry quits with him, for be assured he will reserve to himself the right of exclaiming aloud at your ingratitude if you do not continue for ever after to be his very humble and obedient servant.

The money-lender offers you every guarantee of his silence and discretion, having as much interest as yourself in keeping quiet, for the sake of his business, which would be most seriously injured if it got noised abroad that he was not worthy of confidence.

The friend proclaims everywhere your needy state, exaggerating it as much as possible, in order both to render his good-natured assistance a theme of praise for his neighbours, and also to enhance the

value of the obligation ; while, by his ill-timed gossiping, he succeeds in completely destroying your credit, or at least all that remained of it, which the secret and silent intervention of the money-lender would, in all probability, have upheld.

And here I would entreat the indulgent reader to bear in mind that the money-lender whom I am holding up for his especial veneration, possesses nothing in common with that horde of Israelitish bill-brokers, who, for your twenty or thirty pound bill, will perhaps present you with five pounds in cash, making up the residue in blankets, paving-stones, warm-

ing-pans, bottles of British brandy, or packets of Liverpool cigars ; no, *my* money-lender is an honest trafficker in metal, who, when satisfied as to the security you are prepared to offer, will hand you over, on your acceptance, in sterling coin of the realm, the actual balance due to you, after deducting therefrom his interest and charges on the transaction.

In conclusion, the money-lender is the providence of the unfortunate. You may tell me that he sustains them, as it were, with a cord round their necks ; very possible, I reply ; but still you must allow that it is a support, for all that.

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

We think it is Moliere who has said that—

“Du côté de la barbe est la toute puissance.”

This ought to be so ; but it must be owned, however, that reason and good sense are not always there, and that there are a number of husbands whose heads are as strong as their understandings are feeble. But, it may be asked, are these worthy individuals so much in the wrong when they permit themselves to be led by those who possess both the will and the power to conduct them ; but, on the contrary, do they not act wisely by remitting into firmer hands than their own the sceptre of domestic rule ? Yes, undoubtedly ; but in this case the talent of the wife ought to consist in holding the reins without appearing to do so, and that of the husband in allying his will to that of his spouse ; in commanding with an air of authority, of which, however, he is merely the interpreter, and of giving utterance with his own lips to those orders which have emanated from the head of his better-half. This, we maintain, is the way things ought to be managed ; but is it the way things generally are managed ? Alas ! very frequently it is precisely the contrary. The domestic kingdom is but too often divided against itself ; the husband, inwardly mortified with the consciousness of his own inferiority, kicks with all his might against the bit and spur ; and he is less afflicted at seeing his wife wearing the habiliments of the sterner sex, than enraged at finding himself morally in petticoats. He follows the

impulse given, he obeys the rein, it is true, but gruffly and doggedly, as a donkey would ; he feels convinced that he is well led, but that it is not he himself that goes, and he is less satisfied at pursuing a good road, than pained at seeing that he is not taking it with his own free will. Besides, how many wives there are who seek as much to humiliate their husbands as to guide them, and who seem in all their actions to take a sort of malicious pride in hurting their self-love by every means in their power. It is this silly, and indeed reprehensible, pride on the wife's part, joined to the husband's imbecility, for we can call it by no other name, which exposes to ridicule many a couple, who with a little more tact might have been enabled to veil from the world the secret of their social position.

In general, the wife of whom we are now speaking, possesses a loud voice, a haughty mien, an imperious air, and queenly gestures ; everything about her announces command ; the husband, on the contrary, is humble, submissive, obsequious ; he has the air of being the son of his wife ; he dreads her glance, trembles at her voice, and in her presence appears the very incarnation of passive obedience. “I shall go,” “I have been,” “I am going,” are the three expressions most generally employed in his conjugal vocabulary. Does any one demand his decision upon an important subject, he tacks about, shuffles, utters a thousand evasive replies, until the arrival of his wife, or until the moment when, having consulted her, he re-

sumes his assurance, speaks openly, and pronounces his opinion all the more courageously, inasmuch as he feels himself backed by a powerful reserve. Should a proposition of any kind be made to him in the presence of his better-half, he seeks a directing helm in the glance of her eye, a compass in the expression of her countenance; and we must do him the justice to say that rarely is he deceived in the deciphering of these mysterious telegraphic signals, of which long habit and great practice has given him the key.

Does he proceed on a Sunday to enjoy with his family the pleasure of a walk, his sprucely-attired dame marches ever in the front rank with the eldest child—the hope of the Clutterbucks—but the lord and master! how frequently have Phiz and Cruikshank painted his deplorable social position! Behold him with one of his children clinging fast to his left hand, dragging with his right a species of miniature barouche, in which is stowed away the last-born of the quiverful of olive branches, and the stock of provisions for the day; his cane, suspended from a button of his coat, is constantly banging against his knees, or getting entangled between his legs; his agonized visage perspires at every pore; in vain does he implore a slower movement, he must undergo the torments of the double quick. And in the evening, when, returning homewards, harassed and worn out by his day's *pleasuring*, he would gladly lighten his burden, his wife, by placing both children in the carriage, arranges matters so that he carries less but draws more. This done, she places an enormous bouquet in his hand, and takes possession of his vacant arm, upon which she hangs with an air of the highest satisfaction; and it is in

this deplorable state that he gains the long-wished-for shelter of the domestic domicile, whose friendly walls will hide for a time his shame from the pitiless eyes of a prying world.

But matters are still worse if his wife has granted him permission to go out to see some friends, or to attend a monthly meeting of his club. The pleasure of his few hours' freedom is destroyed by the apprehension of a return home at a fixed hour; during the whole evening he may be seen constantly and anxiously consulting his watch; like La Fontaine's hare, "he cannot eat a mouthful that profits him;" and should he, perchance, so far forget himself as to transgress the prescribed bounds, he sees, like Belshazzar, a threatening hand writing his sentence upon the walls of the banqueting room.

But, ah! how the poor man indemnifies himself for this slavery, by making the poor creatures which are dependent upon him undergo a similar punishment. How he rates his dog, his cat, his birds! how he takes his revenge upon his luckless apprentices; with what eloquence does he plead at his club for the emancipation of the people, for he comprehends better than any one the bitterness of serfdom and the weariness of captivity.

Alas! we have known more than one bachelor in our time who fulminated in words of direful import against enslaved husbands; who could not conceive the possibility of the abasement of a man before his wife; and now that they themselves have become the "slaves of the ring," we see them bearing patiently the matrimonial yoke, as well as the bag of Prayer-books and Bibles, when they accompany their better-halves to church on Sunday.

LITERATURE.

THE Paper Duty has been taken off, and the prodigious power of literary enterprise, which for the last two or three months has been cautiously reserved, has now been put on. The dearer article, as we expected, is in no way affected by the removal of the so-called Tax on Knowledge. Expensive books remain luxuries for the rich, but a reduction in price has brought additional intellectual enjoyments within the reach of the comparatively poor. The Penny Newspapers had only left themselves means of development in quality, but the Sunday portion of the cheap press have come down to a penny. The opening for the creation of cheap books has been seized with avidity, and a project started for the benefit of the million on calculations apparently that must leave the smallest possible margin of profit to the publisher. We allude to the issue of shilling copyright works, under the title of *The Shilling Volume Library*—which has just been commenced with narrative fictions from the pens of popular writers—a department of modern literature evidently in the greatest favour with the reading public who desire to be entertained at the extreme limits of economy.

The English appetite for works of imagination has no bounds—we have never seen the statistics that could estimate it with anything near correctness; it ascends so high and descends so low. This enterprise, however, places within the reach of every one capable of appreciating novelty as well as merit, a supply quite equal to the anticipated demand. At least every week he is enabled to indulge his taste in the sentimental or the humorous, the romantic or the satirical, in accordance with the peculiar bias of the author's mind, in those delineations of human life with which he makes the interest of his story.

It deserves to be regarded as a remarkable feature in the progress of intelligence that commercial enterprise can effect so large an addition to our attainable gratifications at so trifling a cost, and if that citizen was considered a public benefactor who succeeded in making two blades of grass flourish where previously only one could be made to grow, a much higher claim to the same position could be put forward by the patriotic publisher who succeeds in producing at least half-

a-dozen readable books at less than the cost which within our memory was given for one of inferior character.

We can very well remember when the only cheap books of a convenient size were *Dove's English Classics*, and a similar series issued by the Chiswick Press. Several were desirable pocket companions, but we hope that we shall not be considered singular in preferring existing novelists to the dead and buried narrators of "Theodosius and Constantia," "Nourmahal," "Dinarbas," and several others of an equally intense tediousness. These amazing slow coaches of fiction have long since been run off the road, and the reader who would avail himself of an imaginative journey is not content unless he travel by the fastest line of railway. Here we have something approaching express travelling at much less than Parley fares—an excursion which has the further advantage of permitting repetition at any period, near or remote, without additional charge. It is unnecessary to attempt any further recommendation of the *Shilling Volume Library*. Each work speaks its own claim to favour so emphatically as to leave nothing for the critic to do but to express his cordial approval of the enterprise. Another of a similar nature has since been started under equally favourable auspices, with the title of *The Shilling Standard Library*. There is room for both to succeed, and as both have undeniable claims on public favour, we trust that they may receive the full share of it for which they compete.

After books that are cheap, the next that claim our notice are books that have become cheaper than when originally issued. It is quite impossible to produce all literary productions at the same cost to the public. Some may have engrossed the labour of years, and can only be published in an expensive form; others appeal almost exclusively to the fashionable and wealthy classes of society, who would despise a luxury that cost little. We have not the slightest idea of undervaluing either description of literary property, indeed, we are ready to acknowledge that when good of their kind they must be well worth their price. No man can be so unreasonable as to expect history by Macaulay, science by Herschel, or art by Ruskin, to be presented to him in a neat volume for a shilling. The intelligence

of such minds bears a high mercantile value, and the publisher whose business it is to make it generally accessible, is obliged to consider under what circumstances it may be made a profitable investment. He therefore produces a book for the libraries of the rich. Should his success be very great, he is encouraged to lessen his price, and increase his edition. In this way, works of extraordinary value and interest have gradually dilated their circulation as they lessened their cost, till, like the poetry of Byron, the prose of Hallam, and other of our modern English classics, they become marvels of economical production.

The books that have been made cheaper, to which we just now alluded, are such new editions of standard publications as have been printed in impressions very far in excess of the public demand, the unsold copies having passed into other hands, are again issued to the public at perhaps half or a third of their original price, or are less expensively reprinted. In this way many expensive library works are from time to time brought within the reach of book-buyers of limited resources. Among them the most desirable is, *The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Edited by her Great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe. Third Edition, with Additions and Corrections derived from the Original Manuscripts. Illustrative Notes and a New Memoir. By W. Moy Thomas. In two volumes.

Every educated reader must have heard more or less of this celebrated lady, and of her celebrated letters. The latter have been published in a variety of editions since they were first prepared by the author for the press, exactly a hundred years ago. The first edition appeared in three volumes in 1763, edited by a Mr. John Cleland, whose character caused the work to be considered a fabrication; an additional volume was published in 1767, the contents of which are unquestionably spurious. The original edition, however, seems to have been published surreptitiously. The author had died the previous year, and the transaction, as related, is an entire mystification. Our impression is, that no such correspondence as then produced had ever existed. With the exception of a very few letters and extracts from Lady Mary's private journals of the time, the work was written in the latter years of her life. She returned from the embassy to Constantinople in 1724, and in 1761, while returning from

Italy, presented to the Reverend Benjamin Sowden, a clergyman resident at Rotterdam, two volumes of MS., apparently prepared for the press. Lord Bute, her son-in-law, after her death, purchased this gift from Mr. Sowden to prevent its publication, and had scarcely got possession of it when the three volumes we have named made their appearance.

Such is the history of these celebrated letters from the East, the popularity of which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate. Lady Mary's genuine correspondence is not less entertaining, for she equalled Walpole as an amusing gossip, and, like him, possessed too lively an imagination to be perfectly trustworthy: to make the resemblance more perfect, she was not a little malicious, and had a turn for satire that displayed itself in verse and prose with equal facility. Horace has left on record his opinion of her, which, as it is founded on prejudice, is not more to be relied on than is her ladyship's estimate of many of her contemporaries; but it is impossible to describe the character of the age in which both flourished without drawing largely on their graphic pictures of society and individual portraits. The "grain of salt" with which their impressions must be taken, will not lessen their raciness. To both we are indebted for many characteristic anecdotes of the social celebrities of their time, not to be gathered from other sources, though such are abundant and copious.

With regard to the grave imputations on the character of Lady Mary, to which Horace Walpole has given increased circulation, we do not believe them. Lady Mary spoke, and no doubt acted, in a manner not to be countenanced in modern society. She is far from having been the only lady of that free and easy age who did so, and yet maintained her respectability. Coarseness and indelicacy are not always to be found associated with vice; indeed Borrow tells us of the gipsies of Spain, that the women, depraved as they might be thought from their manners, were strictly chaste. Nor is the most studied attention to the proprieties in this exceedingly moral nineteenth century more to be relied on, as, unfortunately, may be gathered from the revelations of our Divorce and Police Courts.

The slander of Pope and Walpole, both of whom were bitterly prejudiced against her, ought to have no weight. Lady Mary may not have been perfect; but was quite as good as the bulk of her

female friends. Her editors have been less solicitous about her reputation than they might have been. Dallaway does not appear to have given himself much trouble on that point; Lord Wharncliffe did not think it necessary to go very deeply into the subject; and Lady Louisa Stuart's recollections are not so vindictory as they would have been, had she possessed the advantage of a nearer connexion with the first half of the last century.

Mr. Moy Thomas has written a careful memoir, and his annotations are faithfully illustrative. The work produced under his auspices leaves nothing unexplained. In future his edition will be the only one for scholars who seek information, as much as for idlers who desire amusement. The epistolary portion includes the letters of Pope, her once ardent admirer, her long bitter enemy; but clever as they unquestionably are, we prefer her own less laboured, but equally suggestive, communications to the Countess of Mar, and to other near relations and dear friends.

It is impossible to read those she addressed to Mr. Wortley Montagu, before and after her marriage, without being impressed with the loyalty of her nature. Though it must be conceded that her imagination was not quite so honest, unquestionably she was no hypocrite. Her high animal spirits often carried her beyond the bounds of feminine delicacy and lady-like propriety, as they are observed in these more strait-laced times, but as far as can be gathered from the testimony of her thoughts and actions, if she too openly despised conventional hypocrisy, she indulged in no vicious inclinations. She would never have outraged her moral obligations, and then have appealed to the society she had disgraced, in the equivocal character of a Martyr to Circumstances, any more than she was likely to have aided a band of fashionable matrons in denouncing the influence of "the Pretty Horsebreakers" of her time over their male friends, oblivious of a fact which did not require the evidence of a Viscount Forth to establish, that their female friends were at least as responsible for the mischief.

Byron sung,—

"We want a hero—no uncommon want."

And greatly we stood in need of one at the outbreak of the late Russian War—particularly a naval hero. The Government fixed upon a popular officer who had

exhibited considerable enterprise as second in command in the expedition against that powerful vassal of the Porte who had been induced not only to throw off his allegiance, but to menace the existence of the Ottoman Empire. Admiral Napier had also exhibited considerable troublesomeness as a member of the legislature, to which he had been returned by a Metropolitan borough—and as it was believed that the latter talent was developed solely to advance the sturdy orator's professional prospects, the Admiralty took the hint, though somewhat rudely given, and appointed the fault-finder to the command of a magnificent fleet, destined to act against the famous forts that guard the approach by sea to the Russian capital.

Sir James Graham, a keen Yorkshireman, then at the head of our Naval Board, it is not improbable, was as well satisfied with this proceeding as any of his ancestors could have been with a clever disposition of a marauding Elliot or a freebooting Scott belonging to the other side of the Border. If the admiral he had selected proved equal to the emergency, he was sure of the credit that must ensue from the appointment; and if the former failed, he was as certain of reducing to insignificance a formidable political opponent. The stirring order given to the Baltic Fleet to "sharpen cutlasses," for a time satisfied the British community that the right man was in the right place. Unfortunately for the Admiral's fame, there his heroism appears to have begun and ended. Whether he was conscious that Russian artillerymen, in the strongest fortresses in Europe, were very different enemies to attack to Egyptian soldiers or Portuguese seamen, or whether he felt the immense responsibility he had incurred in accepting the command of an expedition, the brilliant success of which he had permitted his friends to anticipate in singularly boastful language, certain it is that his enterprising spirit seems to have failed him altogether. He hesitated when he should have decided, and cautiously drew back when it was expected that he would have dashed on at all hazards. The *Nae Peer* legend proved eminently fallacious. England could have put forward "fifty as good as he," and some better. In truth, unless we allow it but a very limited area of acceptance, it is, and always has been, unmis-takeable bounce. He of the logarithms, though an eminent mathematician, was

never a Newton; the conqueror of Scinde was a most distinguished commander, but his frantic animosity against so eminent a brother officer as Sir James Outram, has thrown a shadow over his fame which will not allow of his being named with so brilliant a star as Wellington; the author of the *History of the Peninsular War* produced an excellent history, but posterity will not compare him with Hallam.

An anecdote, with which most of our readers must be familiar, illustrates the northern prudence which the commander of the Baltic Fleet displayed on this memorable occasion. A certain adventurous Sawney, Mac Something or other, we forget what, having resolved to possess himself of some fine fruit, waited for his opportunity, and adroitly worked his way through the gap of a hedge intended to keep the dishonest at a safe distance. Much to his astonishment, he beheld the owner of the orchard with an uplifted cudgel, keeping careful watch on the other side. "Hech, lad!" exclaimed the latter, "where are ye ganging?" "Bock again!" answered Sawney, and rapidly withdrew out of range.

Sir Charles Napier on getting through the Baltic, looked at the forts at Cronstadt, and was quite satisfied that his further advance was stopped, so he withdrew all his ships, and the edges of the sharpened cutlasses were not experimented upon—at least not in the manner the Admiral's signal had suggested. Somehow or other the promise held out in his Scottish name appeared to have become Englished, with a totally different meaning—the active grew passive, and the wide-awake somnolent—for *Nae Peer* hostile critics read *nap here*. He was described as going about like a sluggard suffering from dyspepsia, complaining and abusing. In consequence, his reputation collapsed and his popularity vanished.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, still master of the situation, beheld, not without satisfaction, the failure he very probably anticipated, and the Admiral returned to England under the unpleasant conviction that he had been *sold*, burning with a wrath that menaced the entire Government with annihilation. He soon, however, found that he was powerless for mischief; the sense of the nation was against him. It was confidently stated, that had he vigorously attacked Cronstadt with the force under his command, the fortifications were in so unprepared a state, that a successful

assault might have been effected. If he had attacked and failed, he could have laid the blame on the Admiralty for not having furnished him with a sufficient expedition, and might have relied on the sympathy and support of a large majority of his countrymen; but, as it happened, his naval enterprise to and from the Russian batteries was regarded by his opponents as a parallel to the achievement of that illustrious King of France, who,—

"With fifty thousand men
Marched up the hill, and then marched down
again."

It was in vain Sir Charles tried either to excuse himself, or accuse his superiors. He sunk in public estimation, never to rise again; and in a few years after this termination of his professional career, his mortal career was also at an end.

We do not for a moment question the feeling which has prompted the deceased Admiral's step-son to publish the work now before us, with the title—*Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., from Personal Recollections, Letters, and Official Documents*. By Major-General Elers Napier, author of *Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands, Reminiscences of Syria, &c.* In two volumes.

It is quite natural that so near a connexion of the late Sir Charles Napier should, as soon as possible after his demise, have attempted an appeal to the public in his favour to set aside the unfavourable verdict that had so shortly before been pronounced against him. Unfortunately both for client and counsel such an appeal has already been made more than once; the Admiral had over and over again repeated the narrative of his services and the story of his wrongs. He had made speeches, he had published pamphlets, he had written books, to prove to the world that he was that very common personage—a great man insufficiently appreciated. He had been listened to on the hustings and in the House of Commons, his arguments had had the advantage of the widest circulation the press could give them, his case had been discussed in leading articles all over the kingdom, his numerous friends had advocated his cause with equal fidelity and zeal, but somehow or other the unappreciated hero was suffered to outlive his fame.

The advocate, therefore, now comes into court under serious disadvantages—much of his evidence is familiar, his

proofs—at least the more important—are not new; nor has any particular care been used to give interest to the case. Of the first one hundred pages of the first volume, close upon fifty are extracts; and the very large proportion in this new work, of old material in the shape of quotations from printed books and documents, betrays an extraordinary deficiency of narrative skill. The author admits that his intention was to complete his work in four volumes, but that his publishers insisted on its being confined to two. In this they exercised a sound judgment.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages the biography is well worthy of perusal, and will be found particularly suggestive. The early career of Charles Napier was marked by no very brilliant achievements. He never succeeded in making the most of his opportunities, and on more than one occasion obtained from them no advantage whatever. Though he got into scrapes occasionally, he continued to merit promotion, and obtained it quite as rapidly as he had any right to expect. He however had his own notions respecting this, and took a great deal of pains to impress them on the naval authorities. When promotion came to him as he thought too slowly, he became an agitator, and apparently strove to bother the Admiralty into a more satisfactory rate of progress. We are afraid that his pamphlets and letters on the state of the Navy, did not profit him more than his imprudent speculation to provide steam-boats for the Seine.

Then being equally low in pocket as in interest, he embraced the quarrel of Don Pedro against Don Miguel, for which it is quite impossible he could have cared anything; but it afforded him what he wanted—an opportunity for gaining distinction, with the solid advantages of increased pay and rank. For accepting the command of Don Pedro's navy his name was struck out of the navy list, and his pension stopped, but the success that attended his attack on the Miguelite fleet, and subsequent expedition along the coast, reconciled him to this humiliation, though it brought him no better recompense than a Portuguese title.

The liberal party in his own country to which he had attached himself, were much more regardful of his exploits, and the excitement they created in his favour soon led to his restoration to the rank he had forfeited in his own service, and subsequent employment in the Syrian ex-

pedition. His share in the battle of Boharsof, and in the capture of Acre, increased his popularity among an increasing class of his countrymen, and on his return he was elected for the metropolitan borough of Marylebone. The Board of Admiralty were not quite so favourably disposed towards him, which elicited from the popular member expressions of his dissatisfaction in the shape of sharp attacks on naval management.

Suddenly, when the war with Russia broke out, Sir Charles was selected to direct the naval resources of England against that gigantic power. At a banquet given by the Reform Club in his honour before his departure, a great deal of imprudent *fanfaronade* was hazarded as to what he was going to do. How he disappointed his enthusiastic admirers is well known. They could not reconcile themselves to his retiring from Cronstadt without attempting anything, but when he was ordered to attack Sweaborg, and declined, he went down to Zero in the popular thermometer at once. The boast he made of bringing back his ships safe, only excited ridicule, and his attack on the Government in the House of Commons, was answered by Sir James Graham in a manner that left the Admiral infinitely lower even in public estimation than he stood before. It was in vain that he again and again, with his oratory and with his pen, told the story of his services and denounced his enemies. He discovered that not only his occupation, but his reputation, was gone. It was scarcely possible to refrain from sympathizing with a man so fallen, and his case excited sympathy in a high quarter; but to one who had ventured to predict that he would attain ducal honours, kindly tokens of good-will were deemed of little worth. He petulantly refused the decoration of Grand Cross of the Bath.

Sir Charles Napier did not entirely lose his popularity: his hostility to the Government recommended him to another metropolitan borough. He became member for Southwark, and again endeavoured to employ his mind in reforming naval abuses. His political duties, however, did not quite satisfy his ambition. It is evident that he sighed for action under circumstances as favourable to him as had been the civil war in Portugal, for we find him endeavouring to negotiate with Garibaldi for the command of an Italian flotilla to operate against the fleet of the King of Naples. This

was in his seventy-third year; but a few months later the old man's dream of enterprise ended in the grave.

Major-General Napier has given the last portion of his work something of the earnestness that ought to have pervaded it throughout, and those chapters will not be read without interest. Sir James Graham, with his usual good luck, has escaped the revival of the controversy here prepared for him. He sleeps with his ancestors. Admiral Berkeley, another "enemy" of the late Sir Charles, sought to escape his penalty in the dreadful business, by filing a bill in Chancery against the publication of his letters in this biography. But Sir Robert Peel comes off the worst in this attack on the Government, for he made a statement in the House of Commons on the authority of the Grand Duke Constantine, which the Grand Duke, in a letter to the Admiral, flatly denied. The book will be eagerly read by the admirers and personal friends of Sir Charles Napier—it leaves them nothing to desire. The advocate is sometimes too zealous for his client, but that they ought to regard as a fault on the right side. "Black Charley" was not a Nelson; he would have made a first-rate commander of Moss-troopers, or leader of Condottieri, or admiral of Buccaneers. There he would have had Nae Peer. Nevertheless his story not only has its interest, but its moral, which especially renders it deserving of perusal. We hope that this may have its effect on all aspiring minds too strongly impressed with a conviction of their own super-eminent merit.

Memoirs of King Richard the Third, and some of his Contemporaries. By John Heneage Jesse, Author of *The Court of England under the Stuarts, &c.* This work is nothing more than a volume of rather dry biographies, with an attempt at an historical play, much the dryest of all. The author assures us in his preface that the former rose out of "the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of the characters and motives of action" of his *dramatis personæ*. As the subject and the period he selected are the same as those already fully illustrated by "one Shakspeare," all the information Mr. Jesse wanted he could readily have found in Mr. Courtney's or Mr. Charles Knight's well-known works, and in some fifty other volumes of equally easy access; but the kind of literary nature that could contemplate the creation of a drama on the incidents

employed in *Richard the Third*, would not hesitate in making a book out of materials that have been for years in the possession of the public through the labours of several painstaking historical antiquaries and dramatic scholars.

We will first examine "The Last War of the Roses," which we soon discover to be, as we anticipated, a very poor affair indeed. The only attempt at originality in it is the absence of Richard the Third. That memorable drama, the last war of the Roses, in which the usurper performed so prominent a character, is here absolutely played out without him! It surely must have been done to pair off with the old joke respecting the performance of *Hamlet*, with the omission of the Prince of Denmark.

Mr. Jesse not only knows very little of the intellectual demands of the task he has set himself, he takes care to show us that he does not possess a knowledge even of its mere mechanical requirements. For instance, he cannot evidently count ten on his fingers. This is the fourth line of his play—

"Twelve years, twelve happy years, we have dwelt here, Hugh."

This the seventh—

"Has linked itself to mine, yon honeysuckle."

A little further on we have—

"For when the sport is love, I have ever found."

In the same page—

"This should be love, or very near akin to it."

We could quote scores of similar faults—faults which a schoolboy attempting blank verse would avoid. The material of the "drama" corresponds with its manufacture, and that is all we can find patience to say of it.

The biographies which precede the play are those of *King Richard*, compiled from Buck, Walpole, Miss Halsted, &c.; of *Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby*, from Halsted and Ballard; *Henry Earl of Richmond* (Henry VII.), from Bacon, Hutton, and Nicholls; the *Princess Elizabeth of York*, from Sir Harris Nicolas; *Thomas Lord Stanley* (Earl of Derby), from Nicholls and Sir Egerton Brydges; and *Henry Lord Clifford*, from Whitaker and Dugdale. We have not been able to trace a single attempt at independent research in MS. materials, or any other. The author is content with information at second-hand, copies the references in the foot-notes, and satisfies

himself with a general acknowledgment of his obligations in his preface. He there has the grace to confess, "To the merit of novelty, whether of facts or arguments, he can prefer but a very trifling claim." Very trifling indeed we should think.

In a postscript he is so good as to notice two works lately published under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls, which richly illustrate the period comprised in his compilation, but of which he has made no use. Since their publication there has been ample time for him to have availed himself of the labours of their able editors, Mr. James Gairdner and Mr. Thomas Wright; but it was a part of his duty to have made himself acquainted with the interesting productions they made public. The author of the memoir of *King Richard the Third*, as we are aware from a knowledge of his previous publications, likes an easier process of composition.

His judgment may be considered on a par with his erudition, for he stigmatizes the Tudors as a mushroom dynasty, as oblivious of their origin as of the extraordinary obligations which the nation owes to their influence. It was Henry VII. who gave the first impulse in England to the revival of learning by his patronage of learned men, both native and foreign, and institution of academical and collegiate establishments. It was this nurture of education that caused its more extended cultivation in the reign of his accomplished son and successor, to whom we are indebted for the first idea of a gallery of art. In the reign of his grandson, Edward VI., the arts and sciences began to show they had taken firm root in the soil, and in the prolonged and glorious reign of his granddaughter Elizabeth, the golden fruit appeared in the works of Shakspeare, Spenser, Raleigh, Camden, and the rest of that illustrious brotherhood of Poets, Historians, and Scholars that have given so sterling a value to English literature. The mushroom dynasty established for us an English school of music, and an English school of architecture, and laid the solid foundations for our becoming a great moral and intellectual people. No previous dynasty secured for the country over which they ruled, so many solid advantages. We must remind Mr. Jesse that it was under the mushroom dynasty the nation established THE REFORMATION, and defeated THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

English Art has not as yet had the good fortune of meeting with a competent historian. We have laboured essays, we have laboured biographies, we have bulky tomes of ideal criticism, and an incalculable quantity of commonplace remarks, but we have no history. We have had in our possession the original note-books of George Virtue, and read carefully every line in them; therefore we possess the best possible knowledge of the materials of Horace Walpole's *Anecdotes*. They were useful, but very far from complete. Of the early advancement of English art, as it was developed in the glorious reign of Edward the Third, the industrious engraver and the fashionable connoisseur knew scarcely anything. Nor have their latest editors thrown much light upon the darkness. Prodigious stress has been laid upon the influence on English art exerted by Charles I. to the prejudice of those earlier and equally earnest patrons, his elder brother, Henry Prince of Wales, and his ancestor, Henry VIII., whose collections he inherited. Again, of the prodigious progress of the Fine Arts in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we have no sufficient record. It is no more to be found in the superficial biographies of Allan Cunningham than in the dry notices of Bryant's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*. We have no desire to undervalue the labours of Mr. Ruskin, when we assert that he has not supplied this want.

When we saw the announcement of a work that was to describe the life and times of the greatest of modern artists, who, born at the commencement of the last quarter of the last century, flourished in an unattainable pre-eminence till after the second quarter of the next had been completed, we anticipated at least a fair chronicle of three-quarters of the most fruitful century in the annals of English art, combined with a sufficient retrospect of what English art had been, to satisfy the art-scholar. That work is now before us; it bears the title of *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Founded on Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and Fellow-Academicians*. By Walter Thornbury. In two volumes. We have given a patient, as well as a most attentive perusal to these volumes; indeed, we warn the reader, that unless he exercises very considerable forbearance, he will fail in his effort to master their contents. The author is favourably known as a contributor of light, sketchy articles

to the popular periodicals, has for some years exercised the functions of an art-critic, and has published two or three works of a semi-historical, semi-imaginative character. He was educated for an artist—this has given him a certain amount of technical information, which he turns to advantage in his criticism. Hazlitt also was an unsuccessful painter, so we believe was Morris Moore, and many other labourers in the same field, who have found it easier to become writers than artists.

From what we knew of Mr. Thornbury, we hoped that he would be able to do justice to a subject which appealed strongly to his professional sympathies. The proper materials for a great work were accessible, and demanded only care and study. But care and study appear never to have come under the author's consideration during the progress of his production. The reader is presented with an abundance of entertainment, but the manner in which it is put before him shows that the caterer felt himself infinitely above or was very much below his duties. As in the course of his narrative he treats with the greatest possible disdain all rival biographers and art-critics, he has invited reprisals, and we doubt not that his own shortcomings will in turn be as ruthlessly exposed. We cannot forbear from adding our opinion, that a proper regard for his own interests, as well as those of his publisher, ought to have excited him to a more conscientious completion of his task. The repetitions, the contradictions, the want of method, the abrupt changes of past, present, and future, the apparent ignorance of what has been, as well as what is to be, written, the imaginative rambling when facts are required, and the careless stringing together of names and dates in place of the picturesque description the subject demanded, are so conspicuous, that they can scarcely escape the notice of the most negligent reader. We sincerely hope that the pleasant gossip and amusing anecdotes with which these volumes abound, will so recommend the book to the circulating libraries, that the desire for a second edition may allow the author to revise his text as thoroughly as he ought to have done his MS.

What Turner did for English art exceeds even what his art did for him. Let us epitomize these mutual benefits. He was the son of an industrious barber living in a busy but narrow thoroughfare in a part

of the town which was still considered fashionable many years after his birth. Mr. Thornbury harps on the poor barber of Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, through some fifty pages, as if he felt a savage pleasure in the monotone. Surely

"A man's a man for a' that,
And twice as much as a' that."

The only bearing the unimportant fact has on the biography is, that a mean and sordid parent produced a son with the like characteristics. "How can you wonder?" the wealthy artist, in later times, said to friends, astonished at his thrifty habits. "Dad never praised me for anything but saving a halfpenny."

The boy Turner displayed a very early taste for drawing, which the father encouraged as soon as he found that the juvenile efforts at design, when placed in the window of the shop, attracted purchasers; and with the son's improvement grew his sense of the value of painting—as a means of getting money. There was soon a double impulse at work in his nature—to grow rich, and to become famous; and it is scarcely possible to say which had the greater influence in shaping his brilliant career. He became the greatest landscape and marine painter of his age, and—the greatest miser. Mr. Thornbury has succeeded in finding an authority for asserting that Turner *once* gave away a shilling. The anecdote reminds us of George Selwyn, who being asked if he ever ate vegetables, confessed that he had once ate—a pea! With all our admiration of Turner's artistic greatness, we find it difficult to reconcile ourselves to the littleness of his humanity. But let us contemplate the brighter side of the medal.

When Turner began to come prominently before the public, the state of landscape-painting in England was not very encouraging to an adventurer in that department of art. Richard Wilson could scarcely gain a subsistence. Gainsborough, though in higher favour, owed nearly all his patronage to his success as a portrait-painter. Still, there was a growing taste for such productions, as shown in the popularity of De Loutherbourg's scenic displays, and in the fashion accorded to Paul Sandby's drawings, which developed itself still more strongly when the effects produced by Cousins and Girtin began to be seen and talked about. In the provinces were men possessed of much reputation, who assisted materially in diffusing

this taste: these were, Smith, of Chichester; Wright, of Derby; Crome, of Norwich; Evans, of Eton; and other local celebrities, of whom Mr. Thornbury has little or no knowledge.

As a water-colorist, Girtin had no rival. Turner imitated his most charming effects with such success, that when he died prematurely, his associate in illustrative expeditions stepped into his position with the publishers and other patrons of landscape-drawings. He now essayed oil-painting, and was soon engaged in rivalry with those artists who most enjoyed the favour of connoisseurs. First, he imitated Wilson; then, without abandoning his devotion to landscape, he made various attempts at domestic scenes after the familiar manner of Wilkie. He also, with more energy, and a much more decided success, became a marine-painter, in rivalry with Vandervelde, and we have no hesitation in affirming, produced the finest pictures of this description to be found in any gallery. The immediate recognition of his great powers as a painter excited him to other rivalries. He imitated Stothard, but not more happily than he had imitated Wilkie.

From thence he turned to the great masters of foreign landscape. We expected to find in this life of Turner some account of the various illustrious masters in his art in other countries, whose excellences he had carefully studied whenever examples had come under his observation, at home or abroad, particularly Rembrandt, Cuyp, Both, Hobbima, Ruysdael, Vanderneer, Canaletti, and Titian; but Mr. Thornbury contents himself with describing his more manifest rivalry with Claude and Poussin. With the former it was laboured and close; indeed, so determined was he to emulate that hitherto supreme master of landscape, that he published a set of engravings, called the *Liber Studiorum*, for comparison with the collection of masterpieces known as the *Liber Veritatis*. The scheme was not immediately so successful as it ought to have been; but such is the estimation in which these engravings from Turner's designs are now held, that a complete set, as Mr. Thornbury states, has been sold for three thousand pounds.

For several successive years, the walls of the Royal Academy displayed those brilliant creations of the artist's imagination, which he produced to establish his superiority over his illustrious predecessor. His own conviction of his success is

shown in his subsequent determination to have two of his grandest efforts exhibited in perpetual juxtaposition with the finest compositions of the hitherto unrivalled Frenchman. He seemed never to have been tired of producing such classic gallery pictures; but though several are unquestionably grandly imaginative in their pictorial effects, his deficiency of classical knowledge, his negligent figure-drawing, and his careless eccentricities of composition, often bring them to the same level as the equally imposing, and equally intentionally-sublime productions of his less fortunate contemporary John Martin.

Turner's experiments became more and more daring as critics censured and purchasers became fewer. He had very few patrons among aristocratic connoisseurs; but wealth poured in by the sale of his numerous engravings, and from other sources. The rich manufacturers, too, were ambitious of securing for their galleries the works of a painter now so much talked about, and gave him enormous prices, as they were then considered. Nevertheless, it is a singular fact that in the latter years of his life, he not only refused to sell, but eagerly bought any of his pictures that came into the market. At his decease, which occurred in 1851, it was found that he had bequeathed his entire collection to the nation, under certain conditions, and a large moiety of his accumulated gains to found a benevolent institution for unfortunate artists; but his testamentary dispositions were so confused and contradictory, that, after squandering away in law a fund large enough to confer substantial benefit on all his struggling brethren who survived him, the idea of the benevolent institution was obliged to be abandoned.

That Turner's example will have, and has already had an extraordinary influence on English art, will not be denied; and no praise can be too great for the man who raised himself by the force of his own genius to that enviable eminence he achieved; but while we would do full justice to his merits as an artist, we must not entirely shut our eyes to his shortcomings as a man. His biographer has tried to place his character in the most favourable light; nevertheless, we cannot avoid seeing that though he sometimes tried to appear in respectable society like a gentleman, his natural characteristics assimilated more closely to those of a huckster. In his sharp dealings and little pettifogging expedients to increase his

gains at the expense of his patrons, he bore a marked resemblance to Rembrandt. The world regards art as a liberal profession, the proper influence of which is to elevate and ennoble. The sordid practices of Turner are, in our opinion, more degrading to the artist than the vulgar excesses of George Morland, or the low profligacy of Scarlett Davis; nor will his one act of excessive generosity, when all his hoards were about to pass from his control, remove from his memory the stigma of having, during a long and prosperous career, continued, according to very trustworthy statements, totally indifferent to the difficulties and privations of his professional contemporaries and poor relations.

The second volume of Mr. Thornbury's work exceeds in interest the materials of the first. It contains the recollections of the painter's personal friends—the select few whom he was wont to favour with a view of the sunny side of his nature—including notices of other distinguished artists, and valuable memoranda respecting Turner's works. Many of those which have become the national property are lessons of inestimable value to the rising generation of landscape and marine painters. The figure-painter, too, may profit largely by the contemplation of their deficiencies. The bane and antidote are so openly placed before them, that an unwholesome effect on their studies is scarcely possible. Students, however, should bear in mind that they have advantages which Turner did not possess. In those admirable institutions, the Government Schools of Design, facilities are offered them for obtaining a thorough knowledge of anatomical and perspective drawing, without which, eminence in any of the higher departments of art is impossible.

Mr. Thornbury makes short work of Turner's critics—to be sure, he pats Tom Taylor on the back, and says encouraging words respecting Mr. Ruskin, whose ideas he uses wholesale, but he bullies Ripplingille, he crushes Peter Cunningham, he smashes Leitch Ritchie, he snubs Thackeray, he pooh-poohs A'Beckett—only, however, to acknowledge towards the conclusion of his labours, that their strictures were justifiable. Indeed, he admits, after writing hundreds of pages of laboured eulogy, that, in addition to his eminent client having frequently proved himself an unfaithful interpreter of nature, he was that most despicable

combination of selfishness—a solitary toper, and a reprobate on the sly.

We have given a careful perusal to *The Law of Divorce. A Tale*. By a Graduate of Oxford, because we had seen it favourably noticed in the columns of a contemporary of considerable influence. Our examination has satisfied us that it is a work with a simulation of cleverness that might easily deceive a disinterested judgment on a superficial reading. The book is nothing more nor less than an artful attempt to throw contempt on the law of the land, in the shape of a specious apology for adultery. The tale describes the beautiful young wife of a young diplomatist, and the mother of two children, taking advantage of the temporary absence of her confiding husband on a foreign mission, to intrigue with his friend, disgrace her family, dishonour herself, and abandon her social claims as a wife and a mother. The injured husband sues for, and soon obtains, a divorce, shortly after which he marries for the second time, a lady of irreproachable morals and vigorous intellect. The *divorcée* now awakening—not to a consciousness of her moral turpitude, but to a sense of the sacrifice she has made to her illicit inclinations—writes a penitent letter to the man she has so infamously betrayed. He is staying at Paris with his bride, and is evidently of a singularly feeble mind. He does not feel the slightest regard for Mrs. Elsmere No. 2, whom he has so recently sworn at the altar to cherish and defend, though her conduct is blameless and her affection certain, but his inclinations now turn towards Mrs. Elsmere No. 1, who has branded her womanhood with shame, and wrecked the happiness of an entire household.

Discovering Mr. Elsmere's weakness, the once adored Harriet loses no time in getting to the French capital, where her presence is sufficient to dispose of a slight reluctance he feels, or rather fancies he feels, to injure his pure-minded Catherine. Although both are Protestants, Mr. and the divorced Mrs. Elsmere are found expressing Roman Catholic opinions on marriage, which clearly betrays the faith of the author of the work, and allows the more clear-sighted reader a glimpse of the motives with which it must have been written. Harriet is accompanied by a younger sister, whose arguments are added to induce the vacillating Roland to abandon his blameless wife, that he

may live entirely with the wanton by whom he has been dishonoured. We add here a description of the heroine, and the reader will have the goodness to bear in mind that it is the author's portrait of a convicted adulteress.

"Harriet had married in her eighteenth year, and was now in her twenty-third. Her beauty was great, and she was still in its zenith. As she passed through the streets all men rendered her loveliness that homage which the God of Nature had assigned to it as its due. All men gazed on her with admiration, and many passed to look again when she had gone by, and many blessed the footfalls of her goddess-like feet, and many exclaimed inwardly, 'O Angel of Light!' and many coveted so resplendent a treasure, and said, 'Blessed is the man that calleth thee by his own name!'"

While this *bosh* is written in favour of a woman who has proved herself a reproach to her sex, the spotless and unoffending wife is described as holding the position of a harlot. Indeed, the adulteress has no scruples in endeavouring to make the silly scoundrel whom she has so easily induced to follow her bad example believe this, when she says, "I implore you to abide with us and brave all consequences, and never, never more return to *her*—your misery, your pitfall, your deep, deep ruin. If she attempt to harass you, fling defiance in the teeth of her pretensions, entrenched, as you will be then, behind the ramparts of *moral right and a good conscience!*" We think the force of impudence could no further go.

Roland follows her advice, and the party start by railway for Havre, for the purpose of escaping to America, but their carriage is presently entered by three persons, two of whom prove to be the rightful Mrs. Elsmere and her solicitor. The latter opens the eyes of his client's husband to the consequences of his criminality; the former, who shows herself thoroughly mistress of the situation, addresses to her unprincipled rival a few home truths. Both offenders at once succumb—the lady gives up the contest in despair, and of course dies of a broken heart, and the gentleman goes out of his mind. Mrs. Elsmere, therefore, obtains a maniac instead of a husband—the dreadful consequences of the Law of Divorce!

The sister—"the faithful Lizzy"—having made a conquest of a one-eyed Italian, is married to him, and during her nuptial tour, he is discovered to be a

German Prince. Finally, the seducer of the first wife, after masquerading a while as a Capuchin Friar, ends a dissolute career by suicide.

Whether this precious farrago was written by a Graduate of Oxford, as declared in the title-page, we cannot tell. It reads like a translation from an imitation of Alexandre Dumas; the story being spun out to four times its proper length by episodes respecting Bohemian gipsies, veiled female frights, and Italian patriots. Towards the end of the narrative the author has the grace to admit that the English Law of Divorce, as it stands, possesses both Divine as well as moral authority; but as this is put into the mouth of a Protestant, we are not quite certain that such is his conviction. The impression sought to be created by the story, as a whole, is entirely different. We cannot help thinking that persons of his way of thinking, can get all they desire by a much shorter process, which is, to obliterate from the Decalogue the *Seventh Commandment!*

We cannot close this notice without correcting one of the many mistakes to be found in this volume. It is stated at page 88 that Prince Jerome Bonaparte, on being elevated to the throne of Westphalia, "espoused a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, leaving his poor wife, Betty Patterson, to pine away the rest of her days in America." It is not many years since we had the honour of sitting next this American lady at a London dining-table, very handsomely furnished. Her plump person and still handsome features showed not the slightest trace of the lingering dissolution to which she had been doomed, and as she was good enough to assure us that for several years before she had been living a very pleasant life at Florence, it is equally clear that she had not thus suffered while there. Moreover, we have a distinct recollection that her friend, Lady Morgan, with that happy audacity for which she was remarkable, gave out that Mrs. Patterson had divorced Prince Jerome, instead of the reverse. Recent proceedings in France prove that her ladyship was either in error or had been misinformed. It is our belief that she perfectly knew the facts of the case, and made the statement to serve her fair friend in English society. Be this as it may, it is certain that this discarded connexion of the Bonapartes, whom the author of *The Law of Divorce* designates so familiarly, did not

pine away the rest of her days either in America or elsewhere.

The Silver Cord. A Story. By Shirley Brooks, author of *Aspen Court*, *The Gordian Knot*, &c., has probably been read by a considerable portion of our extensive circulation, for the work has had a large circle of readers, and, we have no doubt, been greatly admired. The author possesses superior powers as a narrator, with a dramatic skill in which he is excelled by none of his contemporaries—this skill being based in a great measure on a clever use of French dramatic literature, combined with a careful study of the most successful of modern English fictions. *The Silver Cord* is eminently a melo-dramatic novel, and one of the best of its class; that is to say, a superior Adelphi piece, in three volumes, where every scene is elaborately put on the stage to produce a thrilling effect, where human nature is systematically brought under the glare of the foot-lights, and where every dialogue is wrought into a powerful appeal to the shilling gallery.

The composition is, we readily admit, infinitely superior to such productions as *Alone in the World*, alias *Our Mary*, recently noticed in these pages—as superior in every way as “*The Colleen Bawn*,” as it is set before the public in Mr. Webster’s well-managed theatre, is to “*The Midnight Murder*,” as represented at a penny gaff in “the New Cut;” but we cannot help affirming, though with great reluctance, that it is of the same manufacture, though a very much better article. Unfortunately for the English novel, there has long been a growing demand for fictitious excitement, and many of our popular writers, to gratify this, have found it necessary so to exaggerate their characters and incidents, as to invest them more and more with those theatrical characteristics that have been found most to the taste of the popular mind. Some have not thought it beneath them to throw upon their narratives the Vauxhall attraction of ten thousand additional lamps and an entirely new pyrotechnic display; others have contented themselves with producing a romance on the grandest scale of stage pageantry; and not a few have brought forward villainy and crime about the domestic hearth in that intense blood-red hue with which the melo-dramatic Breughel loves to paint his horrible *pasticcios*. How this is to end can very well be imagined; indeed, we already see something like a

reactionary impulse in the popularity of writers of moderate powers of invention, who over a superficial picturesqueness of arrangement throw a strong tinge of social satire. The more sober-minded prefer the harmless gratification of the stereoscope to the physical excitement produced by the most dangerous exhibitions on the tight-rope or the trapeze.

It is singular how limited are the means with which the greatest artists in this line create their astounding effects, and how constantly and with what little variation these are repeated. Even Mr. Shirley Brooks, with all his advantages, is content with the characters, costume, machinery, and decorations that have been put upon the boards more than once; they may be a little altered, but the property-man ought to be able to recognise them at a glance. As briefly as possible we will point this out clearly to the reader.

The story called *The Silver Cord* describes the fortunes of the three beautiful daughters of a selfish, mean, lazy adventurer, of a type which Mr. Dickens has familiarized in Little Dorritt’s father, Nelly’s grandfather, and several other old men. The girls have no mother, and are neglected by their surviving parent; the consequence is that two of them form intimacies they ought not to have been permitted—one is seduced by a young writing-master, Ernest Hardwicke, employed at their day-school; the other is inveigled into a compromising correspondence with his friend, a Frenchman, almost as disreputable a profligate, who, however, dies soon afterwards, as no such libertine ever yet died except in a fiction. The writing-master is a consummate scamp, and having dishonoured one sister irretrievably, for a wretched bribe offered by a female rival, who subsequently figures in the narrative as a venomous Mrs. Caudle, a country attorney’s wife, forges a series of letters as from his imprudent pupil to his friend, which he binds up with those she had really written, and permits them to be employed to blast her character.

A few years later the three girls contrive to marry respectably. The elder, who has had nothing to do with her sister’s follies, becomes the wife of a thriving dramatic author, and is the cause of placing before the public a series of charming domestic scenes, as well as some equally pleasing showing the relations of manager and author. The guilty

sister has had the good fortune to marry a still more thriving engineer, employed upon the French railways—a colossal Scotchman, of rigid Presbyterian principles and warm heart—the best-drawn character in the book. The less imprudent sister is happily married to a clerk in one of the offices in Somerset House, with quite as good a position in society, and in the enjoyment of the most perfect happiness that could be secured by the love of a devoted husband and the affection of three charming children. These inestimable blessings, however, without the slightest hesitation she abandons when she learns that her sister in France is hard pressed by her former lover, of whom she has been the victim of continual demands for hush-money since her union with Robert Urquhart, the strong-bodied and strong-minded engineer. It is at this point the story begins. The elopement is a capital stage mystery, but as Mrs. Lygon is described as a devoted wife and mother, it is the most unlikely of improbable incidents.

Her husband, obtaining a clue to the place of her flight, follows her to Versailles, where Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart reside. The writing-master is discovered to be a French police spy, bearing some resemblance to the spy in the *Tale of the Two Cities*, and also a great likeness to the Italian artist who is now paying an inadequate penalty for swindling a too susceptible English lady. This Adair, as he now calls himself, possesses the real and forged letters of Mrs. Lygon, which he unscrupulously uses against her when she crosses his path to combat his machinations against her erring sister. Both women try to plot his destruction, with the assistance of a lady's maid, who is suddenly and somewhat miraculously converted from a tool of Adair's to his enemy. He eludes their plots with the dexterity of the French scoundrel of romance, and turns the tables on the ablest of his antagonists.

Mr. Lygon has an interview with the engineer, with whom a capital scene of equivocal takes place, which, if we do not mistake, is to be found in a French play. Mr. Urquhart, under the impression that his brother-in-law has been wronged in his domestic relations, acts to perfection the faithful friend and earnest sympathizer. He, however, shortly afterwards learns the whole truth from the revelations of the Secret Police-office in Paris. His wife, in a state of abject

fright, now flies to England, and he, in a state of frenzy, tries to hunt down his wife's seducer.

At this stage of the story Mr. Hawksley, the dramatic author, arrives in Paris, with his friend the manager, and both are mixed up in negotiations with the head of the Secret Police, to procure from the spy Adair an acknowledgment of the innocence of Mrs. Lygon, in the course of which they are startled by the fact that the spy, while prowling about the deserted house of the engineer, for the purpose of recovering the letters he had there concealed—of all places in the world—had been discovered by Mr. Urquhart, whom he had stabbed to death. The assassin, still protected by the French police, escapes to England, as Mrs. Lygon is brought back by Mr. Hawksley, who finds Mrs. Urquhart under the protection of his wife. Mrs. Lygon and Mrs. Hawksley are mysteriously summoned into the country, to hear a very melo-dramatic confession from the venomous Mrs. Caudle, on her death-bed, respecting the forged love-letters. Mr. Lygon is made aware of all the circumstances; nevertheless, he holds out against a reconciliation with his wife, on the familiar plea in sentimental novels, that he was deceived into the belief that he was the first and only object of his wife's affections. The importunity of Mrs. Hawksley, however, triumphs, and the dissatisfied husband gives in as unreasonably as he before held out. The guilty sister, who has all this time lain on a sick bed, discovering that the family have come to a perfect understanding, quits the house furtively, and goes to Bath, and secures another husband in a half-pay officer.

The interest of the narrative is well maintained through all its improbabilities; but when so much excitement is thrown into the narrative, the winding-up generally appears ineffective. It is so in the story of *The Silver Cord*. We do not say that it goes up like a rocket and comes down like a stick; but the burst of pyrotechnic romance with which we anticipated so marvellous a display of sensation effects was to conclude, has been superseded, as it were, by the fizzing of a damp squib. We have shown what kind of justice is done to one of the guilty parties; but the great culprit is totally forgotten by the outraged relatives as soon as they return to England. The forger, swindler, spy, and assassin, after enjoying several days of complete immunity in London, is got rid of by a melo-dramatic stab, and

a push into the Thames. Much, therefore, as we may admire the constructive skill displayed in the novel, as well as the author's extraordinary dramatic resources, we have finished it with a sense of dissatisfaction. The reason of this is, that it is far more clever than natural, and is, from first to last, totally devoid of a moral purpose. As a work of art, it is entitled to high commendation, and we heartily accord it that praise which is due to an intricate plot, and to carefully contrasted characters.

The historical novel has been cultivated with considerable assiduity in this country since the advent of Sir Walter Scott, but rarely with a compensating success. That large, rather than great manufacturer of tales of olden time, Mr. G. P. R. James, produced them of one well-known pattern, as mechanical in their merit as the moonlights of Pether, or the landscapes of Shayer. Bulwer, in his *Last Days of Pompeii*, his *Last of the Barons*, and other clever pictures of the past, displayed a more artistic conception of his subject, and a far more conscientious treatment of its demands. Nearly five-and-twenty years ago, an elaborate study of the age of Elizabeth and James appeared with the ambitious title of *Shakspeare and his Friends*, written in the phraseology employed by the various ranks of society, as existing in the plays, fictions, pamphlets, and letters of that most picturesque of epochs. The degree of verisimilitude attained by the author in this and other works on the same plan, and with the same object, that followed it, was presently sought to be acquired, not by the same study of the quaint originals, but by the much easier course of imitating the imitation—imitations, however, without the slightest idea of fidelity. The result was a mock diary, assuming a more remote date, but having little to recommend it beyond an appeal to the sympathy of the reader in the fortunes of the supposed writer. This appeal was successful, and, of course, gave rise to other fictitious autobiographies, which, though assuming to belong to periods differing so widely as those of Henry VIII. and Charles II., were all produced by a few phrases of the seventeenth, amalgamated with the more familiar language of the nineteenth century.

These sham antiques were quite as much admired as such superficial impositions usually are; but the marked deficiency of anything in them really good or clever, has, we are afraid, created a distaste for

historical fiction in a large class of the reading public, which is likely to have a prejudicial effect on narrative representations of a bygone time of higher pretensions. How far this will affect such a work as *The Cloister and the Hearth, a Tale of the Middle Ages*, we are not prepared to state, but that it will make a brilliant success a very difficult achievement we are quite certain. There is another obstacle in the way of such success, but this the author has himself created. He has selected a period for illustration which places the artist under great disadvantages before an English public; it is equally remote from English interests both as regards time and place, and throws difficulties in the way of a faithful picture of language, if not of manners, which are almost insurmountable. The incidents of the story are supposed to have taken place in the fifteenth century. We have ample materials for a study of the time, but then the phraseology is so full of what has become obsolete, that it is impossible to employ it in a modern narrative. Added to this, the scene is laid a good deal in Holland—the principal characters being the mother and father of an eminent Dutch scholar—an interesting country and an interesting character to many, but *caviare* to the general.

We are much afraid, too, that the author's announcement in the title-page of a tale of the Middle Ages will stop many novel readers, while the additional information that it is in four volumes will make them turn away from the banquet untasted. The author's *Never too late to Mend* was a vivid and thrilling picture, as long as he employed facts furnished him by a certain blue-book—the reality of prison-life being put forward in startling graphicness; but when his hero turned his back on its walls, the narrative became a second-rate romance, and the heroism of a pickpocket had not even the burlesque picturesqueness of a Robert Macaire to recommend it for further perusal.

A knowledge of the kind of ability developed in this production prepared us for the merits and defects of its successor. In *The Cloister and the Hearth* there are numerous Flemish interiors, with characteristic occupants, drawn and coloured something after the Flemish manner, and displaying much imitative excellence. As we proceed, this merit becomes less easy of appreciation; we feel that the illus-

tration is foreign and remote; we suspect it to be imaginary. The illusion that ought to carry the reader into the current of the narrative is not effected, and the artificial character of the work is impressed upon his mind in the shape of a growing sense of weariness. Of course we speak of a cultivated mind. There are readers, and plenty of them, ready to accept this tale of the Middle Ages with as much confidence as enjoyment. We envy them the gratification they are sure to feel in the affection of Gerard and Margaret, as well as the start that will be produced on their minds by a singular application of Gerard's bottle of phosphorus. Unfortunately, we are not so easily pleased or so readily startled. We insist on a sufficiency of probability. Catherine and Elias may have flourished at Tergon in the pleasant manner described, but we do not care whether they did or did not. We have nothing to do with them. We, therefore, read and pass on.

From Holland we travel to Italy with the author, but gain little by the change of scene. Some of the pictures of the sweet South may be quite as good in their way as the Flemish interiors already referred to; but weary of the length of the narrative, we become less able to read them with the enjoyment we ought to feel. The story drags on through its four volumes, and the much-enduring critic is rewarded by the sense of relief he experiences at having at last come to the end of his task. We cannot expect that all readers will show the same amount of patience. Those who read solely for amusement will be the first to break down; those who read exclusively for improvement may proceed further, but only to fare worse. As for those who read for sensation, we hardly know how much, or rather how little, of the book will suffice them. We cannot conscientiously say that we have found *The Cloister and the Hearth* exciting.

Practical Aids to the Study of Natural History, Botany, Geology, Mineralogy, and Technology. Adapted for the Use of Schools. By Dr. Carl Arendts, Professor at

the Military School, Munich. With Four Hundred Illustrations. Translated and Edited from the German by G. M. L. Strauss, Ph.D. The great recommendation of these "Practical Aids" is the simplicity of the text—the information afforded on each subject can readily be understood by any boy of moderate intelligence. A special help to this prompt appreciation will be derived from the excellent engravings which copiously illustrate the work. They are clear and faithful, to an extent quite unfamiliar to us in books even of high pretensions. We earnestly recommend this attractive volume to the attention of parents and teachers.

The Home Tutor. A Treasury of Self-Culture, and Complete Library of Useful Knowledge. By the best Masters. Illustrated with Five Hundred Descriptive Engravings. The value of a volume like this is only to be thoroughly understood by those who stand most in need of it. It is a concise and pleasant exposition of each department of knowledge which it has become absolutely incumbent on every respectable adult in this powerful empire to know. *The Home Tutor* is a pocket volume, containing the essence of the best cyclopædia in a popular form. Here philosophy is not only made easy but entertaining; and the more exalted of the sublime phenomena of nature are brought within reach of the intelligence of the humblest household. Every parent who feels ambitious either of raising his own intellect or of cultivating that of his children should secure this volume. He should take each division of the work in turn, and go over it again and again, till the facts are impressed on the memory. In this way he cannot fail to acquire and diffuse an amount of scientific instruction, particularly in natural philosophy, geology, zoology, the physical history of mankind, and the nature of celestial and terrestrial phenomena, that will put him on an equality with many of his contemporaries, who boast of having received the advantages of what is called a superior education.

SCIENCE AND ART.

AMONG the sciences that have recently acquired sudden and rapid development, foremost stands Meteorology. The laws of the atmosphere are more difficult to

investigate than those of any other sphere of nature, but Meteorology partakes in the general development of science, and takes new and unexpected progress.

Man is a meteorologist by nature; he is naturally interested in the weather, upon which so much of his comfort, prosperity, and happiness depends. One of the most important branches of the science of Meteorology is the investigation of "the Law of Storms," started by Redfield and Reid, and perfected by Maury. Efforts have recently been made to render our knowledge of these laws practically applicable to the business of life, in foretelling the approach of tempests and the direction they are likely to pursue. Every station on the coast will be furnished with storm signals, on the plan laid down by Admiral FitzRoy, to warn the fisherman and mariner of coming danger, and in this manner life and property be protected. As our knowledge of atmospherical electricity extends, there is little doubt that we shall soon be in possession of sufficient data to enable us to foretell the weather with the utmost precision. The barometer and the "storm-glass" afford a ready approximation, but we require positive assurance, which it seems quite easy to obtain by consulting the electric state of the atmosphere simultaneously with the indications afforded by the usual instruments.

Mechanical ingenuity has of late apparently concentrated itself mostly on destructive agents, and improvements in rifled ordnance and new breech-loading firearms make their appearance daily. If we were to take all the ingenuity and activity at work into consideration, together with the frequent lecturing on war topics, we might be justified in accepting them as dismal portents of another thirty years' war, were we not comforted by the assurance that the art of destruction has attained to such a degree of perfection, that armies or navies, when they meet in conflict, must inevitably soon nearly annihilate each other. As heretofore, the victory will doubtless still be with the ablest and strongest, but a modern victory can hardly fail to be as costly as a defeat of former times.

In Paris, a society for the acclimation of animals, &c., established a few years ago, zealously pursues its objects, and has already added many important members to our very small family of domestic animals. It has established a beautiful and interesting garden in the Bois du Boulogne, where the interesting strangers excite the admiration of a curious public. About a year ago, a society with similar objects was organized in London; but beyond that fact, we are uninformed of

its progress. There is a most valuable and important field of operation open to such a society, and it is to be hoped that when its objects and aims are fully made known, it will receive the amount of public support it deserves.

It is melancholy to reflect that with the vast amount of ingenuity and contrivance constantly at work, how few of the inventions brought forth are ever profitable to their originators. Of the vast number of patents secured year by year, not one in a hundred is ever adopted into general use, or ever becomes known to the public. Doubtless many of them are of great value, but there seems so much difficulty in making them known, that the inventor very rarely succeeds in reaping the reward of his ingenuity. There are many inventions which, if introduced into our dwellings, would add materially to our comfort and promote health. Yet we look in vain for them, even in the most recently erected dwellings. Take, for instance, the host of improvements in warming and ventilating, yet we still continue to shiver by our firesides, waste four-fifths of the coal consumed, add to the pall of smoke that hangs over our city of a million fires, and breathe a contaminated atmosphere both in our public and private dwellings. All the ingenuity expended in contriving remedies and palliatives of these domestic evils might as well have continued dormant for all the use that has been made of them. There can be no doubt that nine-tenths of the cases of consumption that carry off so large a portion of the population annually is due to the defective modes of warming and ventilating, or rather to the absence of any rational mode in our dwellings. A delicate female sitting for many hours of a winter's evening in the enervating atmosphere of the parlour or drawing-room, suddenly transfers herself to a cold, damp bed-room. The blood is determined suddenly from the surface of the body to the delicate internal organs, and no wonder that "colds" and inflammation of the lungs ensue. Some ignoramus has proclaimed that it is "unhealthy" to have a fire in one's bed-room. Therefore, let consumption and ignorance flourish.

Among the many ingenious things recently presented to our notice, there is one deserving of especial mention, which is an apparatus for drawing off a bottle of soda-water without removing the cork. It consists of a hollow corkscrew, furnished with a tap. Armed with a moveable point, it is inserted into the cork, and when

it has passed through, the moveable point—which hitherto had closed the hollow of the screw—falls off into the bottle. If the tap be now turned, the whole contents of the bottle is driven off by the pressure of the gas within into a tumbler. The whole affair is no bigger than a pencil-case, and is as elegant as it is effectual.

Most persons who have a collection of engravings or drawings to preserve must have been thoroughly disgusted with the ordinary receptacle in vogue for such treasures, which allows the margins to become soiled and torn, and when filled bulges out in a most unseemly manner. One, who as artist had suffered long years of annoyance and vexation at the deterioration and ruin of his pictorial treasures, set himself to work in a fit of despair to contrive a receptacle that should be free from the objections and annoyances pointed out. His efforts were crowned with complete success,—the old portfolio no longer exists except in name; it has become remodeled and perfected—in fact, regenerated. The art-loving King of Bavaria, Rosa Bonheur, and a host of others have lost no time in possessing themselves of what is at the same time an art-preserver and a handsome and original piece of furniture, an elegant appendage to the drawing-room, and an indispensable adjunct to the library. Those whose interest lies in this direction will derive pleasure no less than surprise from a visit to Mr. Harvey, the inventor's emporium in Rathbone-place, which is daily thronged by the élite of fashion and taste.

The *minima* organ is the name given to a miniature form of an instrument we are accustomed to regard as the mammoth of its species. Within a space no larger than that occupied by the harmonium, this *minima* gives forth musical sounds equal in power and compass to those emitted by the instrument when built after the most approved colossal fashion. How such remarkable effects are obtained is best known to the inventor; but the public is invited to the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, to judge for itself of the results.

The Winter Exhibitions of the Fine Arts have opened with a collection of much interest at the French Gallery, Pall Mall. The British Institution opens next month with a gallery of modern works by British artists, and the Turner Collection is now arranged favourably for view at the National Gallery. The public has now an opportunity of judging how

much British art is indebted to this eccentric genius.

No more agreeable task falls to the lot of the art-critic than that of recognising the dawning of genius of a high order. Originality in art is as rare as it is in literature. The stimulus to mental activity that inspired the poets and painters of former days seems nearly or altogether wanting. Now the inspiration comes from without, not from within. As year after year we pass through the galleries of modern pictures, we are haunted by an impression that we have seen them all before. How few, even among the past, stand out in relief on the tablet of the memory. One year it was a gorgeous "Turner," another it was a solemn "Herbert," or a devout "Dyce." The moving waves of "Stanfield," the golden sunsets of "Danby," or the mysterious splendours of "Martin," are still unforgotten. But amid the annual crops of mediocrity that now present themselves to our notice, which among them may we expect will leave a lasting impression on the mind of the spectator? It cannot be otherwise. An utter absence of high aim or lofty purpose, such as befits the true votary and disciple of art, marks most of the artistic effort of the present day, and to amuse or astonish rather than to teach or elevate, seems the task the painter is content to assign to himself.

But we hail with admiration and reverence the pure devotional aim exhibited in the "Raising of Lazarus," painted by Mr. Dowling, a young Australian artist. Trite as the subject has become, from the efforts of Sebastian del Piombo and others, downwards through three or four centuries, this subject is treated with as much originality as if now painted for the first time. The artistic education of Mr. Dowling has been favourable to originality; for it need hardly be said that our colony at the antipodes offers but few opportunities for art-culture. Genius and natural inspiration are what the Australian artist has to depend upon in the absence of schools and academies. And fortunately for him it is so, for he escapes the conventionality of the one and the pedantry of the other. When it is known that Mr. Dowling actually commenced his art education only three years ago, the inspection of his picture of the "Raising of Lazarus" will surprise and astonish the spectator. Although so young and so inexperienced, the artist needs no apology. There is so much excellence in the delineation of character

and emotion, such decision in the drawing and skill in the grouping, together with a purity and harmony in the colouring, as could be looked for only in the productions of a veteran artist. We need no stronger proof that this picture emanates from an artist possessing a true genius for his art, and yet that proof is afforded by the presence of a pure devotional feeling that pervades every touch in the picture. If it be considered how rare devotional feeling in art has become of late years, when most of the so-called "illustrations" of Scripture are in reality but vulgar *profanations*, tolerated only because of an indiscriminating reverence for the sacred volume, the noble qualities possessed by Mr. Dowling's picture will be the more highly prized. The scene lies in an Oriental cemetery, in which the horizontal lines of the cold grey sky are cut by tall dark green cypresses. The gloom indicated is in strict harmony with the solemnity of the action. Near the foreground, in the centre, stands the figure of Christ, clothed in white raiment, with hand upraised, pronouncing the awful command, "Lazarus, come forth." In the left corner of the picture, shrouded in the shadow of the tomb, Lazarus is seen just rising from his mortal slumber, but still wrapt in his grave-clothes. The skill with which this figure is treated is surprising, for scarcely a painter that had treated it hitherto but made it disgusting from an unnecessary prominence given to the charnel-house. In the figure of Christ, Mr. Dowling has not followed the traditionary type. He represents the Saviour as youthful, with fair hair and blue eyes; but in the features all the noble characteristics of the founder of our religion with which the Christian loves to clothe his ideal are here combined. Words cannot express the exceeding great beauty of this face. None other that we ever saw before in picture so fully embodies the Saviour's nature and attributes. Had Mr. Dowling painted nothing else than this figure, it would have sufficed to place him in the foremost rank of painters. The difficulties of the task are such as to make the truly devout man tremble. The flippant painter gets over his task easily—having no ideal, he copies his model literally without one spark of elevation of sentiment or refinement of feeling. In contemplating the figure Mr. Dowling presents to our gaze as Christ, we reverentially scan the lineaments and are satisfied. There is in the features a transcendental beauty which

could only have emanated from the hand of one who had studied the character of the Saviour earnestly, humbly, and devoutly.

Among the other figures prominent in the group of which Christ forms the centre, is Mary, who is kneeling at the Saviour's feet, and sheltering herself, partly in amazement, but not in fear, in the folds of his garment. There is an inexpressible charm in this figure, the conflicting thoughts and emotions that may be supposed to contend in her mind at that moment are depicted with much skill, and contrast finely with the image of Martha, who, terrified at the working of the miracle, stands a little behind the Saviour. Of the other figures that make up the group assembled, we may mention the figure of the Jew nearest to Lazarus, whose surprise and fear are admirably expressed. Not less striking is the figure of a traveller, who seems to have been drawn by curiosity to witness the miracle as he was passing by on his route.

The total eclipse of the sun, which will take place on the 31st of December, if the weather should prove clear, will offer a favourable opportunity of verifying or negating Arago's theory of the constitution of the sun. Since the solar eclipse of July, 1860, the method of spectrum analysis developed by Bunsen and Kirchhoff has come to the aid of astronomers, and will enable them, when applied to the *aureola*, the nature of which is so much disputed, to ascertain whether it be really a portion of the photosphere or only an optical illusion.

The theory is, that the photosphere of the sun will present, of itself, that is, if it be not surrounded by an atmosphere, a continuous spectrum, without brilliant bands or dark rays, as in that obtained with the Drummond light. On the other hand, experiment shows that there are solid and liquid bodies which give a similar spectrum. Is it, therefore, necessary to conclude that the sun is an incandescent solid or fluid body, possessing rays of every degree of refrangibility, if the atmosphere by which it is surrounded beyond the photosphere does not absorb a certain portion of them?

Most astronomers had come to the conclusion that a solar atmosphere is a pure hypothesis, entirely without foundation. But since the discoveries of M. Kirchhoff the question has assumed a different aspect. The assertion of a solar atmosphere has acquired a basis capable of proof by direct experiment. It

will only be necessary to observe the spectrum of the luminous corona with which the moon will be for an instant surrounded, and to examine whether it exhibits or not the reverse of the solar spectrum; that is to say, if the dark rays of Fraunhofer's spectrum be replaced in this spectrum by brilliant rays or not.

If, for example, the spectrum of the aureola which will be produced on the 31st of December round the moon, exhibits an inversion of the solar spectrum; that is to say, if the Fraunhofer's rays are replaced by coloured rays here and there, brilliant upon a comparatively dark ground, the question will be decided; for the existence of a solar atmosphere, now disputed, will then become an established scientific fact.

If the contrary takes place, we must renounce, not the brilliant discovery made by M. Kirchhoff, but the solar atmosphere. Instead of placing the absorbent stratum outside the sun, it must be sought in the luminous strata themselves, for everything induces the belief that the rays of the sun do not proceed from the surface only, but that they proceed from a certain depth, and that the efficacious thickness must be considerable.

Dr. Bonnafons proposes to cure deafness by injecting into the ear compressed atmospheric air or other gases. This substitution of gases for liquids promises to effect a very favourable revolution in the treatment of diseases of the ear, since the danger incurred by injecting liquids into the tympanum is avoided.

An ingenious application of the economy of waste products has been made by M. Kuhlmann. In the manufacture of soda there is an immense accumulation of the oxysulphide of calcium, for which no use has been found, and

from which it has not been possible to separate the sulphur economically. But there is another residue accruing in the manufacture of sulphuric acid by the combustion of pyrites as a substitute for sulphur. This residue is oxide of iron. It appeared natural to suppose, says M. Kuhlmann, that if the action of oxide of iron, as a combustible, is sufficiently energetic to burn organic bodies, this oxide might also be usefully employed to burn the sulphur in the oxysulphide of calcium, and transform this sulphide into sulphate of lime. These conclusions were justified in the happiest manner. A mixture is made consisting of equal parts of the waste residue of the soda manufacture, and of the residue of the combustion of the pyrites, and it is ground in a mill to form a homogeneous paste. In moulding this paste into bricks or architectural ornaments, we obtain, by a rapid consolidation of the paste, a body equal in hardness to burnt clay bricks; a body that continually becomes harder and harder if kept in a moist atmosphere, and eventually it acquires great sonorous properties. The colour is a brownish red, similar to that of common pottery. When this new cement is sufficiently hardened by several months' exposure to the air, it resists the action of frost, especially if its porosity has been diminished by compression in the moulding. To obtain greater security against the action of severe frosts, it is advisable to water the surface of this kind of pottery with a solution of silicate of potassa, after the bricks have been exposed some time to the atmosphere. The best results are obtained from freshly made residues, but in any case, the paste is improved by the admixture of one-tenth of slaked lime.

LAW AND CRIME.

AMONG the crimes of the month we have to notice one of an extremely painful character. A boy—the newspapers tell us between seventeen and eighteen years of age, but looking not more than fifteen—has been charged at the Bow-street Police Office with the wilful murder of his half-sister—a little girl of eleven,—and committed to Newgate to take his trial. The crime appears to have been committed with great deliberation, and to have been immediately followed by remorse. The scene of the tragedy is the

house No. 10, Drury-court, Drury-lane, tenanted by a number of lodgers. Among these was a man named Reeves, who had been twice married, and had three children by two different mothers. The murdered girl was the daughter of his present wife, Mary Reeves, whilst the lad who is presumed to have taken his sister's life is her step-child. Both parents, it seems, were persons of dissipated habits, and the father especially had become the victim of the demon drink. He was a basket-maker by trade, working for several persons in

Covent-garden market, and was assisted in his business by his son, who was much esteemed by the neighbours as a steady and industrious boy. About ten o'clock on Friday morning, the 15th of September, the little girl, named Polly, was missed. The wife of a stage-carpenter at Covent-garden Theatre, who lodged in the same house, had previously heard the boy call out to his sister for some keys, but there was no quarrel of any kind between them at that time, though it seems probable that the fatal occurrence then took place. A little before two on the same morning the boy came to a porter at the Exeter Hall Hotel, whom he knew, and said he had lost his little sister. He requested this man and a person named Carney to take a walk with him down the Strand, to look for her. They walked as far as Clement's Inn, when the lad made the following extraordinary disclosure, which, improbable as it first appeared, turned out to be too true: "It's of no use your looking for my sister; go home, and tell my father, if he wants Mary Anne, I have strangled her; she is in the coal-cellar." On reaching the father's house the astonished porter and his companion descended to the cellar, and there discovered the dead body of the poor girl amongst the coals. She had been strangled by a piece of cord drawn tightly round the neck. At the time this frightful discovery was made the father was tipsy. The perpetrator of the crime does not appear to have contemplated escape. At a quarter to five on the same afternoon a police constable, who had been sent in search of him, found him leaning on a post in Carey-street, at the corner of Searle's-place. On telling him, in professional phraseology, that he was "wanted," the lad immediately exclaimed that he knew what it was for, and added bitterly, "I did it. She aggravated me to it." A good deal of sympathy was displayed for the boy-prisoner by some of the witnesses who appeared against him. There appeared to be a general impression that he had not been well treated at home. The stage-carpenter's wife burst into tears frequently whilst giving her evidence, and exclaimed more than once, "Oh, your worship, he was a good boy—a good boy!" And, as before observed, this seems to have been the opinion of most of those who knew anything of the Reeves family.

A question of much general interest and importance has been discussed in the Court of Exchequer. From time to time

our lawyers have found it necessary to relax the rigid rules by which the testimony of particular witnesses has been excluded in civil and criminal inquiries. Nearly all persons are now *competent* witnesses in a court of justice, but it is for judges and juries to decide on their credibility. There is one important exception, however, to this general rule. A person cannot be sworn, and will not be allowed to give evidence, who does not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, who, either in this world or the next, will punish the perjurer. Such being the state of the law, a curious "scene" some time since relieved the monotony of the proceedings at the County Court at Rochdale. One Mr. Maden brought an action to recover 25*l.*, the value of a pianoforte alleged to be wrongfully detained by a person named Catanach, and called his wife, Mrs. Maden, as a witness to prove his case. Before the lady was sworn, the defendant's advocate objected to her taking the oath, on the ground of her disbelief in the existence of a God, or of any future state of rewards and punishments. Thereupon, the judge (Mr. Christopher Temple) examined the witness on the *voir dire*, as it is technically called—that is, subjected her to a preliminary examination, before being sworn. In answer to his questions, Mrs. Maden stated that she did not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, or of any future state of rewards and punishments; but she considered that her word was her bond, and that she was morally bound to tell the truth towards her fellow-man. Mr. Temple upon this refused to allow her to be sworn, and as she was the only material witness, the plaintiff was unable to proceed, and submitted to a nonsuit. The amount sought to be recovered being above 20*l.*, he had, however, the right to appeal to a superior court, and this right he exercised by appealing to the Court of Exchequer. The case was argued on the 11th of November, by Mr. Craufurd, M.P. for the Ayr burghs, with great skill and ability. He forcibly pointed out the anomaly and inconvenience of excluding a witness for want of religious belief, and reviewed all the authorities on the subject. The principal case cited was the remarkable one of *Omichund v. Barker*, reprinted in Mr. Smith's well-known "Leading Cases." In this case, the question had arisen, whether a native of Hindoostan, professing the Gentoo religion, could be allowed to be sworn and to give evidence on oath in our courts, and the opinion of

the judges having been requested, Willes, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, delivered a judgment remarkable for its liberality as well as its logic. In the course of it he said that, "It was a little, mean, narrow notion to suppose that no one but a Christian could be an honest man. God had implanted by nature in the minds of all men true notions of virtue and vice, of justice and injustice, though heathens perhaps more frequently acted contrary to those notions than Christians, because they had not such strong motives to enforce them." Again, in reviewing some old authorities for excluding pagans from the witness-box, he observed, that "these great authors lived in very bigoted popish times, when we carried on very little trade, except the trade of religion, and consequently our notions were very narrow, and such as he hoped would never prevail again in this country." From these remarks it will be seen that this learned judge (who flourished, by the way, in the early part of the 18th century) was not inclined to allow theological differences to interfere with the course of justice. He unhesitatingly advised that the Gentoo might be received as a competent witness, and sworn according to the custom of his faith, and he also intimated that an infidel, who believed in a God who would reward and punish him in *this world*, might be examined on oath, even though he did not believe in a future state. This authority, however, does not support the proposition that, as the law now stands, no religious belief is necessary to make a witness competent. The inconvenience of the rule is, however, great. If a murder were committed, and the actual and only eye-witness of it chose to disavow his belief in a presiding Deity, the murderer would escape. If a woman were subjected to brutal violence, her assailant would go unpunished if she had no more religious faith than Mrs. Maden, and there were no witness of the assault. And as regards civil injuries, a large class of persons without religious belief would be unable to seek redress in our Courts of justice, which are avowedly instituted for the benefit of all the Queen's subjects. Nor are the anomalies less than the inconvenience. A person accepting the impostures and absurdities of Mormonism is a competent witness; so would be a follower of Mr. Prince, the blasphemous prophet of the Agapemone, or "Abode of Love;" or of Joanna Southcote, or of

Brothers or Muggleton. Nor is it quite certain that our courts have been consistent in their practice, as Esquimaux, without any religious knowledge or belief at all, have been allowed to give evidence. On the other hand, it may be urged that legislation cannot contemplate or sanction a thing so shocking to the feelings and judgment of the majority of mankind as the open avowal of Atheism and of a disbelief in a future state. The very form of an oath, which enoccludes with, "So help me God," as the Lord Chief Baron remarked, excludes the testimony of the Atheist. The appeal was dismissed, but the question has been since much discussed in the public newspapers, and the current of public opinion appears to run in favour of accepting the evidence of all witnesses, leaving the tribunals before whom they are examined to act on or reject their testimony, as may be thought advisable.

The last days of the Insolvent Court have been enlivened by the appearance of a new "professional" seeking the "benefit of the act." The "professional" in question was a young lady, Rachel Levison by name, and she described herself as an "Enameller of Ladies' Faces." Whilst carrying on this occupation, she had contracted debts for drugs, &c., and being unable to discharge them was compelled to apply to the Court for relief. Her case was "pending" when the new Bankruptcy Act passed. She had kept books, in which were entered the names of her patronesses, but she had intrusted those books to a friend, who had gone to Australia. To produce them, she alleged, would be to ruin her profession. She was asked by an opposing counsel whether her charges were not high? Had she not charged from five to twenty guineas for enamelling a lady's face? "Oh! yes, indeed!" she replied, "and more than that." The case was ultimately adjourned, the ingenious enameller being under the age of twenty-one. The perusal of this delicate inquiry suggests to us the question, How many ladies riot and revel in purchased charms? How many fair faces are "enamelled?" How many flowing locks are paid or owed for? Some of our readers may remember the caustic epigram:—

The golden hair that Galla wears
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[ANNUAL CIRCULAR.]

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